

PHOTOPLAY

combined with Movie Mirror

October

15¢

Maureen O'Hara
By Paul Hesse



©M-M 2/47 BY R
MRS C SLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS 46





Merle Oberon

*in Walter Wanger's
Technicolor Production*

"NIGHT IN PARADISE"

A Universal Picture

Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

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Tru-Color Lipstick in the Color Harmony Shade
for your type... lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds,
all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and
all based on a patented* color principle originated by
Max Factor Hollywood...one dollar.

*Max Factor -
Hollywood*



*Complete your make-up
IN COLOR HARMONY...WITH
MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD
FACE POWDER AND ROUGE*

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"How about a love life of your own, Pet?"



GIRL: Umm... Hardly my Big Year, is it?

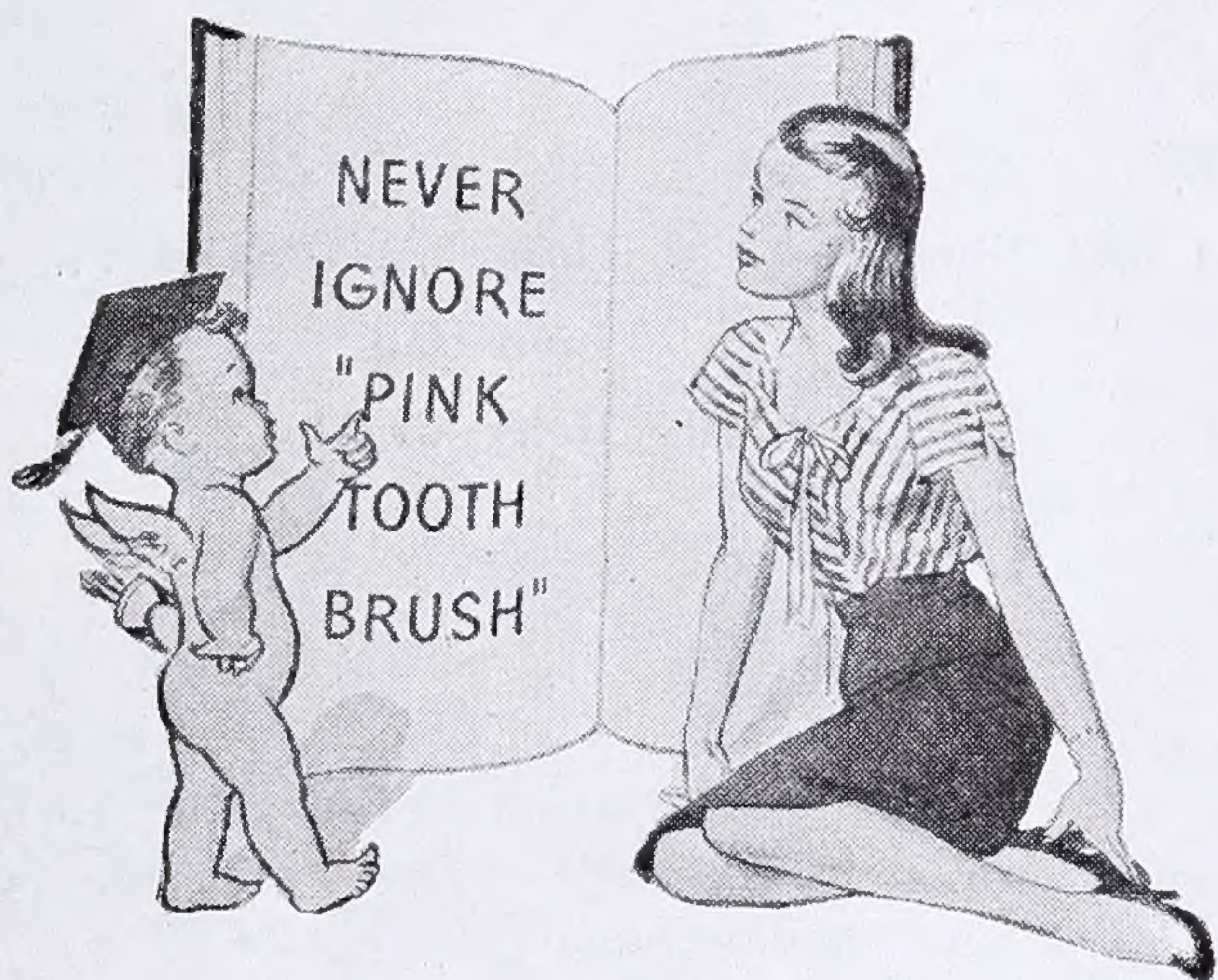
CUPID: But it *could* be, Cupcake. It *could* be.

GIRL: Of *course* it could! Just let somebody leave me a million dollars, for instance. Or give me a big movie contract. Or even a new face. Or—

CUPID: ...or just teach you that even a *plain* girl can be pretty if she'll smile! If she'll sparkle at people!

GIRL: If she *can* sparkle at people... which I *can't*. Not with my dull teeth. And I brush 'em, too. And—

CUPID: Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?



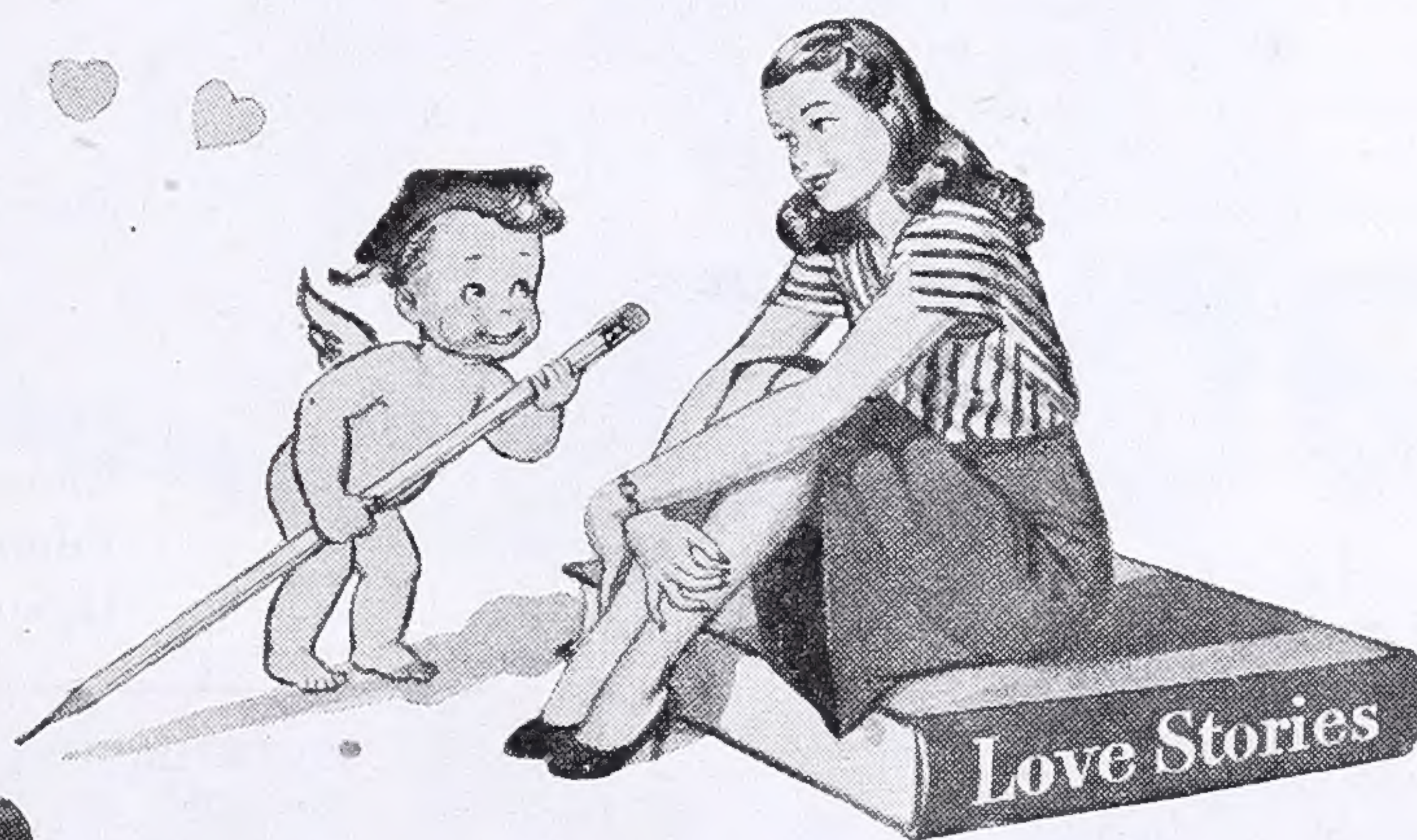
gums. Massage a little extra Ipina on your gums when you brush your teeth and you help your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums means sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile that'll help you to your own love life! Start with Ipina and massage today!

GIRL: Well, lately, but—

CUPID: But *what*? Don't you know that's a warning to see your dentist? He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipina and massage."

GIRL: And *that'll* help my smile?

CUPID: Chick, Ipina not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!



GINGER

How's your tan? Summer working out nicely? We have a suggestion to top it off—a "Week-end At The Waldorf".

Forsake the vales and hills, the rills and lakes. Try the Great Indoors. Pleasure guaranteed; good hunting.

Of course the hunting is the Boy-Chases-Girl variety, but that's good too. Especially when it's Walter Pidgeon after Ginger Rogers and Van Johnson after Lana Turner.



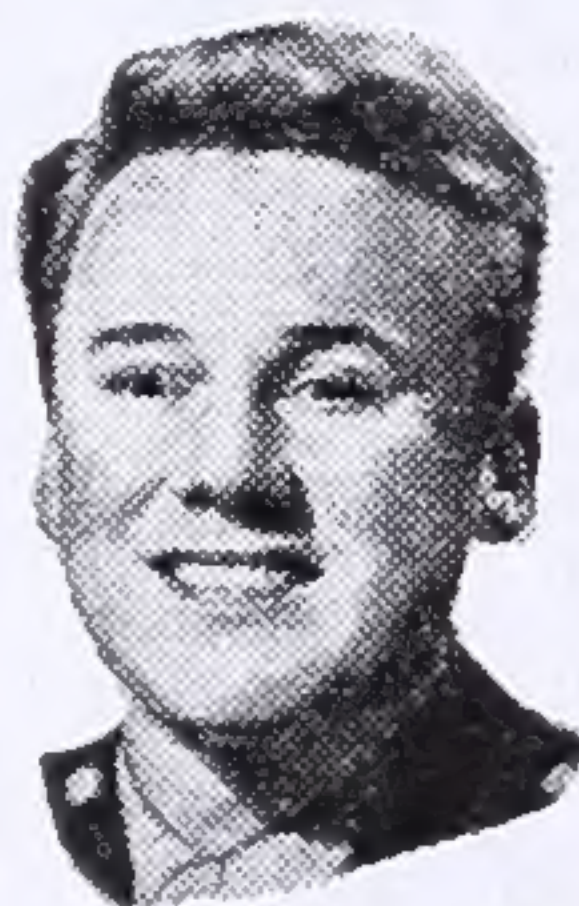
LANA



WALTER

Ginger plays Irene Malvern, the movie star. Walter plays Chip Collyer, the war correspondent. Lana plays Bunny Smith, the hotel stenog. And Van plays Captain Hollis, who's in a bad way.

Anything can happen in a big hotel. Well, anything *does* happen. And it all happens adroitly, amusingly, excitingly.



VAN

It's a picture charged with intrigue. It excites. It has hearty laughter. There's also music provided by Xavier Cugat. We like all of it.

You may go so far as to think "Week-end At The Waldorf" is the best picture of the year. We *know* it's first class.



Along with those other big stars you meet Edward Arnold, who plays a tycoon; Phyllis Thaxter, a worried bride; Keenan Wynn, a cub reporter; Robert Benchley, a columnist; Leon Ames, a father; Lina Romay, a hot tamale; Samuel Hinds, an oil magnate.



It's a big "Week-end". Thank Robert Z. Leonard, the director. Thank Sam and Bella Spewack, screen playwrights, who took an idea from a play by Vicki Baum. Thank Guy Bolton who made the adaptation. Thank Arthur Hornblow, Jr. who produced it all.

And thank

—Leo



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS

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Cover: Maureen O'Hara, appearing in "The Spanish Main"
Miss O'Hara's costume by Edward Stevenson, Head Designer of RKO
Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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*They had a date with fate...
and a rendezvous with love!*



GINGER ROGERS

as the lovely but lonely star who finds romance!

LANA TURNER

travels from 10th Ave. to Park—on curves!

WALTER PIDGEON

fresh from adventure—and plenty fresh!

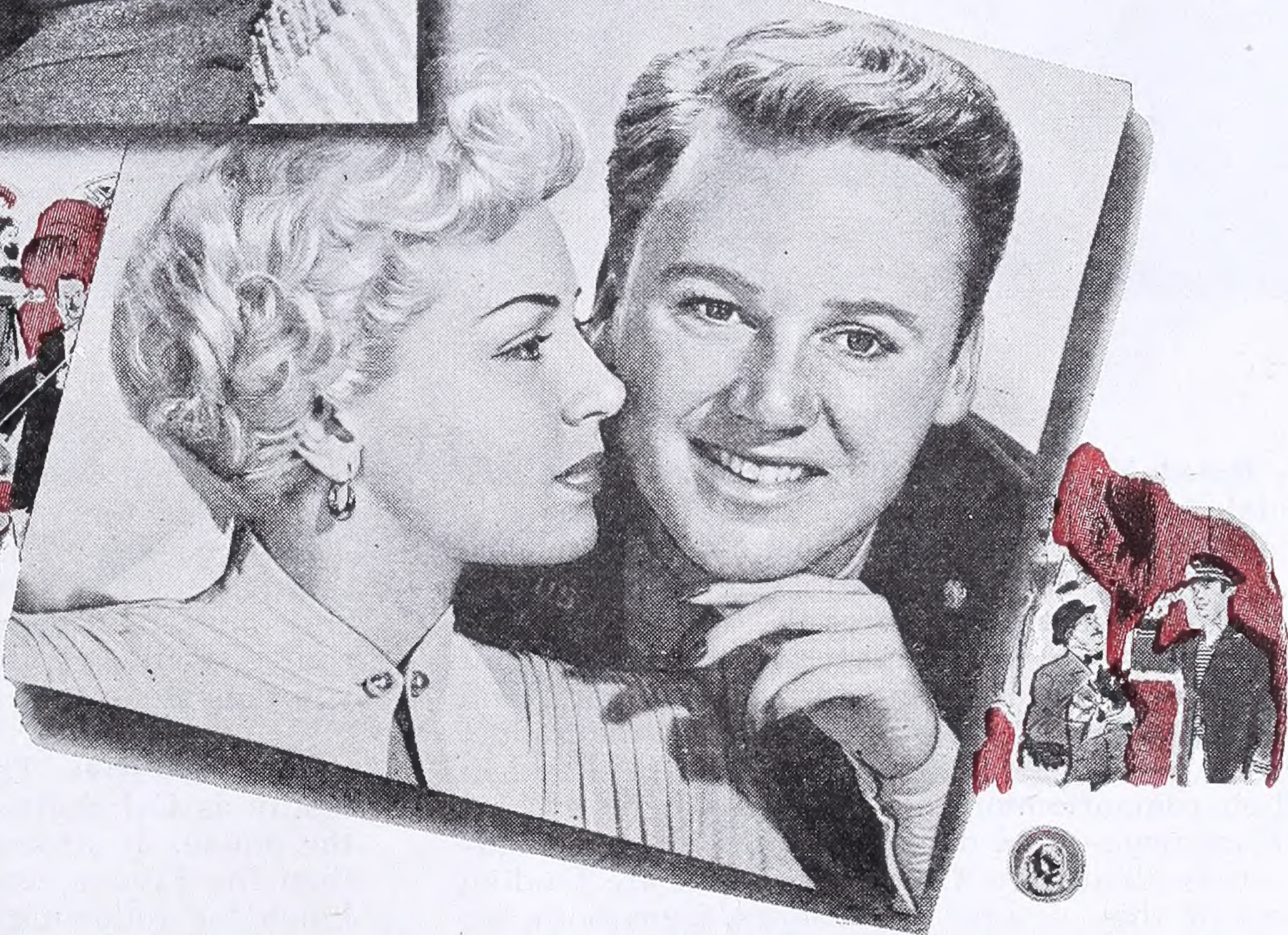
VAN JOHNSON

Purple Heart hero with his heart on his sleeve!



M-G-M

invites you
to come on
an exciting
and romantic...



Week-end at the Waldorf

EDWARD ARNOLD • PHYLLIS THAXTER • KEENAN WYNN • ROBERT BENCHLEY

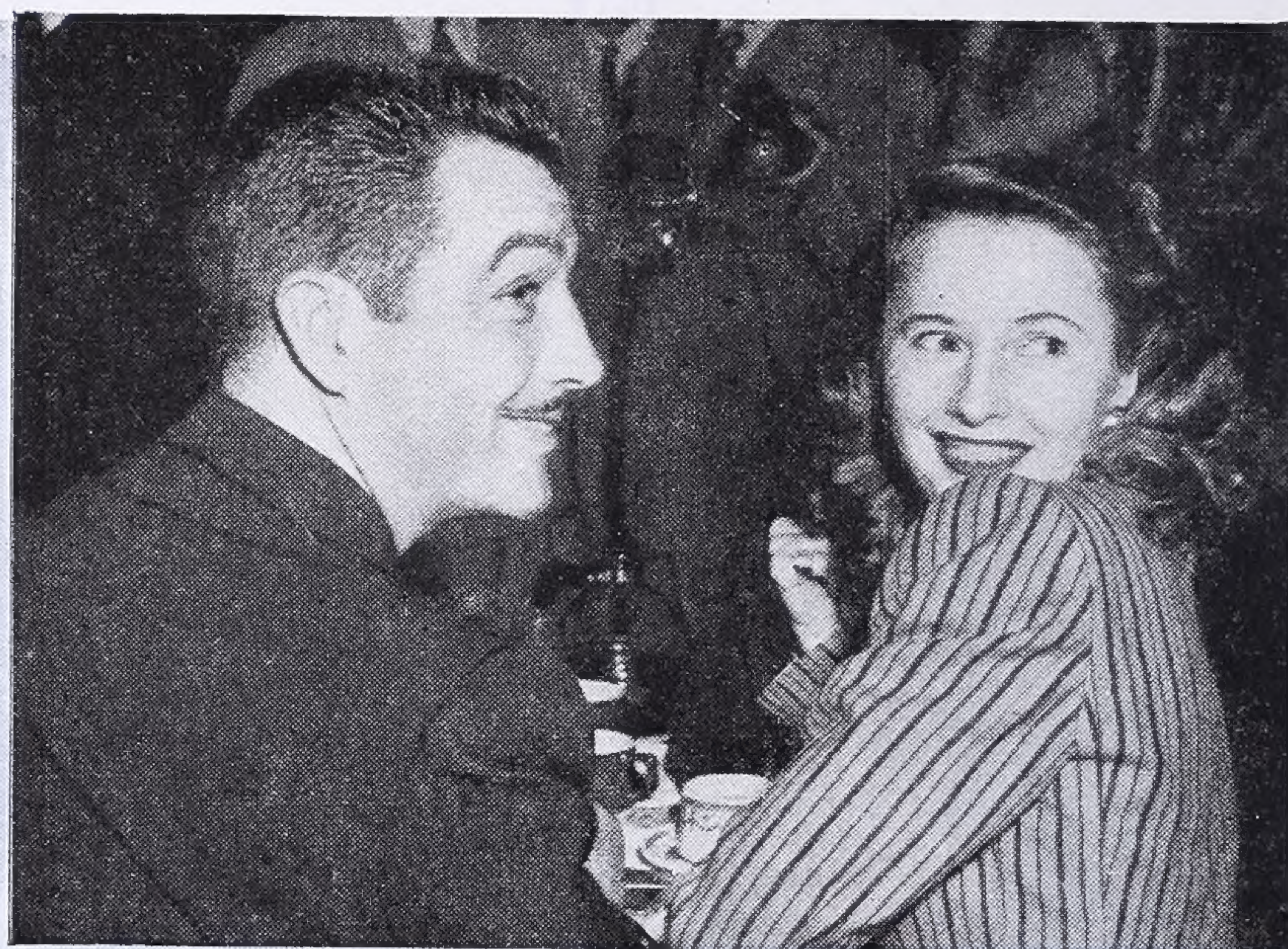
LEON AMES • LINA ROMAY • SAMUEL S. HINDS

and XAVIER CUGAT and his ORCHESTRA • A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Sam and Bella Spewack. Adaptation by Guy Bolton. Suggested by a Play by Vicki Baum. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD. Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

INSIDE STUFF *Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Postwar planning on a personal basis—Lieut. Robert Taylor of the Navy and his wife Barbara Stanwyck dine at Ciro's

In person, rather than by letter—Lieut. Richard Ney romances with his wife Greer Garson at Mocambo. Note her new hair-do

Happily Noted: You can imagine the joy of Photoplay's Gold Medal Award Winner Greer Garson when suddenly and without warning her groom, Lieut. Richard Ney, showed up in Hollywood after eleven months at sea and in action in the islands of the Pacific. He saw bloody action too—and lots of it. It was the big moment she'd been hoping for, planning for, praying for. And when he arrived, she was working! Right in the middle of "Strange Adventure" with Clark Gable—so they had to steal their romantic moments together when and how they could manage. And don't believe all that talk going the rounds about how Greer and Clark are feuding on the sets of this picture. Cal knows them both too well—knows, too, how much each admires the other, to believe such nonsense.

Clark is still courting the beauteous Anita Colby—but Anita has so many beaus. Maybe that's the thing that intrigues Clark most—rushing a gal who doesn't drop all her other swains at the call of a Gable—like just about any other gal would do.

My! My!: We love what Lizabeth Scott told an interviewer who asked the new and sensational young star of "You Came Along" what she thought of Hollywood men. "Oh—that's not the point," answered Lizabeth. "The

point is, what do Hollywood men think of *me*?" Everyone around town is gabbing about Lizabeth, who may wind up being "The Great Scott." Right now they're calling her "The Threat"—meaning the threat to Bacall and other new comets on the movie horizon. But of course, as always, the decision rests with you fans—and you fans alone.

Hollywood-ana: The Errol Flynn baby was yelping lustily as Cal chatted with Nora Eddington Flynn over the phone. If strong lungs are a sign of a strong baby, then the Flynns certainly have one. We were to have lunch the following day at Romanoffs but Nora called to say Errol was ill and wanted her at his house. We refrained from asking Nora, who lives with her step-mother, if she was invited to her husband's home only when he needed her. Anyway, it's the doggonedest arrangement we ever heard of—unless she's happier that way.

Mickey Rooney fell off his makeshift stage on a European front when he learned he was the papa of a seven pound, six ounce boy. "Almost as big as you, Mickey," one of the GIs called out. The baby was born to Betty Jane Case Rooney in Birmingham, Alabama, and will be called Joe "Mickey" Yule III. (Continued on page 6)

"HERE'S TO THE FOUR OF US...BOTTOMS UP!"

...and here's to this gay and tender love story paced to the fast-moving tempo of our times!



*Four wonderful kids—
living the great love
story of our day*

**Hubba!
Hubba!**



(Princess O'Rourke)
Robert Cummings • Elizabeth Scott
Don DeFore
in HAL WALLIS' Production
"You Came Along"

with CHARLES DRAKE • JULIE BISHOP • Kim Hunter • Helen Forrest
Directed by John Farrow • Screen Play by Robert Smith and Ayn Rand • A Paramount Picture

Paramount - Entertaining the World for One Third of a Century!

Sutton

BUBBLE BATH

You feel cleaner and are cleaner!
Creates billions of bubbles, leaves
tub clean; softens hard water.



Choose from these delicate fragrances: Apple Blossom, Gardenia, Honeysuckle, Pine, Spice.

Only 59¢ one pound (with scoop)

Sutton

DUSTING POWDER



Comforting to fluff on after your bath. Delicately perfumed to your choice: Apple Blossom, Honeysuckle, Gardenia, Spice.

Only 59¢ twelve ounces

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Sutton Cosmetics, Inc. 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



Memo-ed at Mocambo:
Loren Tindall (watch
for him in Columbia's
"Over 21") with pert
and pretty Diana Lynn

(Continued from page 4) Mickey's real name is Joe Yule II. Mrs. Rooney will travel westward to live with Mickey's mother until her soldier husband returns.

Handsome young composer Dave Raksin told Cal the other day of his experiences trying to get his wonderful tune "Laura" published. It served first as the background music for the picture and Dave said when the grips and electricians began whistling the music he knew it was a hit. (By the way, you'd drop if you knew whose theme song that wonderful "Laura" is.) Dave, who's been writing divine music for ten years, and mostly at Twentieth Century-Fox, has a new tune he wants you readers to judge. It's called "Slowly" and Dick Haymes's voice is heard singing it in a juke box sequence in "Fallen Angel." Why not write him your opinion when you hear it? Incidentally, Dave himself could be in pictures—he's that good looking.

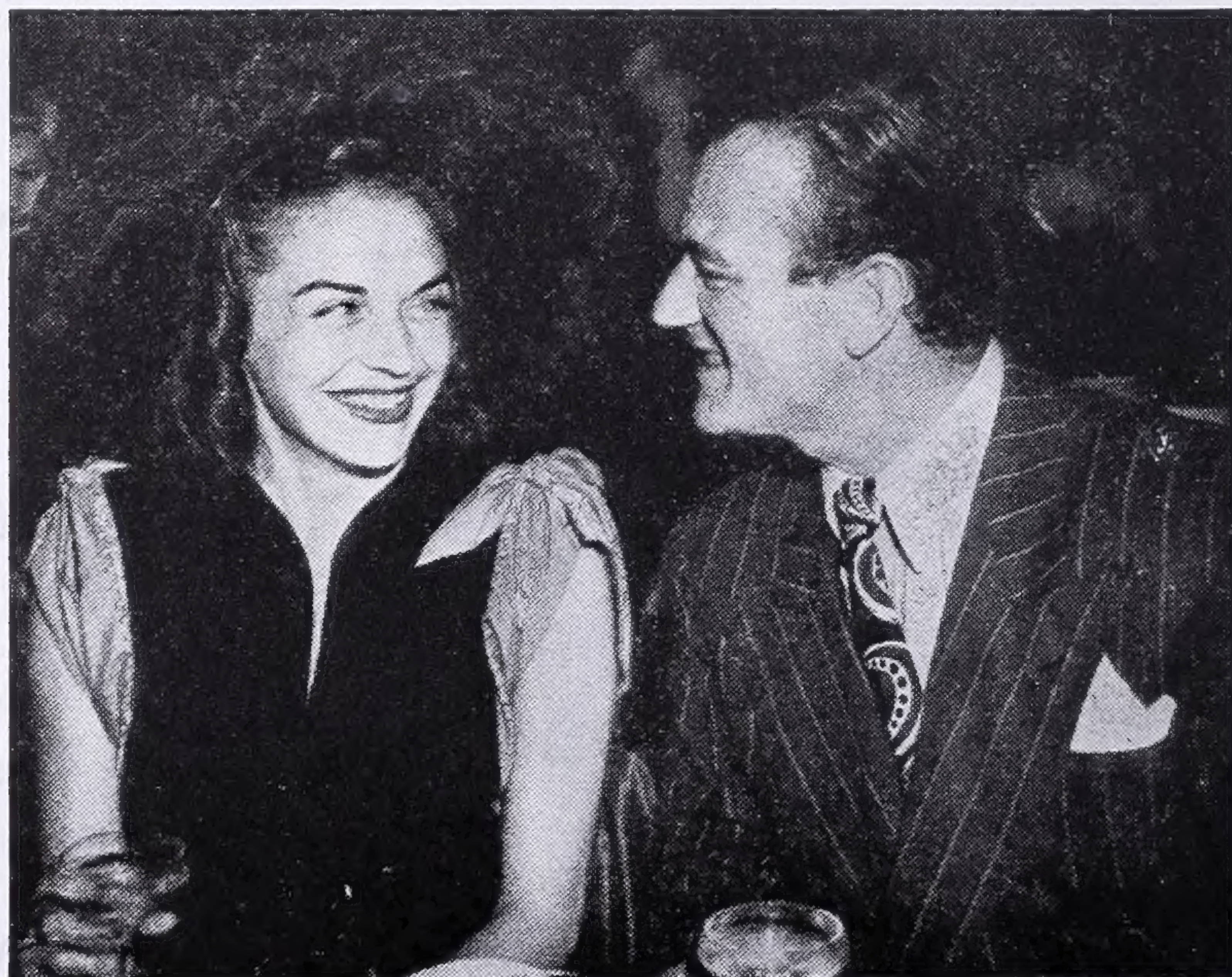
Deanna Durbin has moved bag and baggage into the home of her new husband, Felix Jackson, and Deanna's sister and brother-in-law, the Clar-

ence Heckmans, have taken over her house. Cal hears tell the marriage between Deanna and Felix was mighty unpopular with Deanna's parents. But Deanna always was one to have her own way.

As Ray Milland and his lovely wife Mal walked in together at their first party after their reconciliation, friends almost cheered. Everyone hopes now for lasting happiness for them.

More radios in Hollywood are tuned in to those short-wave programs emanating this time from the Pacific area to the States. And the singer—Sgt. Tony Martin himself, singing as sweetly as ever.

Collected: You should have seen the way Gene Tierney floored everyone at a party by just about proving she can give herself an osteopathic treatment. There she was, in a gorgeous white, drapy dinner gown, snapping her bones like you or you might snap your fingers! Donna Reed and her bridegroom, Tony Owen, were at the party—radiant as newlyweds should be. Donna (who, everyone agrees, (Continued on page 8)



Noted at Trocadero:
John Wayne and Miss
Esperanza Bauer are
a steady and altar-
bound twosome

"As great a Warner picture as ever was made..."
says the NEW YORK SUN...

STARRING
ROBERT ALDA
 as George Gershwin
JOAN LESLIE
 as Julie Adams
ALEXIS SMITH
 as Christine Gilbert
CHARLES COBURN
 as Max Dreyfus
JULIE BISHOP
 as Lee Gershwin
ALBERT BASSERMAN
 as Professor Frank
MORRIS CARNOVSKY
 as Mr. Gershwin
ROSEMARY DE CAMP
 as Mrs. Gershwin
HERBERT RUDLEY
 as Ira Gershwin
EDDIE MARR
 as Buddy De Sylva
OSCAR LORAIN
 as Ravel
HUGO KIRCHHOFFER
 as Walter Damrosch

AS THEMSELVES
AL JOLSON
OSCAR LEVANT
PAUL WHITEMAN
GEORGE WHITE
HAZEL SCOTT
ANNE BROWN
TOM PATRICOLA
THE WARNER
CHORAL SINGERS

FOR THE PRODUCTION
 Produced by
JESSE L. LASKY
 Directed by
IRVING RAPPER
 Original Story by
SONYA LEVIE
 Screen Play by
HOWARD KOCH
ELLIOT PAUL
 Dances created and
 directed by
LE ROY PRINZ
 Orchestral arrange-
 ments by
RAY HEINDORF

Rhapsody in Blue

THE JUBILANT STORY OF
 GEORGE GERSHWIN

CARD
 PICKER
 STICKLE
 SWANEE
 DELICIOUS
 SUMMERTIME
 THE MAN I LOVE
 LADY BE GOOD
 I GOT RHYTHM
 EMBRACEABLE YOU

SEE IT EVERYONE!
NOW! NOW! NOW! NOW!

THE WORLD
 SANG HIS
 LOVE-SONGS
 ... BUT
 ONLY ONE
 WOMAN
 UNDERSTOOD!



YVONNE DeCARLO, STARRING IN
UNIVERSAL'S TECHNICOLOR PICTURE, "FRONTIER GAL"



"Heart Throb" is the word for Yvonne DeCarlo's Hands

YOU: *What wouldn't I give for such dear, soft hands!*

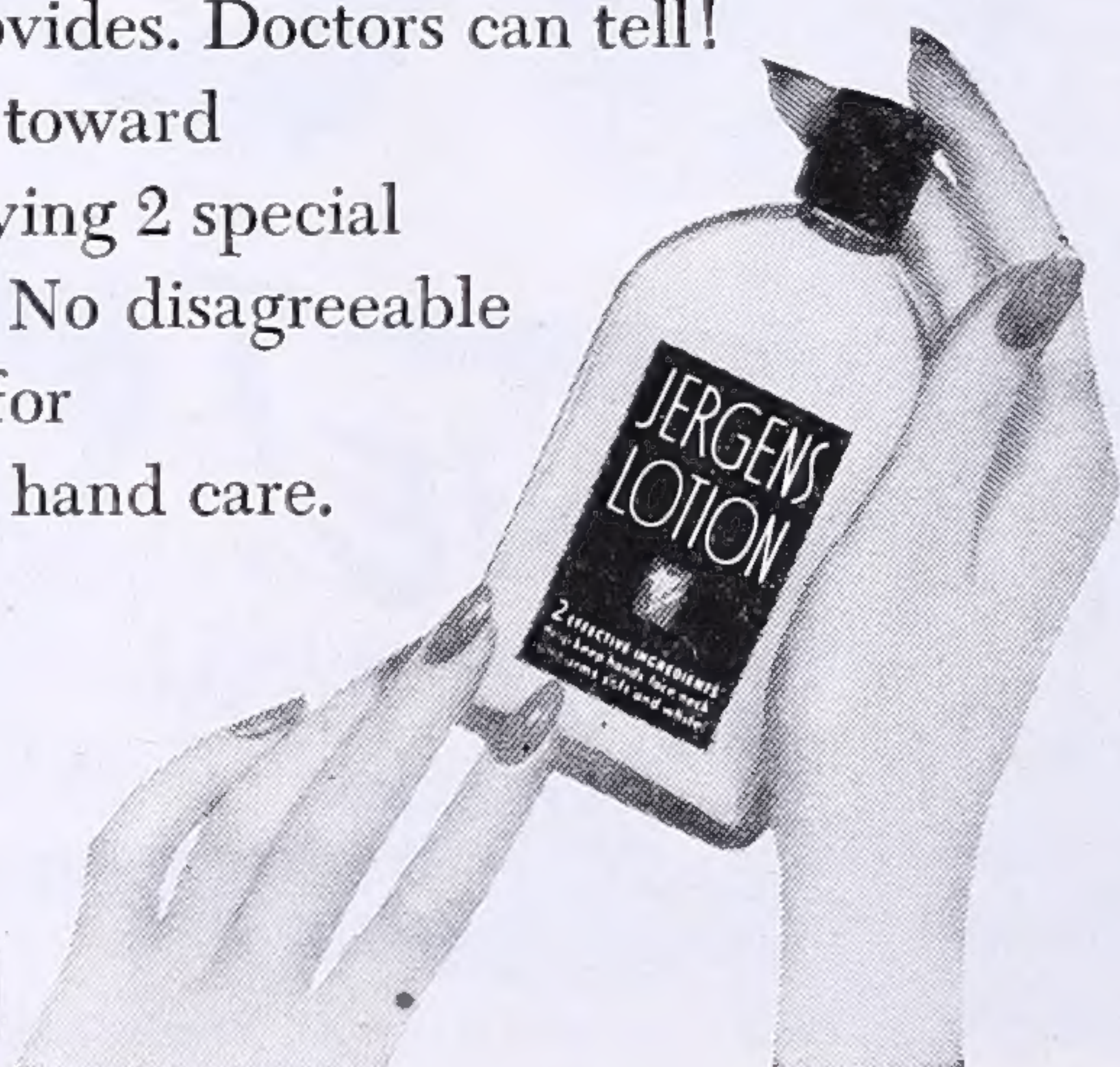
YVONNE De CARLO: Have them easily—with Jergens Lotion.

YOU: *But what's your hand care, Miss DeCarlo?*

YVONNE De CARLO: Oh, I always use Jergens.

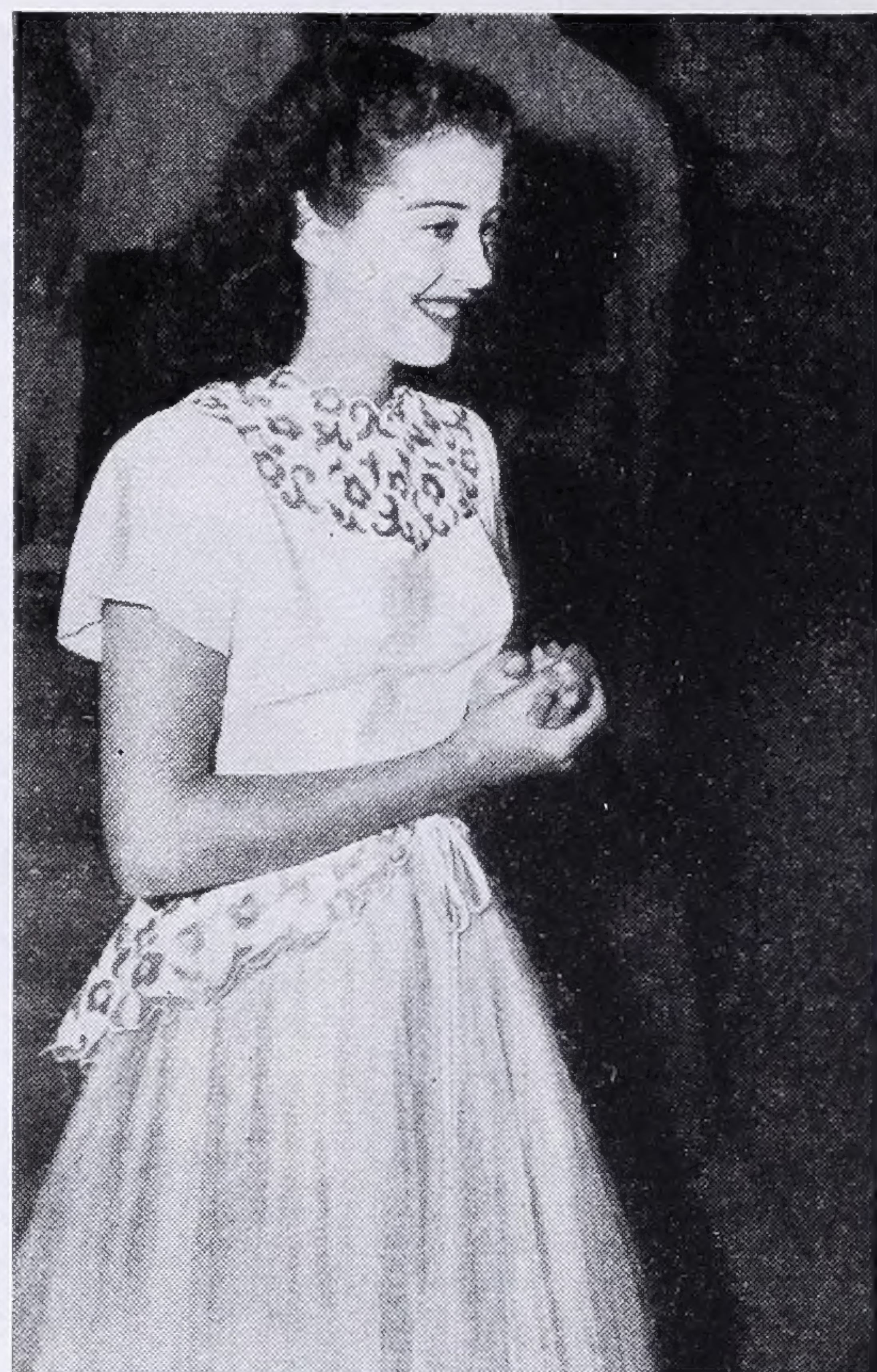
Stars in Hollywood use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

Find out why: Soft-hand *protection* is so sure, when you use Jergens regularly. Most hand skin needs extra softening moisture, which Jergens Lotion provides. Doctors can tell! Many doctors help coarsened skin toward dearly-desired smoothness by applying 2 special ingredients—both in your Jergens. No disagreeable stickiness. 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax) for this lovely, practically professional hand care.



FOR THE SOFTEST,
ADORABLE HANDS USE
JERGENS LOTION

INSIDE STUFF



For masculine applause—Gail Russell, on the set of "Calcutta," wears this moonlight-and-soft-music-inspired gown. For more up-to-the-minute Hollywood fashion news, turn to page 71 and see new Photoplay fashions in color!

(Continued from page 6) is soooo Ingrid Bergmanish!) has lots to be happy about besides being a bride. At M-G-M they have big plans for her.

On "The Bells Of St. Mary's" set Ingrid was trying to teach Bing Crosby and director Leo McCarey some fancy words in Swedish. McCarey finished up trying to learn with his tongue twisted like a pretzel. But Bing did all right—because he used to live near a Swedish family up in Seattle when he was a kid—and he was the only one on the set who could pronounce the words correctly. For days they nicknamed him "Olaf." People get such a kick out of watching Crosby at radio rehearsals—or when he goes to the studio to record musical numbers for his pictures. He sits there with a hat half off his head, all hunched over—usually with a toothpick dangling from one side of his mouth and sings like any singer would give his right arm to be able to sing—if he were standing up and giving out with all his lung-power! No wonder Bing won the Gold Medal Award for 1944 in the Photoplay poll (the only magazine poll of American movie-goers) conducted by Dr. George Gallup, director of Audience Research, Inc.

It Says Here: Cal predicts blond and handsome Kurt Kreuger, the Swiss actor who plays the Nazi Captain in "Paris Underground" and the Nazi Major in "Hotel Berlin," and is now making "The Spider," will be the next sensation of (Continued on page 10)

A girl who wouldn't say YES...meets
a man who wouldn't take NO for an answer!

Nixie...
the
amorous
imp!



"There's a YES
in my
whistle!
It goes like
this!...."

ONE whistle and

TWO whistles and

THREE whistles
and

COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents

Rosalind
RUSSELL • BOWMAN

Lee
BOWMAN

She Wouldn't Say Yes

with

ADELE JERGENS • CHARLES WINNINGER

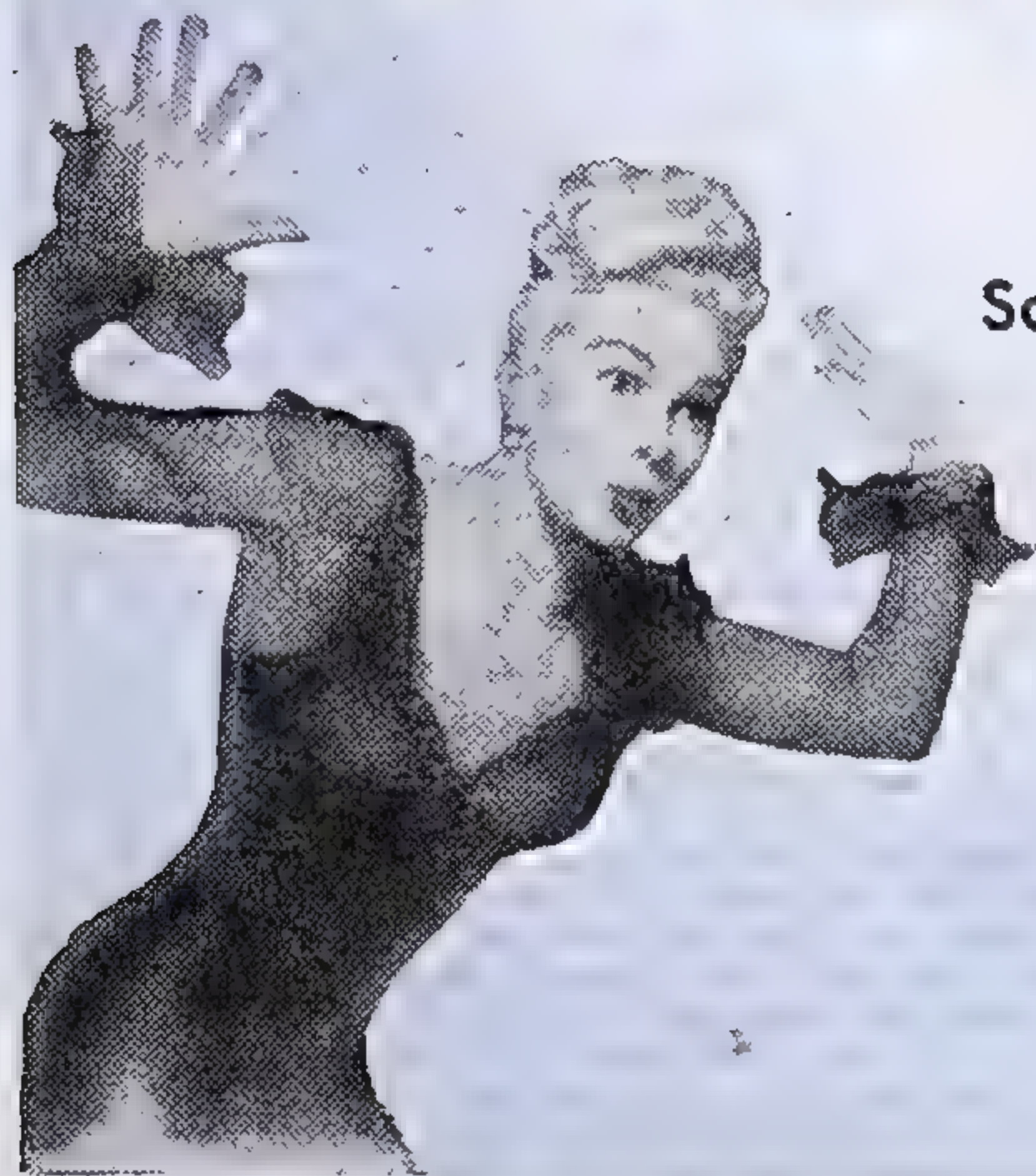
HARRY DAVENPORT • SARA HADEN

Screenplay by Virginia Van Upp, John Jacoby and Sarett Tobias

Produced by

VIRGINIA VAN UPP • ALEXANDER HALL

Directed by





country-fresh!

That's the cue these days . . . because charm-
wise city cousins are copying the County
Belle! Easy enough to achieve her air of
sun-washed radiance. Wear Yardley English
Lavender . . . a scent completely disarming . . .
as every Nature's daughter ought to know!

YARDLEY ENGLISH LAVENDER

Yardley English Lavender, the lovable
fragrance, \$3.75, \$2.50, \$1.50

Yardley English Lavender Soap,
35c; box of three tablets, \$1

ADD 20% FEDERAL TAX

Yardley products for America are created
in England and finished in the U. S. A. from
the original English formulae, combining
imported and domestic ingredients.

Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue,
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.



INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 8) the femme fans.

That grand passion Livvie de Havilland possessed so long for Major John Huston has cooled to the icy point, Cal hears. Maybe because the Major invites all his former conquests to the same party, to everyone's discomfiture and his obvious delight.

The funniest team (off screen) in town is actor Henry Morgan (*Captain Purvis*) and Stanley Prager (*Sergeant Trampani*) in "A Bell For Adano." The boys are coveted guests at all parties where their straight-faced drolleries keep everyone in stitches.

Competition: Chester Morris is a mighty embarrassed papa. His teen-aged daughter is now such a Sinatra fan that pictures of Frankie have crowded every picture but one, of Chester, out of her room! Frankie-boy is back in Hollywood after his overseas trip—and what a trip! He and his troupe got themselves slightly in dutch with the USO, which had their traveling schedule all mapped out to the last minute. And they risked the wrath for a very good and heart-warming reason. You see, when they got to Newfoundland, Frankie discovered that up to then, that big island was used only as a short stopover by big planes carrying entertainers. For refueling, etc. And he learned that the lonely soldiers stationed there never got a show. So instead of continuing on to Europe in a couple of hours as they were supposed to, Sinatra and company stayed on in Newfoundland for two whole weeks and saw to it that every hamlet—yes, even posts that consisted only of a few guys in a hut somewhere—got a full show from him!

Femme foibles dept: Susan Hayward carries one of Hollywood's most unique good-luck charms. It's a tiny plastic tube, containing a snip of the film from the screen (Continued on page 12)



Hello, beautiful—John Payne greets Maureen O'Hara in Fox Commissary

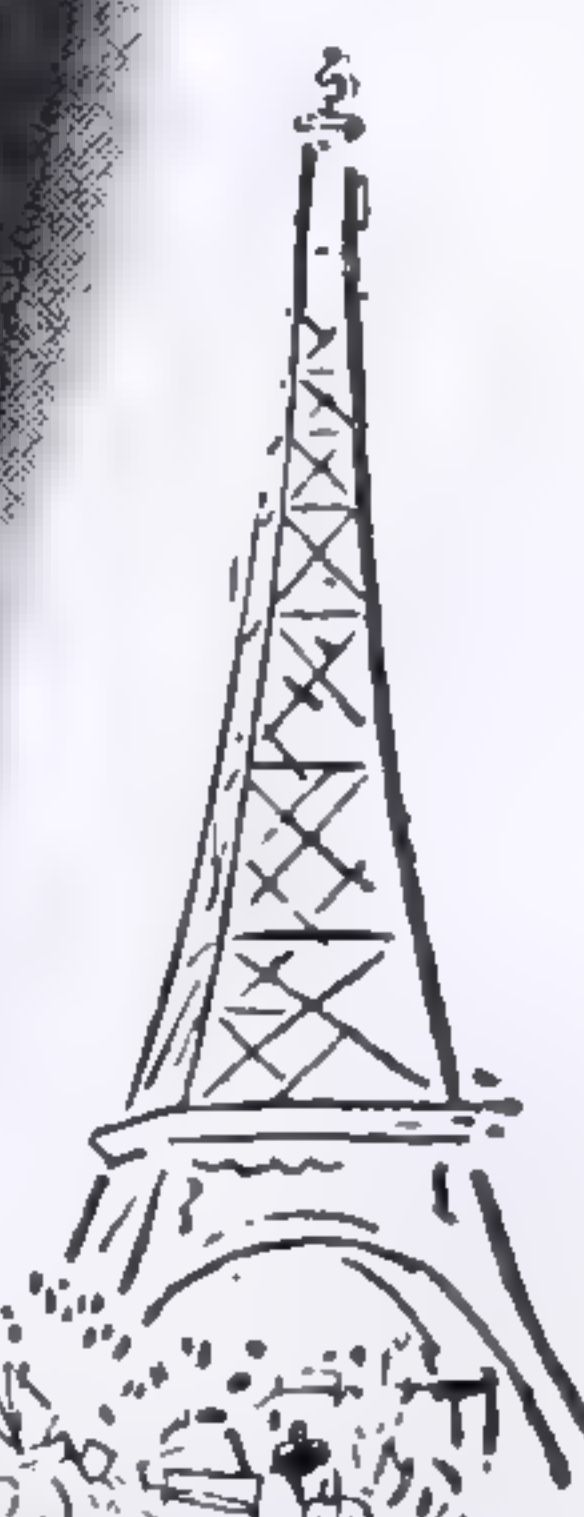
when each
kiss may be
the last...

**Each
Kiss
Counts!**

The TRUE story
of two daring
women in Paris!



She's the other
half of a two-
woman Under-
ground.



UNITED ARTISTS presents
CONSTANCE GRACIE

Bennett Fields

in

"PARIS- UNDERGROUND"

with

George Rigaud • Kurt Kreuger

Directed by GREGORY RATOFE
Based on the Story by ETTA SHIBER
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

PRODUCED BY
*Constance
Bennett*
It has the
woman's
touch

Over 30,000,000 thrilled to Etta
Shiber's great best-seller in Reader's
Digest and as a Book-of-the-Month.



P
M
M



Copyright 1945, International Cellucotton Products Co.

A special process keeps Kleenex

LUXURIOUSLY SOFT—
DEPENDABLY STRONG

Only Kleenex® has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double tissue at a time!

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

INSIDE STUFF



Headlines—Cornel Wilde shows them to Gene Tierney lunching in Fox Commissary

(Continued from page 10) test that won her her picture contract. Susie, by the way, has had to take turns with her husband Jess Barker in admiring their twin babies. Both have been working in movies at different studios. Susie has been working nights until the wee hours—and Jess in the daytime.

Eugenie Baird, the young singing protege of Bing Crosby's, is being movie-tested at Paramount. She was a sensation at the Hollywood Canteen when she showed up to do her act dressed in a costume that was made up of the sheet music of about a dozen of the current best-selling popular songs.

And Betty Hutton was a sensation at the Canteen, tearing the ether as usual with her lusty singing, and telling the boys about her overseas experiences in the Pacific. Now the Hutton is across the Atlantic—but before she left she told Cal to pay no attention to all those stories that she is going to marry a wealthy camera manufacturer of Chicago named Ted Briskin. She said, "Don't hold your breath till I marry Ted—you'll be dead!"

Cal Wonders: If you ever wondered if Hollywood beauties are interested in men outside the glamour confines of movietown. Cal found the answer when he took handsome Lieut. Jack Mahan to a preview and discovered the starlet on his right couldn't look at the picture for looking at Jack. Unfortunately the lieutenant was already Pacific bound or what a romance that would have made.

If those town playboys are ever going to catch on to the fact that that seventeen-year-old sophisticate Susan Blanchard of Twentieth Century-Fox is really bored when she says she is. When Bruce Cabot repeatedly invited Susan to parties her reply of, "Stop it, you bore me," went the rounds. And her remark to Errol Flynn's attempt at humor is (Continued on page 14)

A NEW ORLEANS WOMAN!

Soft, evil, alluring...can make some guy crazy enough to kill for HER. That's the kind of woman Captain Angel is searching for...in the "Quarter" of New Orleans!

GEORGE RAFT
CLAIRE TREVOR
SIGNE HASSO
JOHNNY ANGEL

LOWELL GILMORE • HOAGY CARMICHAEL
MARGARET WYCHERLY

Produced by WILLIAM L. PEREIRA • Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN
Screen Play by STEVE FISHER



Hoagy sings
"Memphis in
June"



Vigny's

Beau Catcher

Perfume

fills your
date book

It's the saucy scent
that won't take "no"
for an answer

\$3.75, \$7.50, \$12.50,
\$22.50, \$45.00
by the dram \$1.50
(plus federal tax)



Yvonne De Carlo shares fun and salad with co-star (in "Frontier Girl") Rod Cameron while Charles Korvin laughs and looks on

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 12) killing the town. What a gal, this Susie.

If service men who have lost the use of their limbs won't be encouraged by the indomitable spirit of Susan Peters who refused to be beaten when a bullet penetrated her spine causing paralysis of the legs. Today she sits outside their small apartment (there is no house available) and even walks a few steps with the use of braces. As soon as she can, she'll appear on the radio and from there it will be just a step—well, maybe a few brave steps—to movies again. You can't beat a girl like Susie and no wonder the whole town is proud of her.

Why stars like Margaret Sullavan and Franchot Tone go to all those elaborate pains selling their Hollywood homes and furnishings to embark bag and baggage for New York forever—only to be back several months later frantically hunting for a place to live—although it's certainly pleasant having Franchot and Maggie back, heaven knows.

Helmut—the Hero: Cal's phone gave a loud jingle the other day and right off we recognized that voice. He'd called to tell us something of his New York experiences as well as his present and future plans.

From other sources we hear the lad was a riot with the fans in those New York personal appearances. To our query he told us it had made a difference in the future plans of the studio for him. They've promised no more Nazi or villain roles. As the gals desire him, so shall he be. And it's about time.

He was all excited over the play he's now producing at the Biltmore Theater in Los Angeles entitled "To Hell We March" with returned veterans and former actors in the cast. It concerns the meeting of a British, a Russian and a Yank GI in Berlin. He felt the meeting of three "little people" at the time of the "Big Three" meeting a wonderful idea. Cal (Continued on page 16)



You've lived for this moment.
And he must find you excitingly
lovely to your fingertips.

Thrillingly-soft hands are so
endearing... let Trushay guard
their precious beauty.

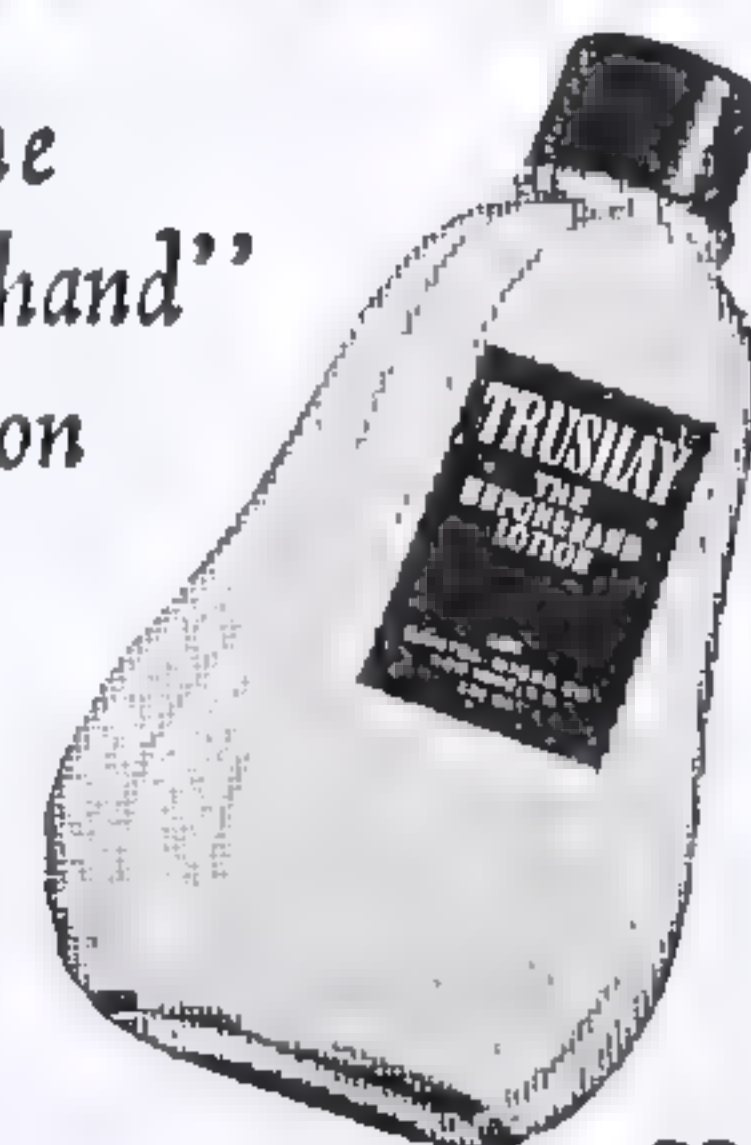
This delicately fragrant,
creamy lotion is such a joy to use!

Smooth on Trushay before
everyday tasks, before you do
dishes. This "beforehand" idea
is Trushay's own! And now you
can guard soft hands even
in hot, soapy water!

Rely on Trushay's velvet touch
whenever, wherever you need it.

TRUSHAY

The
"Beforehand"
Lotion



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

USE WESTMORE'S

Overglo



BARBARA BRITTON

Star of the Benedict Bogeaus
Production

"CAPTAIN KIDD"

A United Artists' Release

FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

**NOT A CAKE . . . NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN**

OVERGLO has a lanolin and oil base . . . Does not give an artificial masked appearance . . . Overglo effectively hides tiny wrinkles, lines, and minor blemishes . . . Goes on evenly—does not streak. Easy fingertip application—no sponge or cotton needed . . . Gives you a flawless looking complexion and a fresh, well-groomed appearance for the day without constant repowdering . . . Overglo comes in six flattering skin-tinted shades . . . One bottle lasts for months. \$1.50 plus tax.



BUD WESTMORE, make-up expert, who with his brothers, Perc and Wally, comprise the famous trio of Hollywood make-up artists, the Westmores.

NEW . . . OVERGLO FACE POWDER . . . ONE SHADE FOR EVERY COMPLEXION



A make-up discovery! Overglo Face Powder . . . 'completely different . . . one *practically colorless* shade perfect for *every foundation-tinted complexion*. Permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with *natural youthful beauty*. A face powder specially created for use with Overglo or any tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation. \$1 plus tax.

PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

INSIDE STUFF

Big news shot—Appeal-winner Dana Andrews and Alice Faye (back to the screen) in an embracing scene from "Fallen Angel." Director Preminger's head got in too



(Continued from page 14) did too and accepted his kind invitation to see the play.

As to his romance with Ida Lupino, he had little to say, but Cal knows Helmut has really never ceased carrying the torch for his ex-wife, Gwen Anderson who is divorcing Eddie Chodorov, the playwright. Now you can bet those reconciliation rumors for Helmut and Gwen will start all over again.

"Winged Victory": Sgt. Ben Maddox, Hollywood writer who has been doing publicity for "Winged Victory," writes a very newsy letter telling us what has happened to the cast of the show now that it's broken up. Thought we'd pass it on to you.

Lon McCallister is in Alaska.

Remember Mark Daniels? He was seized by Major Brisson, Rosalind Russell's husband, to do leads on the radio unit Brisson runs in New York City—AAF radio. Mark and his charming Canadian wife, Marion, have an apartment in Manhattan. Understand M-G-M is very keen on the lad.

George Reeves's wife writes that George was sent on a Bond tour and she thought he was headed for Culver City. Richard Travis and Barry Nelson went there, too. As did Eddie O'Brien, though there's a rumor Eddie's about to receive his discharge. Ben has been transferred to Wright Field and the Air Technical Service Command. Quite a switch to glamorizing planes!

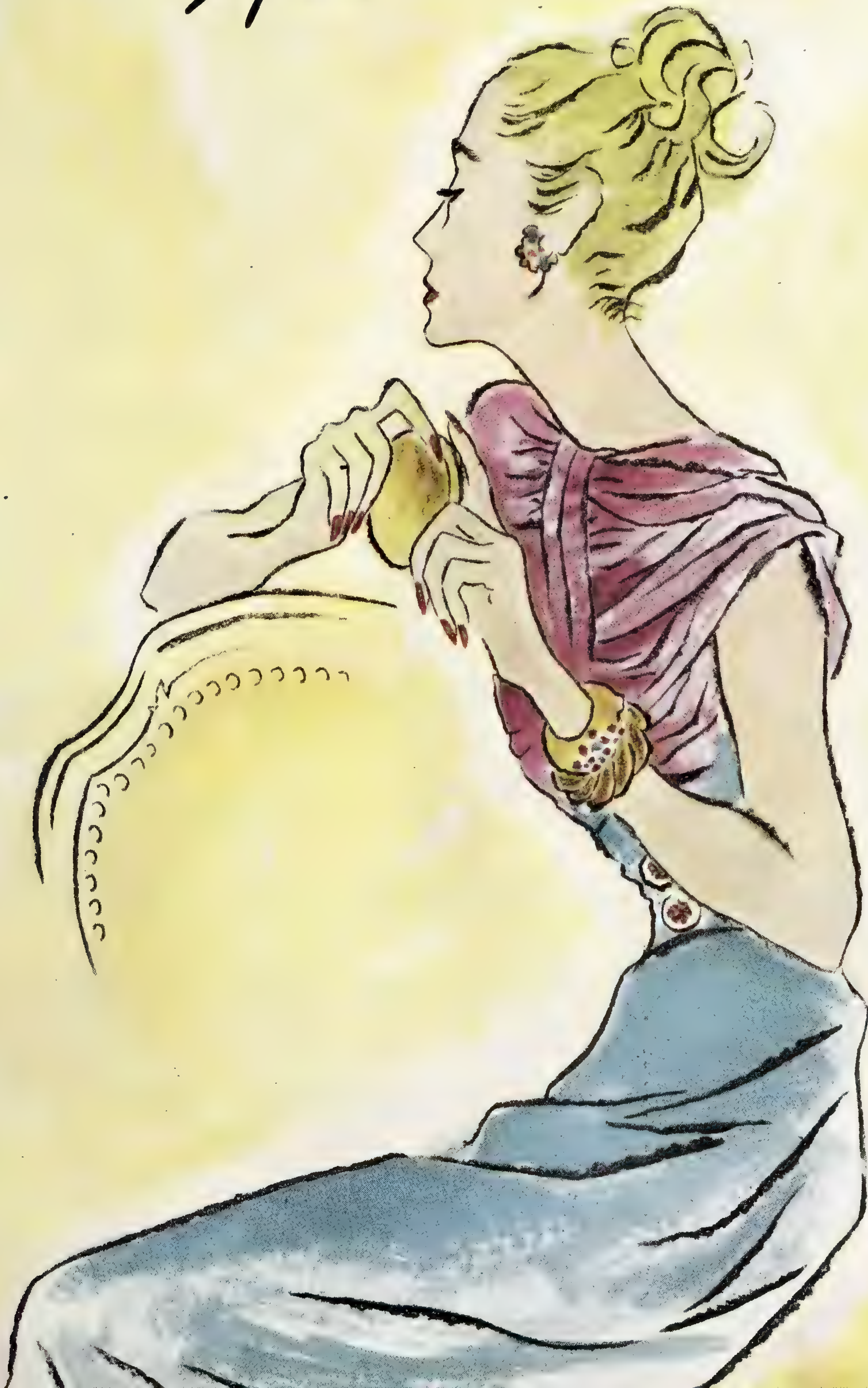
Toppers: The Alan Ladds have bought two acres of land for themselves in swanky Holmby Hills (between Beverly and Bel-Air) but they can't build their dream house on it until the war is over . . . Hold on—a rival studio has bought the movie rights to the comic strip "Joe Palooka" and Van Johnson is but dying to play the lead in it. You can bet that (Continued on page 19)

Cutex color stimulant

SCHIAPARELLI interprets

CUTEX *Alert*

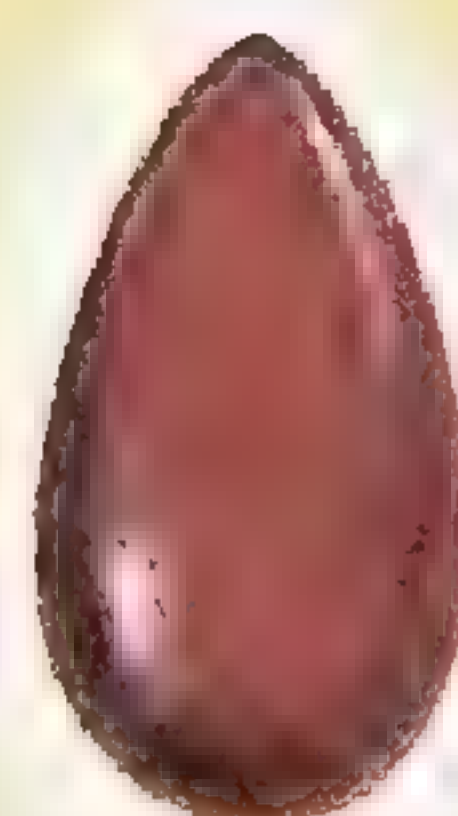
"Alert"... pulse-stirring, heart-warming color to light up beautiful fingertips. Schiaparelli, France's ingenious designer, catches its high excitement with a flame-topped dinner dress ... sponsors four other exciting Cutex colors to touch a spark to the Paris fashions in her latest collection. Try and find a lovelier polish at any price!



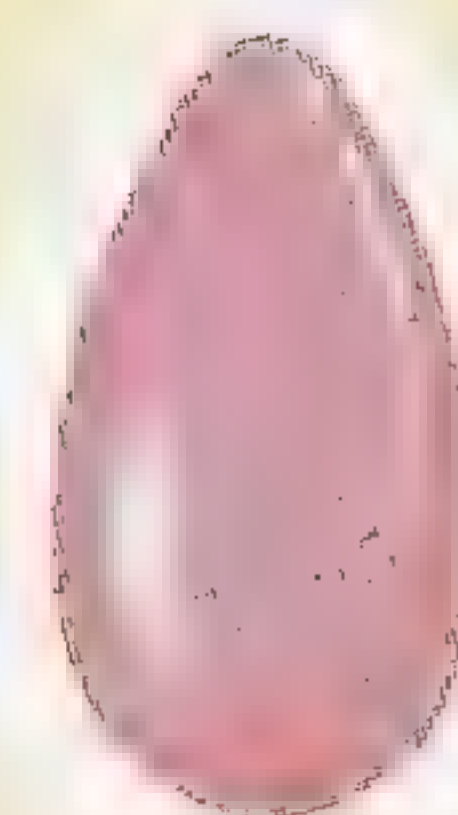
HONOR BRIGHT



OFF DUTY



YOUNG RED



AT EASE



No other Shampoo

**leaves your hair so lustrous,
yet so easy to manage!**

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits! ✓ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing . . . due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. ✓ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Jewels in your Hair

for After-Dark Glamour

Dramatize the beauty of your hair, focus attention on your smart hair-do! For evening occasions, wear jewels in your hair!

LISA FONSSAGRIVES . . . glamorous New York fashion model,

Cover Girl and "Drene Girl" . . . shows you, on this page, three smart hair-dos dramatized with jewels!

THIS TURQUOISE TIARA certainly calls attention to Lisa's shining topknot of puffs! A twisted double strand of pearls or a string of large gold beads would also look lovely encircling the puffs! But you'll not get the maximum combination of lustre and manageability from your shampoos unless you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, as Lisa always does!

A GOLD BRACELET was used by Lisa for this stunning back arrangement. Ends of hair are drawn through bracelet, then pulled upward. That extra shining-smooth look is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

WEAR LARGE COMBS set with brilliant stones or pearls, on either side of this double-puff topknot arrangement! But first, wash your hair in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION
Product of Procter & Gamble



INSIDE STUFF



On the gay and sentimental side—On-leave Lieutenant Wayne Morris and his beauteous lady dancing at Mocambo

(Continued from page 16) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he is under contract, won't loan him out for it. What would you think of that idea? . . . Wait till you see Ray Milland as the alcoholic in "The Lost Weekend." First really heavy dramatic role he has ever done—and he is so wonderful . . . Eleanor Parker and Joe Kirkwood Jr. are a marriage threat . . . At this writing, Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles are going slightly crazy. Rita isn't feeling too well—they have to vacate their mansion by the sea within a week—and have absolutely no place to move to . . . Alan Marshall, ill and away from the screen for a whole year, has mended his shattered nerves and will be making another movie soon . . . Paulette Goddard and Carole Landis have patched up their big feud that started when Carole criticized the clothes Paulette wore on her overseas tour . . . Turhan Bey only gets down on occasional weekends to be with Lana—but Lana has been dining with his mother about three nights a week . . . Calm down, gals—because Arturo de Cordova (who has beamed some of the town's most beautiful belles) is reconciling with his wife—after a long separation. Now—don't tell us that all that Hollywood glamour bores him!

Personality of the Month: Cornel Wilde's voice sounded weary to Cal over the phone. We were happy to have our old friend phone us but unhappy to learn the Wildes must vacate their charming home on Alpine Drive and go house hunting again. The house has been sold.

We'd seen Cornel the day before at Twentieth Century-Fox where he's making "Leave Her To Heaven" and



A girl can be too trusting at times!

SHE WIELDS an outsize powder puff. Covers herself with a cloud of fragrance. And never suspects that before the evening is over, she may be guilty of underarm odor!

No fault of the powder or her bath, that. She just doesn't stop to think that while her bath washes away *past* perspiration, underarms need special care to prevent risk of *future* odor. *That's* when a girl needs Mum!

Mum smooths on in 30 seconds—keeps underarms

odor-free all day or evening long. You're sure of the daintiness men admire.

Mum won't irritate your skin. And, says the American Institute of Laundering, Mum won't injure the fabric of your clothes.

You can use Mum before or *after* you're dressed. It's quick, safe, sure. Won't dry out in jar. Why take chances with your charm when you can trust Mum? Get a jar today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

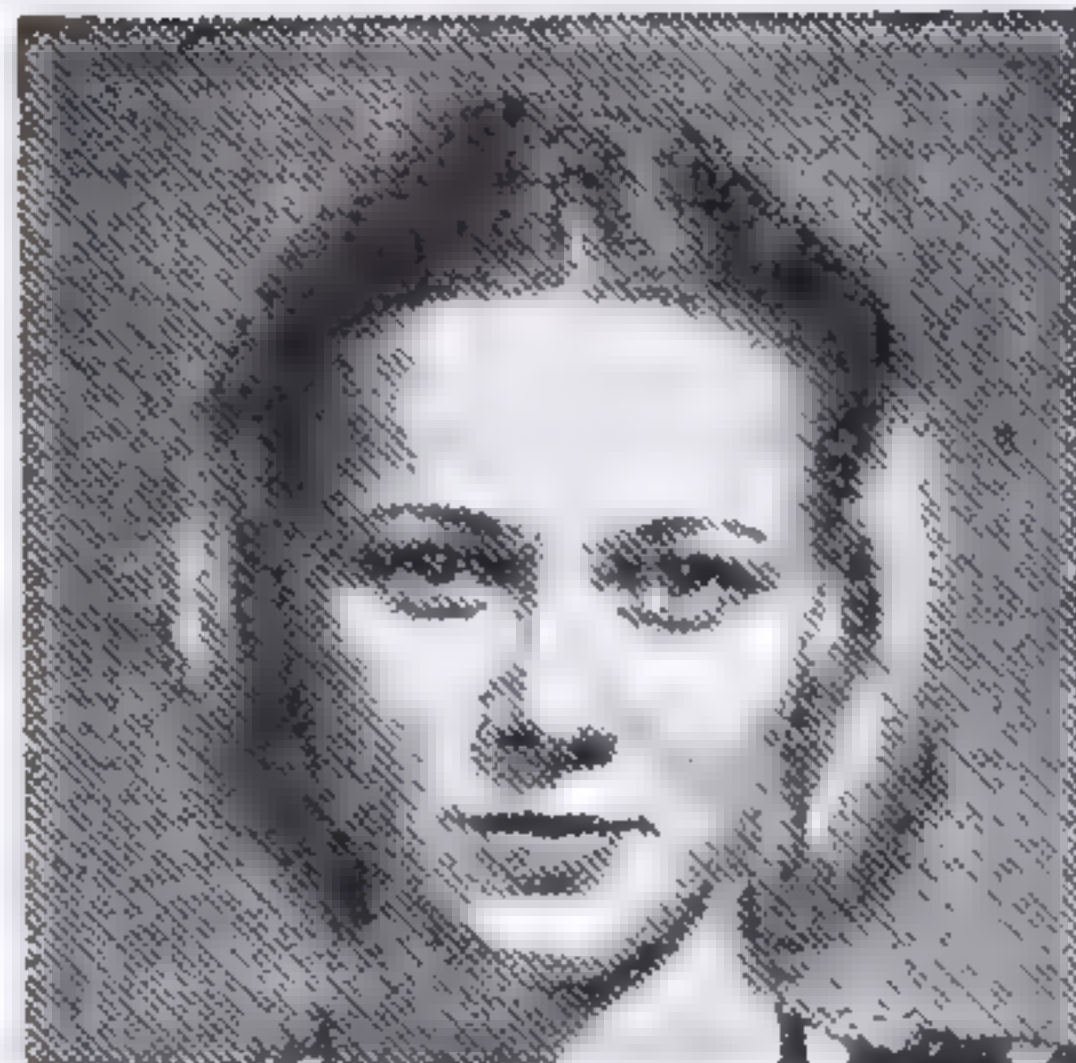


Product of Bristol-Myers

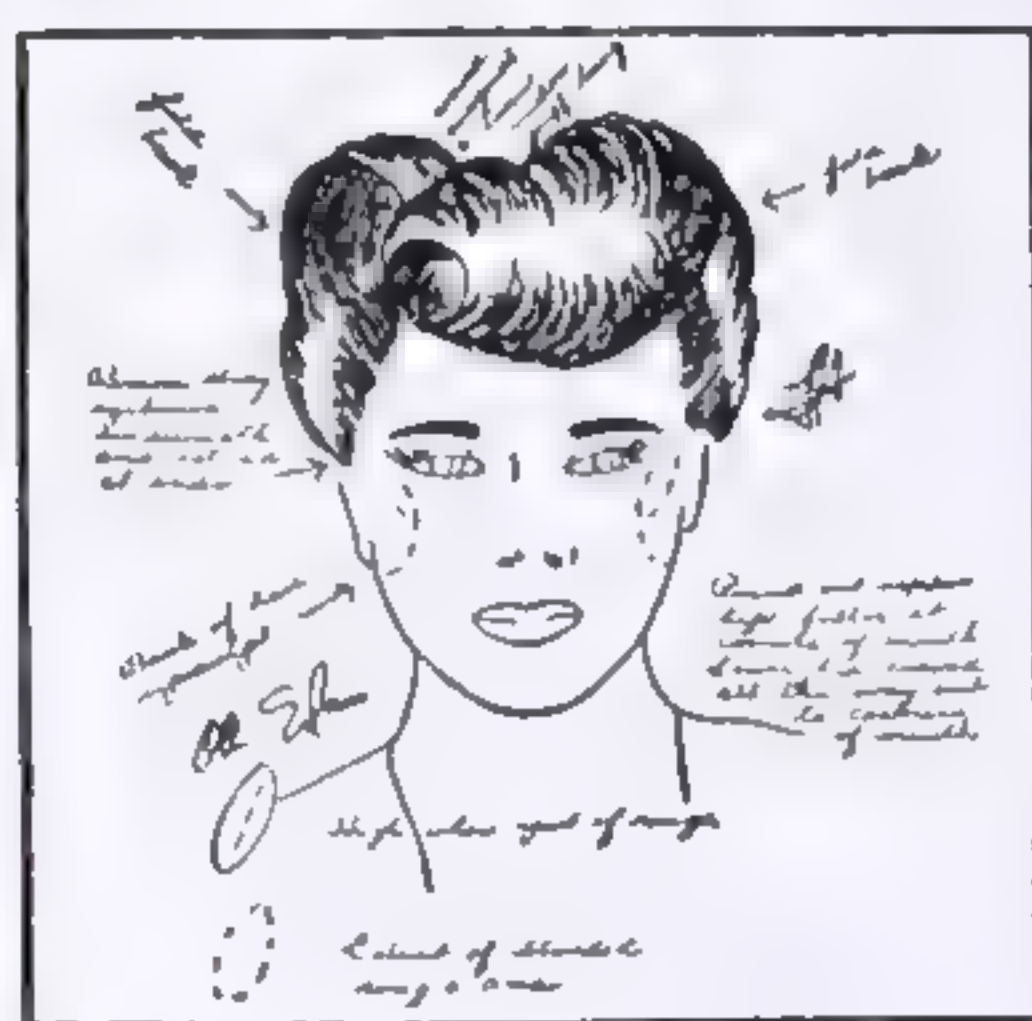
MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"I was UNCERTAIN! Now I'm SURE!"



"Yes, I am a blonde, but that isn't enough!" says Doris Bertel of New York, N. Y. "I was so shy—didn't know how to meet people well!"



"My Eden 'Photo-Revise' was a real wonder-worker!" says delighted Doris! Gave me a new hair-style and make-up advice that really transformed me!"

"It's a thrill *now* to wear a smart bathing suit!" says Doris. Would YOU look as good? Want to? Then why not do as Doris did?



"Now my friends say I'm more attractive!" says Doris today! "My Powers Home Course changed my whole life—made me SO much happier and a whole lot more successful, too!"



Powers' Proved Beauty Course Offers YOU, TOO, NEW SELF-CONFIDENCE A "MODEL" FIGURE!

"So many people have complimented me upon my NEW appearance that I think all girls should have the opportunities your training offers!" Those are Doris Bertel's own words. *Now* Doris is self-confident! For YOU, too, the Powers Home Course can give:

Quick results! In as little as 7 days you can see the REAL YOU begin to emerge from your mirror.

Planned just for you! In your own home, you discover the beauty secrets that have given figure-perfection, style, grace and loveliness to thousands of "just average" girls, made them happy, successful!

Inspiring Grace Eden! Confidential faculty advice, plus close attention from sympathetic Grace Eden, noted Course Director, helps you become the new, thrilling YOU!

Low cost! Why deny yourself the happiness, the admiration Powers Training can win for YOU so easily, so *inexpensively*?



Grace Eden, Director



Get this free booklet and your confidential questionnaire.

EXCLUSIVE ADVANTAGES OF PERSONALIZED POWERS TRAINING! 60 individualized features! Including the famous Eden "Photo-Revise" drawn by Miss Eden's staff of experts—to show you how to make the most of YOU! Help on your Figure! Make-up! Grooming! Styling! Your Voice! The famous "Powers Girl" formula for charm and magnetism! Powers Home Training really works!

Mail this Coupon NOW!

Write John Robert Powers today. Creator of the famous Powers Models. Confidant of motion picture stars. For 25 years teacher of the Powers Way to beauty, self-confidence, happiness. He has helped thousands, just like you.



"POWERS GIRL" Creator

FREE! COMPLETE, CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION

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247 Park Ave., Suite K-365, New York 17, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'd like to learn the "Powers Girl" beauty secrets. I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course, including free, illustrated booklet and confidential questionnaire.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Street _____

City & Zone _____ State _____



Happy plans—Mr. and Mrs. Jim Brown dress up and dine out at Ciro's—they'll have another little Brown soon

INSIDE STUFF

kiddingly asked if he'd been making any pictures lately. With "A Song To Remember" and "A Thousand And One Nights" wowing the customers we meant only to be funny. Apparently we weren't; for he repeated slowly and wonderingly, "Any pictures?" Perhaps it's this Hungarian somberness that has people puzzled at the serious-minded actor who struggled so bitterly in Hollywood before recognition came. He certainly doesn't fit into any Hollywood pattern.

His devotion to his cute wife is one of the nicest things Cal has ever witnessed, and his determination, now that their struggles are over and their baby growing into healthy childhood, that his wife shall have a career of her own, is bearing fruit. We hear Mrs. Wilde has been tested and may be signed by Twentieth.

A Line or Two: Sabu on furlough, after completing forty-two missions and logging 427 combat hours as a ball-turret gunner, was heartily welcomed by friends at Universal . . . The Jim Browns, who have two small girls, hope for a boy in January . . . Visiting veterans who long for a glimpse of Susanna Foster can spot her either lunching, teeing or dining on the porch of The Players and always with another girl, fellows . . . Ava Gardner's crush on Artie Shaw is so serious Hollywood expects the two will wed—when Artie is free . . . Hollywood expects Turhan Bey, who speaks four languages, to be grabbed up by the Intelligence Department after his boot camp training at Camp Roberts . . . Linda Darnell refuses to diet because her husband approves her well-rounded figure, ignoring the fact the camera adds to feminine poundage . . . Don De Fore received more fan mail than all other males in "The Affairs Of Susan" which (Continued on page 22)

LEAVE US FACE IT...
Duffy's throwin' the Greatest Star Party

BING CROSBY

BETTY HUTTON

DOROTHY LAMOUR

PAULETTE GODDARD

ALAN LADD

BARRY FITZGERALD

SONNY TUFTS

EDDIE BRACKEN

in Hollywood History!

VERONICA LAKE

ARTURO de CORDOVA

and
Archie (Himself)
ED GARDNER

VICTOR MOORE

BARRY SULLIVAN

CASS DALEY

BRIAN DONLEVY

MARJORIE REYNOLDS

32 wonderful stars! The funniest scenes ever filmed!
 Terrific songs and satire!
 Gorgeous girls, riotous laughs
 —as Paramount brings radio's riot show to the screen at last!

Paramount presents

ED GARDNER'S

DUFFY'S TAVERN

Starring Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Paulette Goddard, Alan Ladd, Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken, Brian Donlevy, Sonny Tufts, Veronica Lake, Arturo de Cordova, Barry Fitzgerald, Cass Daley, Diana Lynn, Victor Moore, Marjorie Reynolds, Barry Sullivan and Archie (Himself) Ed Gardner with Charles Cantor Eddie Green, Ann Thomas and Robert Benchley, William Demarest, Howard da Silva, Billy De Wolfe, Walter Abel, Johnny Coy, Miriam Franklin, Olga San Juan, Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lin Crosby • Based on Characters created by Ed Gardner
 Directed by **HAL WALKER** A Paramount Picture

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 20) ups him to co-star billing in "You Came Along" . . . Bette Davis's suitor, Lewis Riley, has been made a sergeant and is now in the China-Burma theater . . . Errol Flynn's new book "Once In A Smile" has been so toned down by request of the publishers, its own father wouldn't know it.

Round-up: The death of cowboy star Addison Randall helped to heal the breach between Connie Bennett and her sister Barbara, who was married to the actor . . . John Hodiak who became a regular weekend helper on Preston Foster's ranch fell so in love with the life he bought a ranch of his own in Tarzana . . . Ella Raines and her husband Major Kenneth Trout are said to be near the breaking-up point . . . Carole Landis, who won a divorce from Captain Tom Wallace, may even now be Mrs. Horace Schmidlapp and an ex-movie star. Hear tell Carole wants to retire from the screen . . . Gene Autry, out of the Air Force, embarked for overseas to entertain the boys . . . Corp. Bill Lundigan, who did such a swell job on Okinawa, now back in Hollywood.

Van and Fans: Glimpsed Van Johnson at the rodeo recently at the Los Angeles Coliseum. Van's attempts to



Nominated for the candid of the month, though not for the beauty of the expression on big Bill Bendix's face—with the ace director Sidney Lanfield

watch the riding and shooting were woefully blocked by the hundreds of fans who yelped constantly for autographs. Finally, at the request of "Mr. Johnson, may I have your autograph?" Van replied without glancing up, "Please let me see the rodeo." "But, Mr. Johnson, how can you be so cruel?" was the demand. Van then reluctantly tore his eyes from the exciting scene before him and reached for the paper. A sudden laugh brought his eyes upward and there stood a friend. "Don't do that to me," Van laughed and settled back for a brief glimpse of the show he'd hoped to see.

And speaking of Van, one wonders what he will do for

a home now that the exclusive hotel in which he resides has been declared out of bounds by the zoning law. Will it be back to an apartment with those fans waiting outside, inside and topside for him, or will he move in with the Keenan Wynns as rumored?

Romance Lane: We got kind of a kick when Bob Hutton, legally separated, hailed us in Romanoffs the other day. Bob and friends were lunching with the lovely Kathy Downs, a former model and now under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox. "Do you think I'd have a chance there?"



irresistible lips are

Dearly Beloved

To seem beautiful is to be beautiful! So keep your lips irresistible . . . divinely soft and lovely with IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED LIPSTICK . . . a deep, rich, dynamic tone that goes on smoothly and stays on longer thanks to Irresistible's secret WHIP-TEXT process. Matching rouge and powder.

10¢-25¢ SIZES

the bride-to-be wears
Irresistible ruby red Lipstick

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER

S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R-I

A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR



INSIDE STUFF

Bob asked us on the side. Always the romantic one, we agreed it worth asking at least. So Bob asked the lovely Kathy for a dinner date the following night and got it.

Incidentally, Bob's beautiful ex-wife Natalie Hutton came around with friends to pick up Cal for a preview the other evening. How lovely is it possible for you to get? Cal wondered, and remembered Alan Curtis was asking himself the same question. The two have been seeing each other, we hear.

Glimpsed Peter Lawford who has been so down since his two favorite girls, Lana and Judy, went out of circulation. The engaging Englishman was dining in a cozy Romanoffs booth for two with the beautiful Gail Russell, and Cal had a feeling that twosome may really grow into something. At least Peter looked cheerful again.

Dining at Somerset House George Raft joined Cal for a chat. "Just think," he said, "next week I have a birthday and I'm almost fifty." Cal allowed as how Georgie was the youngest looking "nearly fifty" he'd ever seen. And the blonde with George? It was Virginia Maples who looks so much like Betty Grable one wonders if George still cares in that direction. Cal also hears George has discovered lovely little Eve Amber (no relation to the "Forever" girl) who is under contract to Twentieth. Leave it to Raft to discover the beautiful blondes.

Factually: Off the screen for almost two years, Brenda Marshall is hard at work in "You'll Remember Me." And what luck! Two days after she started, Brenda came down with make-up poisoning and was laid up for a week. The very dark (both hair and skin) Brenda will wear a blonde wig through this whole picture. By the way, good-looking Bill Holden, who has been busier for Uncle Sam than he ever was in the movies, is temporarily out of the service. Because of an ear infection which has him temporarily completely deaf.

Gala reunion at the Atwater Kent party—Brenda Marshall and husband Lt. William Holden with Alan Hale, in a laugh attack



Are you in the know?



Do this often, if you're addicted to—

- ☐ Tantrums
- ☐ Booking blues
- ☐ Hickey trouble

You can drown *all three sorrows* (above)—in your daily tub! For a warm bath relaxes; improves the disposition. And a clean, scrubbed skin discourages hickies . . . boosts your date bookings. Don't neglect bathing on problem days when it's more important than ever. To help you stay sweet and dainty, *Kotex now contains a deodorant*. A deodorant that can't shake out because it is processed right into each Kotex napkin—locked in, not merely dusted on. It's a new Kotex "extra"!



To use silver correctly, would you—

- ☐ Start from the outside
- ☐ Start from the inside
- ☐ Catch as catch can

Fumble for the right fork or spoon? Not if you follow this simple rule: Start from the outside, work in toward your plate. You're fluster-proof when you can skip social errors. And you'll make no mistake on "trying days", when you choose the poise-preserving sanitary napkin . . . Kotex. Truth is, Kotex gives you confidence through *comfort*. Because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing* . . . so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no roping, no wadding up, with Kotex.



If he stood you up last night—

- ☐ Should you blow your top
- ☐ Be a tearful earful
- ☐ Bide your time

Tears or temper won't teach him. Bide your time 'til he calls again, then give out with the brush-off. Keeping calm wins many a victory . . . over "calendar" jitters, too. With Kotex, see how serenely you can sail through difficult days! For you're sure the *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show. Unlike thick, blunt napkins, those patented flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines...and you'll feel secure with the *extra* protection of Kotex' special *safety center*!

A DEODORANT
in every Kotex napkin
at no extra cost



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other
sanitary napkins put together

*T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓ Pride Of The Marines (Warners)



American courage: John Garfield, Eleanor Parker in "Pride Of The Marines"

PRIDE of Hollywood could well be the title of this enormously enthralling film of war hero Al Schmid, the Philadelphia Marine who lost his sight on Guadalcanal. Every foot and reel of it is laden with human interest, packed with corn-free situations and enlivened by scenes of realism and moments of amusement. All the ingredients necessary to a truly fine film are found within its scope and brought forth with rare quality by each and every one of its performers.

John Garfield as Al Schmid, the lad who loves Eleanor Parker and refuses to face her when blinded, gives just about the best performance of his career. And Dane Clark takes over scene after scene for his own. What an actor! Coming into her own is Eleanor Parker who delivers a sensitive, restrained and beautifully etched performance. Tom D'Andrea, whose com-

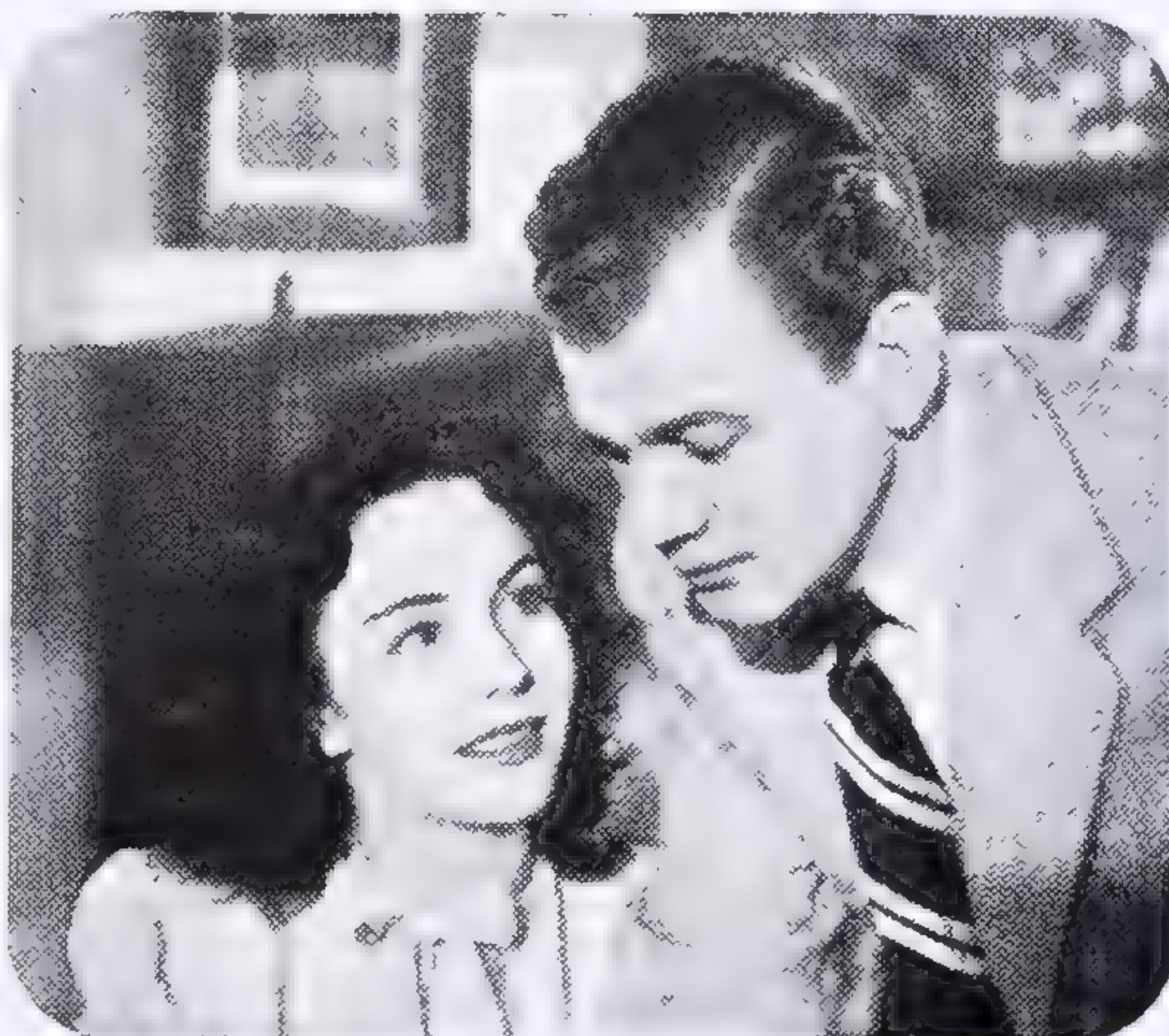
edy sequences were written by himself, enlivens the hospital scenes with some of the funniest monkey business seen in a long time. Take note of this talented newcomer, please.

There is no overdoing in any direction with the result we not only witness one of the most realistic combat sieges seen on the screen, but actually feel the love between Al and his girl, between buddies in combat and in the hospital.

John Ridgely and Ann Todd, the happy couple with whom Al lived, Rosemary DeCamp as the understanding Navy nurse, Warren Douglas, Don McGuire and Stephen Richards as pals, are perfectly cast. In fact, the film excels in every department due, in part, to the direction of Delmer Daves who keeps his actors people.

Your Reviewer Says: A truly fine picture.

✓✓ Love Letters (Paramount)



Romance by mail: Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotten in "Love Letters"

A FILM of strange and at times eerie beauty, dealing with the theme of a forgotten past and an enduring love, is given life, depth and understanding by Jennifer Jones as the girl and Joseph Cotten the man who loves her.

It begins when Cotten, a soldier, writes letters of exquisite prose and tender sentiment for a pal in his unit to Jennifer. She, who had met the young officer casually, learns to love him through the letters she believes are his. They marry with tragic results and Cotten, home from the wars, sets out to find the girl to whom he had written the letters.

The element of mystery and foreboding that surrounds the story, the meeting of Cotten and Jennifer, their marriage, the awful awakening of Jennifer to the truth, are enhanced by the music that forms the

background, the settings, the direction of William Dieterle and the superb performances of every member of the cast. Outstanding is Ann Richards, the girl who befriends Jennifer. There is a quality of warmth and naturalness about Miss Richards that holds the interest from her first speech. Certainly she is that "something new" that has been added to the screen.

Jennifer is young, baffling, arresting in her performance, and if too much stress is laid on her amnesia, it's the fault of the script writers, not the principals. Cotten is superb, of course, and so is Cecil Kellaway as Mack the caretaker.

Anita Louise, Byron Barr, Robert Sully and Gladys Cooper complete the splendid cast.

Your Reviewer Says: That so-different movie.

✓✓ Her Highness And The Bellboy (M-G-M)



Courtship: June Allyson, Robert Walker in "Her Highness And The Bellboy"

IF we could write a poem, something about romance and charm and love and music, and make it all flow out in a heart-warming meter, it would be dedicated to this mischievously captivating film.

Not for a moment, mind you, are we misled in its motives—to take us by the hand through storybook land where everyone lives happily ever after. But how willingly and happily we go causes us to wonder why we aren't led there more often. Probably because the people concerned, producer Joe Pasternak, director Richard Thorpe, writers Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman, plus the delightful natives of this land of romance, Robert Walker, Hedy Lemarr and June Allyson, just never got together before.

Walker crowns himself with glory as the bellhop assigned to her Royal Highness Hedy Lamarr in a famous New York hos-

telry. The lad grows in stature, in charm, in authority, with every film.

June Allyson as the little cripple whom he really loves has a pixie-like charm that comes across in this film with appealing cuteness. And Hedy for the first time since "Algiers" seems a woman of reality, of emotional integrity and inner beauty. Rags Ragland as Walker's pal couldn't have been dumber or more likable. It's by far his best work to date. Note Warner Anderson who plays the columnist Hedy loves—our idea of what a leading man should look like.

Carl Esmond, Agnes Moorehead and Ludwig Stossel, all a part of Hedy's retinue, gleam and glisten with polish and finesse in quite the most charming film of the month.

Your Reviewer Says: Encore, please.

(Continued on page 129)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 130

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 140

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 135

By Sara Hamilton



So Sweet to Come Home To!

Isn't it the nice thing, the *wise* thing, to let Listerine Antiseptic help you be that way today and tomorrow and all of the tomorrows?

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it, and even your best friend won't tell you.

While sometimes systemic, most cases are due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. Never, never, omit this wholly delightful precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

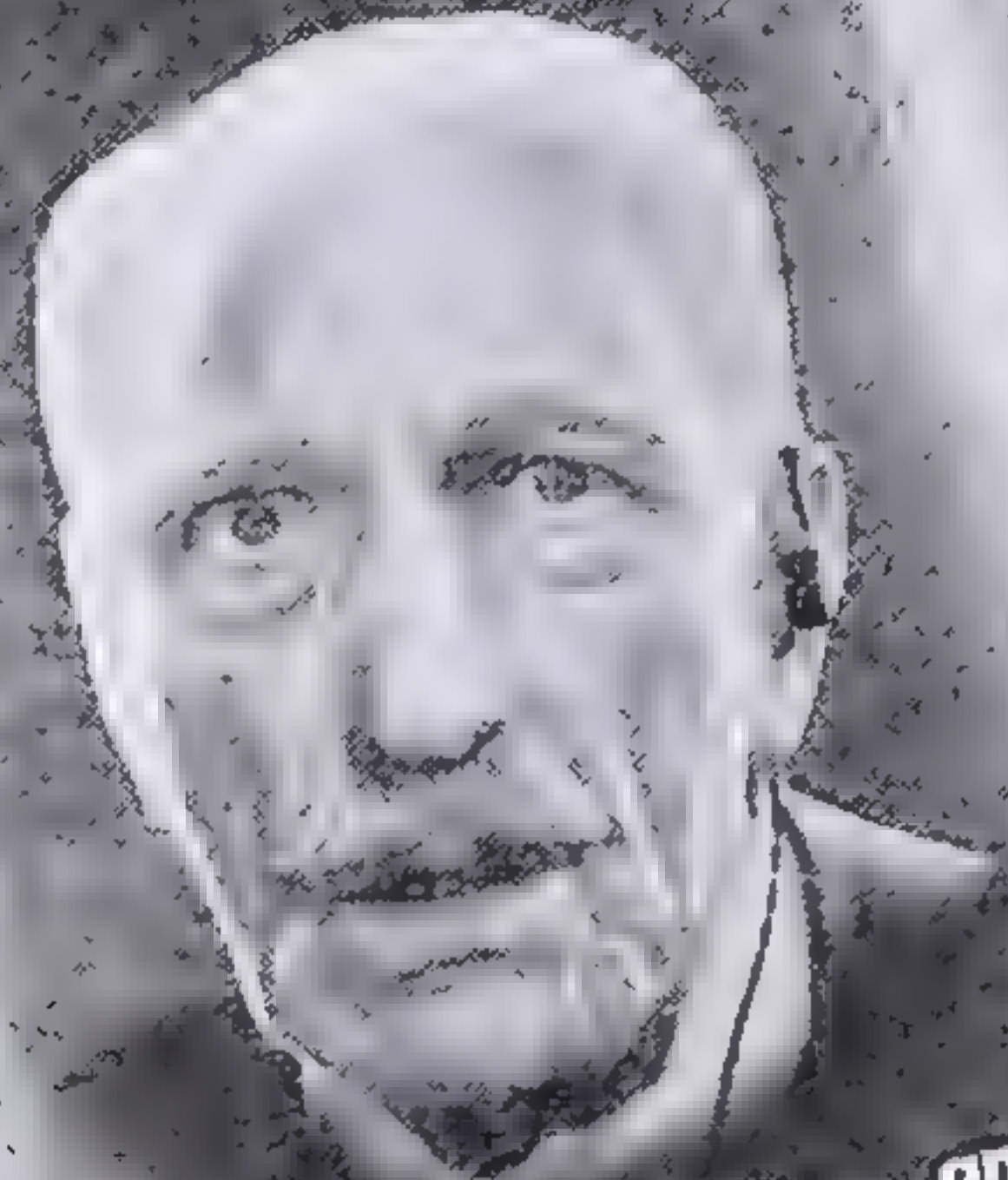
FIRST THERE WERE TEN...



A Poisoned Drink... and then there were **NINE!**



A Strangling Terror... and then there were **EIGHT!**



A Knife in the Back... and then there were **SEVEN!**



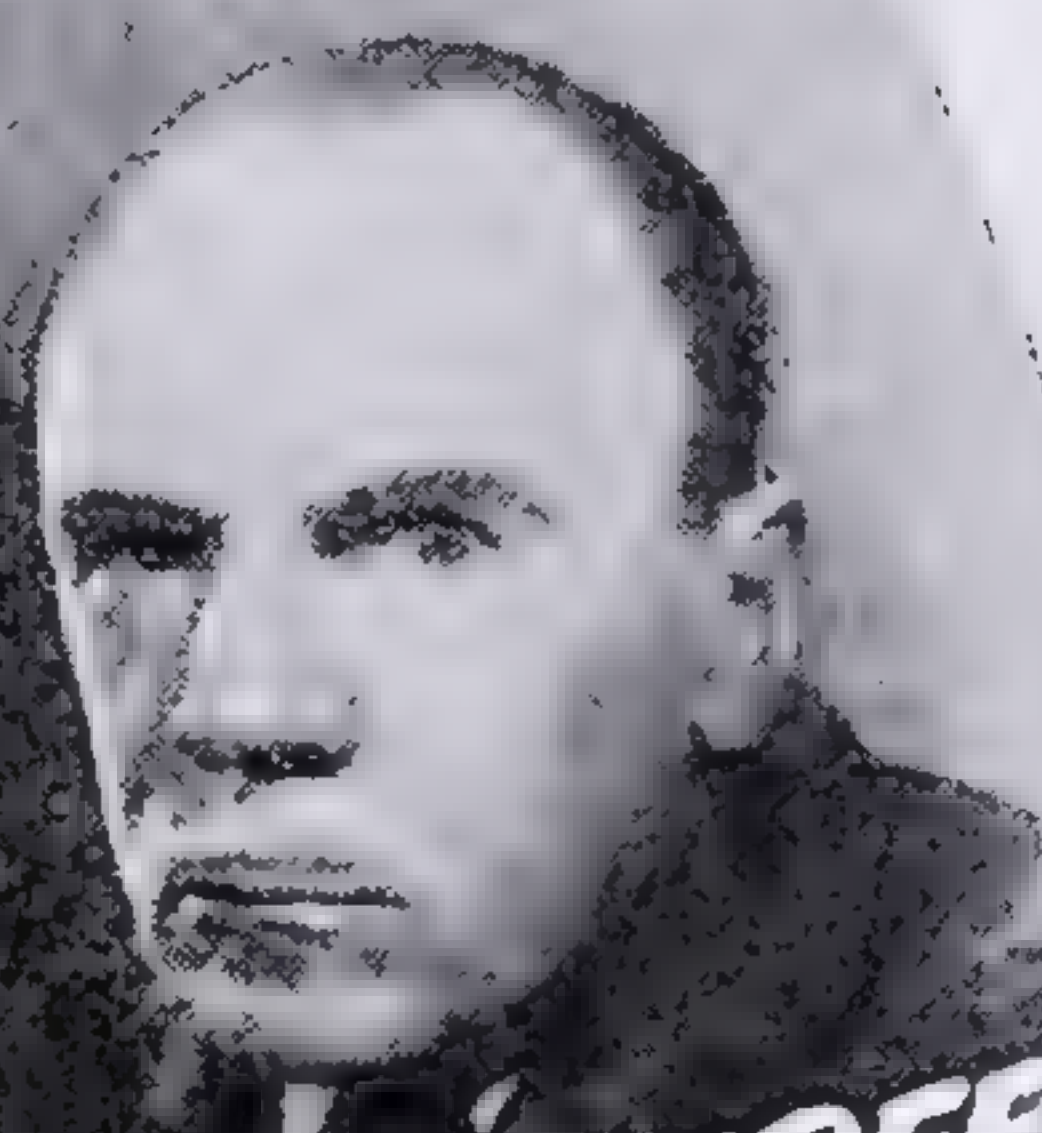
This One With An Axe... and then there were **SIX!**



For Her A Deadly Needle... and then there were **FIVE!**



A Shot in the Dark... and then there were **FOUR!**



His Head Was Crushed... and then there were **THREE!**



The Sea Washed Him Up... and then there were **TWO!**

WHO WOULD BE NEXT...
AND WHO WOULD BE LAST?
... THE KILLER KNEW -



AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

Rene Clair's

Agatha Christie's world-famous Masterpiece of Terror... with the Screen's greatest all-star cast!

BARRY FITZGERALD • STARRING WALTER HUSTON • LOUIS HAYWARD

with
Roland Young • June Duprez • Sir C. Aubrey Smith
Mischa Auer • Judith Anderson • Richard Haydn
Queenie Leonard • Harry Thurston

Directed and Produced by Rene Clair • Executive Producer Harry M. Popkin
Screenplay by Dudley Nichols • From the Story by Agatha Christie

A 20th CENTURY-FOX RELEASE
A POPULAR PICTURES, INC. PRODUCTION

by
Maxine Arnold



Two ON LEAVE

Or thirty days of Marine Jack Briggs's favorite dream

over there—this second honeymoon with Ginger

GINGER BRIGGS sat in the living room of her hilltop home thumbing idly through the script of her new picture, "Heartbeat," a Hakim-Woods production for RKO release.

It was a Monday night—a very blue Monday night. One of those times when life seems more than a little fouled up.

"Heartbeat" was a good script—the story of a little Parisian pickpocket who picks pockets to get enough money to buy a husband, then masquerades at an embassy ball and eventually gets Jean Pierre Aumont for free. It was good fast comedy. Should make for a lot of laughs. And that's what the world needed right now. Laughs. That was part of her job. But sometimes it was a little rugged going remembering it.

The script slipped to the floor, along with the sketches of glamour gowns that she could neither concentrate on nor see. This was an important milestone in her career—her first venture in independent motion-picture production, for she has a business interest in the Hakim-Woods film, in addition to being its star.

But times like tonight, it seemed a very empty prize. There was no consolation in being Ginger Rogers the motion-picture star, glamour queen. Tonight she was Ginger of the gyrenes. A Leatherneck's lady. Just one of the thousands of lonely Marine wives who have

sweated out the campaigns from stateside—working and waiting, and praying and hoping, living for the moment when those "greens" would flash through the front door.

He had been gone two Christmases—more than eighteen months—and it seemed like that many years.

It was tomorrow afternoon on Okinawa. And somewhere out there on a pin point in the far Pacific—on a hill with only a number for a name—her husband, Sergeant Jack Briggs of the Quartermaster section of the Sixth Marine Division, had been dishing out supplies for the front. Amidst the whine of bullets, the scream of mortars, the thud of artillery.

"You have nothing to worry about," more than one thoughtless person had told her. "A Quartermaster's outfit is non-combatant." Little did they know about this corps. That in the midst of enemy action there is no such thing as a non-combat job in the U. S. Marines. Mortars and machine-gun bullets rip the supply tents. You shoot. They shoot back. That's combat.

Yes, it was tomorrow afternoon on Okinawa. And tonight in Hollywood Sergeant Briggs seemed more than just a prayer away.

"Don't worry about me," Jack had written Ginger and his mother many times. "I'm making out okay. It's a little rugged out here, but not really so rough." Not rough. That was Jack for you. (Continued on page 110)



Esther went alone to the charity dinner where she met Ben Gage—ever since then they've been dancing with dreams in their eyes

The theme is love, the stars, Esther Williams and Sergeant Ben Gage and the outcome is scheduled to be—"they lived happily ever after"

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Thrill

THE very pretty girl in the smart new party dress sat and watched Van Johnson approach with an expression on her face that could have been an illustration for *Little Thunderpuss*.

Yes, you heard me.

Where some belles might have swooned and others squealed, Esther Williams watched her co-star wind his way through the cocktail crowd around the Beverly Hills swimming pool with a definite pout on her attractive kisser.

It wasn't that Esther didn't like Van as a friend, an actor, her co-star of "Thrill Of A Romance" and as a darn good scout. But her real-life co-star, the gent of her heart, Ben Gage, was at her side—and Van was coming to take her away on a "date" the studio had cooked up for them.

As the stars of "Thrill Of A Romance," it was their beholden duty to appear at the charity premiere of the picture looking as interested in one another as possible. The fans were supposed to "go" for the idea.

"Which is a lot of tosh, if you ask me," said the forthright Esther several days later when she was telling me about it, and I had to laugh at her frankness.

I don't know when I've been more attracted to one of these new young stars than I was to this dark-eyed, blonde, curvesome swimming queen the day she came over to the house to tell me about the "thrill of her romance" with—not Van—but handsome Ben Gage.

Esther is a wonderful interview subject. Not since Jean Harlow have I known a young actress to speak with such frankness about her heart affairs—her unhappy marriage to Dr. Leonard Kovner—and the honesty of her admission that she loves, and plans to marry, Ben Gage.

As I sat and looked at her in her modest black tailored suit and small white hat which becomingly framed her face, I thought how wonderful it is to see someone who is completely happy. And Esther is just that. She is in love—and she knows she is loved. What greater joy is there for any woman?

of a *Real Romance*

She hadn't been at the house an hour before Ben showed up—that's how it is with them! The young singer-radio announcer is something to look at, let me tell you. He has blond curly hair and Esther, who is five feet seven herself, comes only to his shoulder. He is so tall that when he walked into my playroom his head nearly reached the beam.

Just as I had liked Esther immediately, I felt the same way about Ben. His honesty matches her own frankness and there is something so straightforward and sincere about him. Somehow I feel that this is one marriage that will last—for neither makes any bones about the fact that they will be married just about the time or soon after you are reading this.

Esther slipped her hand into Ben's and asked, "Do you think if I say I am going to marry as soon as my divorce becomes final that people will think this is just another Hollywood marriage? That I couldn't wait to get my freedom from one marriage in order to jump into another?"

I told her that since she had never been seen at parties or night spots with anyone but Ben I couldn't see how the gossips could think their marriage was a hurry-up affair.

"It's a funny thing," she told me. "After I got my divorce, the studio thought I should go out with a lot of men. But from the minute I met Ben I never had the slightest desire to go stepping, dining or dancing with any of the men-about-town or young actors."

I THOUGHT it was high time to put Ben out. I wanted to settle down for some woman talk with Esther about *him*. After the good-looking young giant had left us, I asked, "Where did you meet him?"

She laughed and said, "We met at a Jewish Auxiliary dinner for the Old People's Home! Ben arrived, resplendent in uniform, with Ginny Simms. It wasn't long before Ginny found someone she liked better and left him to his own devices. I was (Continued on page 83)



Esther, star of "Early To Wed," believes that if she hadn't been a champion swimmer she might never have had her Hollywood chance

COLONEL

Jimmy

A Photoplay news break on Jimmy Stewart with a telephone call direct to Jimmy in London and heart-warming news about his return home

BY LESLIE MACGREGOR

THE plane was yellow and black and the name *Wham Bam* was painted in large letters on either side. It looked like a big angry bumble bee. Which is okay for an operation ship. An operation ship is not supposed to go on missions, fly over a target, or even travel in enemy skies.

But back in 1944, shortly after the invasion, when the enemy had us stopped and Patton was trying to break through at St. Lo, the *Wham Bam* flew right over the target with the rest of them.

It happened like this. Jimmy Stewart, a major then, and Colonel Potts, commanding officer of the base, decided to go up and take a "look-see" at the formation. Once up they decided further to go along.

The Colonel, a tall, good-looking blond about twenty-five years old with a wonderful sense of humor, was Jimmy's pal. Perfect for each other, they were always together—around the base, at the club, on leave. Good pilots, too, both of them. Usually more careful, however. An operation ship, after all, carries neither bombs nor guns. And their only escort was a couple of Spitfires. But sometimes officers forget caution. You can't play it safe all the time.

The orders that day had, in themselves, been a challenge. They had read, in effect, to bomb—at all costs—so the ground force could move on.

The *Wham Bam*'s navigator wanted to turn back. "What the ——!" he bellowed. "We've got no business being here and won't even get credit for a mission."

But Major Stewart and Colonel Potts said, "No dice! We'll follow them in. We want to see the show!"

Well, they saw it—through heavy ack-ack and flak. The formation went in at nine thousand feet. At nine thousand feet you are a "sitting duck." You are just right for it. It hits you dead center. And the enemy was throwing up everything they had; wash-tubs, old gun barrels.

However, the sight of the *Wham Bam* buzzing around the sky acted upon every man in the formation like a shot of Adrenalin. The enemy got everything we had too.

We lost plenty at St. Lo that day. But when the run was over Patton could get through.

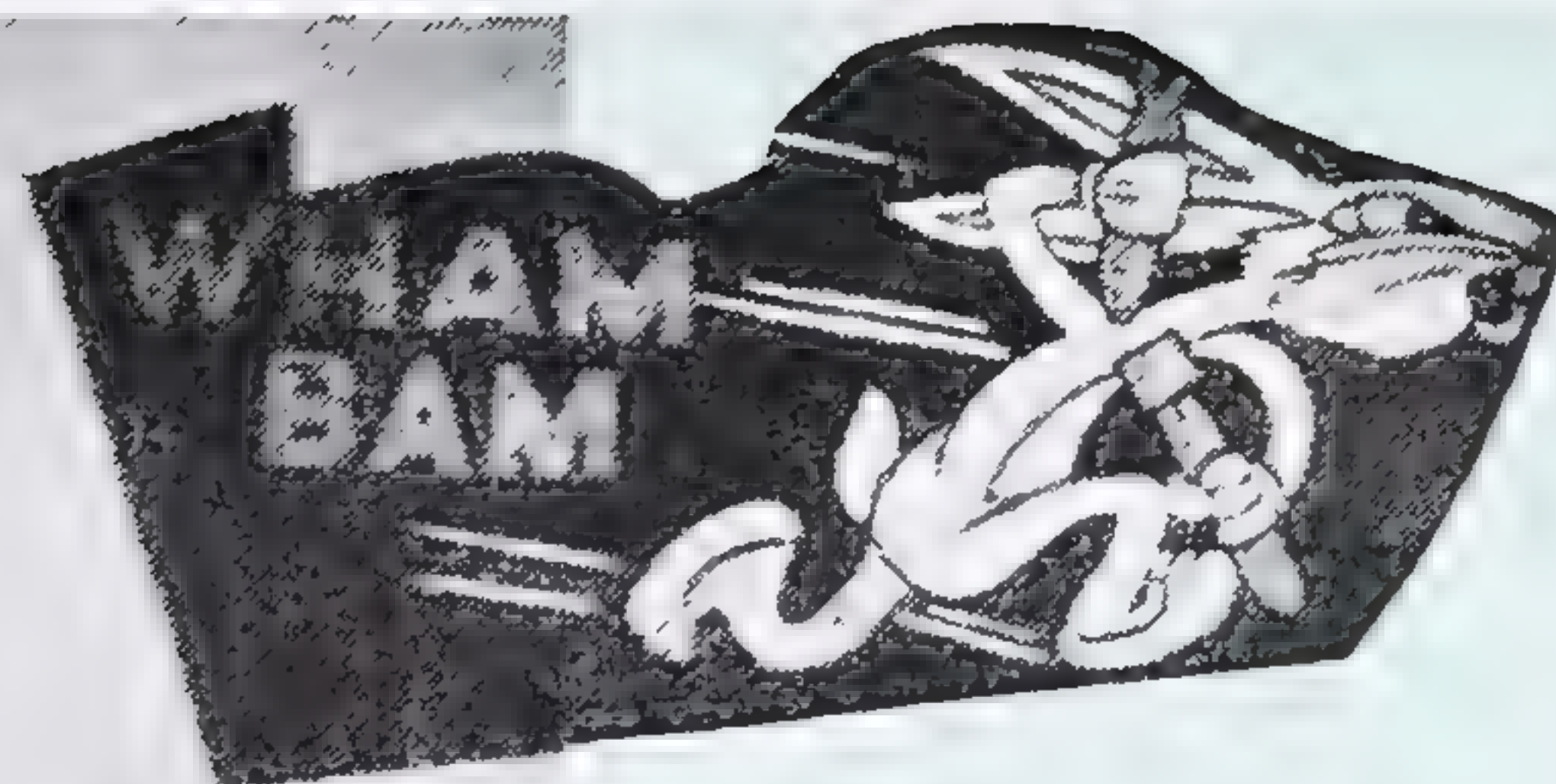
Back at the base the crews of the ship that had returned hung around the field chain-smoking, voices tense, strained faces watching the sky. Then, as the black and yellow operation ship buzzed overhead and circled for a landing, there were piercing whistles, lusty cheers.

There are many such stories about Colonel Jimmy. You hear them from all the boys who flew in his squadron . . . over Bremen and Kiel, (Continued on page 120)

As Wing Commander in charge of three bases and some 3,000 men, Colonel James Stewart found that of necessity many of his duties were performed with paper and maps



Our sincerest thanks to Alexander Stewart, Jimmy's father in Indiana, Pennsylvania, for these exclusive pictures which Jimmy sent home to the folks



No, it isn't a Walt Disney dream—you'll find out its importance to Jim in the story

Jimmy wrote on the back of this picture to his family: "Me—talking it over just after landing. We had been on a long one that day—far into Germany—that suit that I am wearing—and the shoes—are electrically heated—it is fine until the Germans shoot out the electric system—then you are cold"

Colonel Jim, who started as a private, has won the Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster, Distinguished Flying Cross, Croix de Guerre. (He was a lieutenant colonel when this picture was taken)



I Want To Talk To You—

About Tolerance

The Voice of democracy—with a new theme
song for you, no matter who you are



These kids, who ganged up on



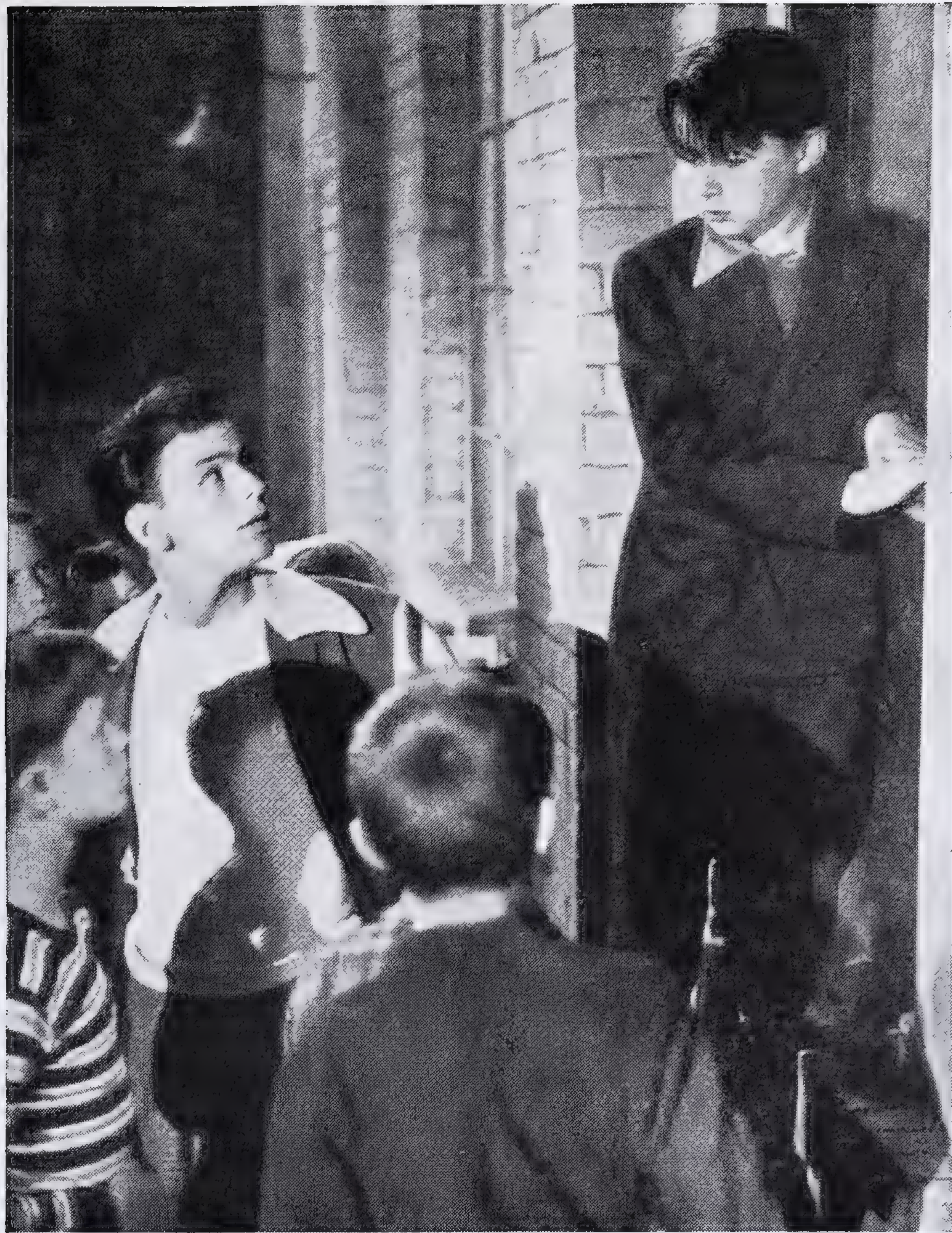
Nursery rhymes, croon-time—with Nancy and Frank Jr.

KNOW something, Kids? We've got a big job on our hands!

It doesn't matter that you're too young to serve on the battlefield or that there's some physical reason why Uncle Sam won't let you wear a uniform. Fighting is only part of the picture. And if those of us who are stuck here at home don't pitch in and take care of the other part of the picture it's going to be too bad. It's going to mean that the boys who are fortunate enough to come through this war safely will find the same conditions at home that they donned their uniforms and left their loved ones to wipe out.

We get all hot and bothered about the intolerance and persecution that was practised by the Nazis. We call them criminals. And we're right, both times! But we'd better look out that we aren't so busy passing judgment on them that we forget to watch our own performance.

I tell you all this because in various parts of this country I have actually seen boys and girls banded together against those in their neighborhood or school, factory or office, who had different religious or political beliefs or were of another color. Usually this hatred was instigated by someone older. There's always someone eager to poison the minds of young people. None of us is born with any instinct to hate our neighbor. This is something that develops as we grow up and hear men and women or older boys and girls saying "stinky



By Frank Sinatra

one boy, listen while Frank talks turkey. From RKO's "The House I Live In"

kike" or "fresh wop" or "big nigger" or "dirty Catholic" until, unaware, we are absorbing a poison—we begin to think of anyone who is of a different race or color or creed than ourselves in the same dangerous intolerant terms.

I know if I told those kids I saw banded together against others that they were no better than the Nazi S. S. troopers they would have smacked me in the nose. Because basically they're Americans and proud of it. They think they are being honest when in their pledge of allegiance they say "... one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." That's what makes it all so terribly sad. Hatred begins simply but it spreads like wildfire until, causing just such atrocities as we damned in Nazi Germany, it covers an entire land.

Remember that corny old rhyme, "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me"? It isn't only corny, it's not true. Names do hurt. They actually cause more harm than sticks or stones. The boy who's called a sheenie or a nigger or anything of this sort can be so hurt by these names that he will grow up determined to be stronger than those who called him names, and get even. Therefore, never in his life does he give anyone but his own kind any job or any business. So intolerance spreads. Multiply this state of affairs thousands, even millions of times and instead of a strong united nation you get a country divided against itself.

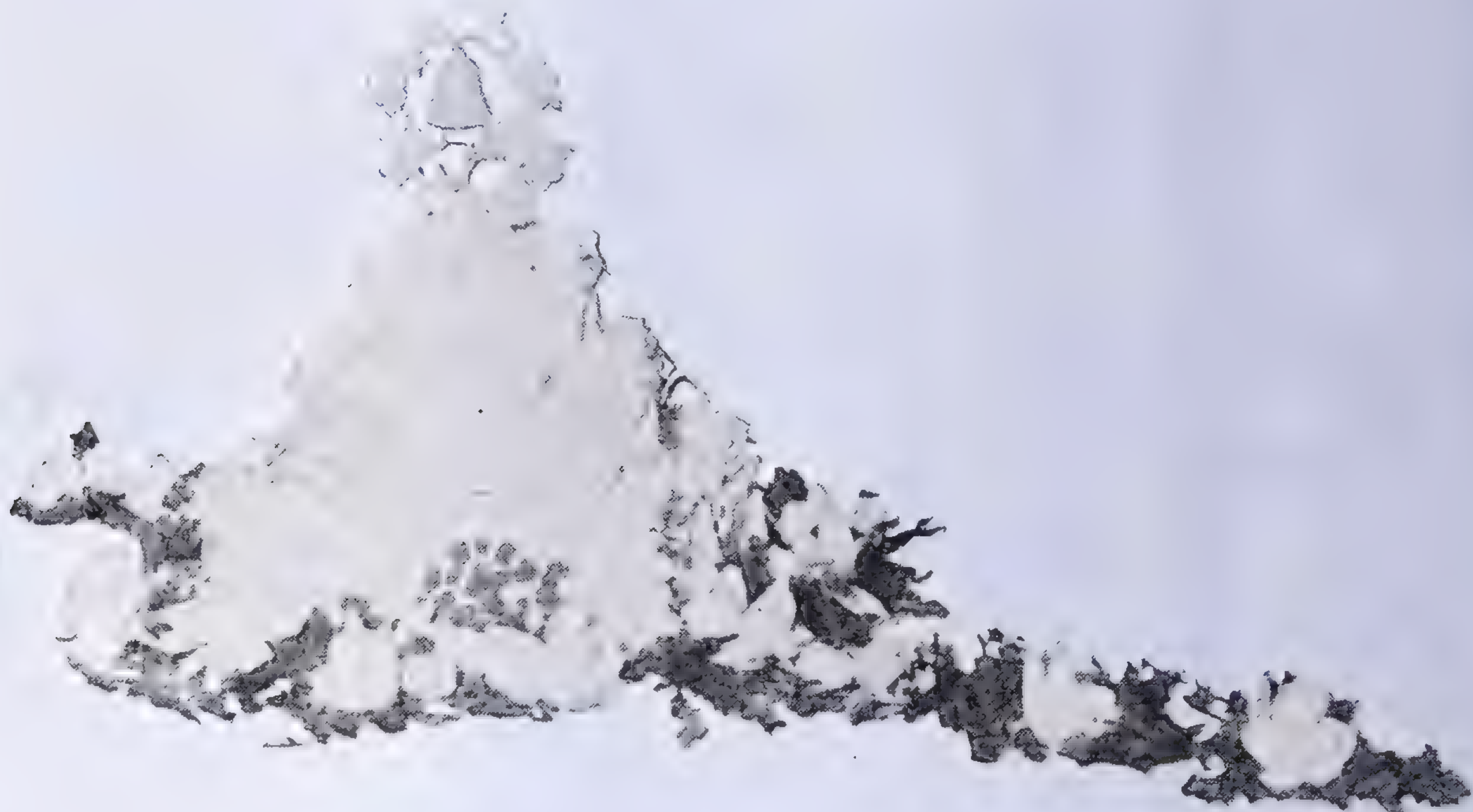
Besides, the calling of names spreads intolerance in another way. Show you what I mean. The Catholic kids on a certain block may like the little Jewish boy who is their neighbor well enough until they get the idea he is a "stinky kike." The Protestant kids on the next block may have a swell time with the Catholic boy who lives next door until they begin to think of him as a "dirty Catholic."

SO it goes—on and on and on. We here at home are all too apt to forget that the sons and husbands and brothers of those we call names are fighting and perhaps dying alongside of our own loved ones. For the boys who crouch shoulder to shoulder in foxholes ask no questions about any man's race, color or creed.

I know how easy it is to absorb the poison that bigoted people spread to capture the imagination of the young. When I was going to school over in Jersey some bigger kids used to throw rocks at me and call me a "little Dago." So to get even I, in turn, called Protestants and Jews and Negroes bad names.

There was a lot of talk at this time about a Ku Klux Klan that operated in the neighborhood. I didn't understand exactly what Ku Kluxers were but I got the idea they were against Catholics. So I was against them, hated them just as much as they hated me. You see, Kids, that's the way hate (Continued on page 98)

Halfway to Heaven



Judy and Vincente would tell you—that a honeymoon in a penthouse is a modern version of the old-fashioned paradise

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

CROWNING a beautiful building on the ultra-fashionable Sutton Place in New York City there is a triplex penthouse. The beautiful rooms on all three of its floors open on lavishly furnished terraces where trees and gardens grow fabulously in painted tubs.

A guest, standing on the upper terrace of this penthouse during a party recently, looking down at the city lights far below and then up at the stars, said: "More than halfway to Heaven. . . ."

An amusing remark this but also something of an understatement. For it was here, through the long summer, that Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli honeymooned. It was here they found their way to the same quick and sensitive understanding as man and wife that they have enjoyed this last year as star and producer.

From the first there was a creative affinity between Vincente and Judy. It would, of course, take a man as sensitive and shy and also as brilliant and as much fun as he is to comprehend a girl as wholly the arist as she.

Vincente says of Judy proudly, "She's the most responsive actress I've ever worked with. When we have rehearsed a scene I have only to say: 'Judy, I wish you could do it more—' and before I have finished I know by her eyes she understands. And when we do the scene, then, it has just the essence I wanted for it."

Judy, in turn, says of Vincente: "We have known each other for about four years, but not well. Vincente was the producer for 'Ziegfeld Follies,' 'Meet Me In St. Louis' and 'The Clock.' But it wasn't until 'The Clock' that we began going out together.

"Everything about that picture was wonderful. We had such fun making it—Vincente and Bob Walker and I working always so close—that we didn't know how the dickens it would come out. Seemed almost as if we were enjoying it too much."

A long time ago Judy and Vincente worked together too. When she and Mickey Rooney were doing those old Busby Berkeley pictures Vincente designed many of their production numbers.

"Only I never knew it," Judy says. "After all I just got a script and it never said who had sat at a desk in one of the offices and planned what went into it. . . ."

"But when Vincente told me the numbers he had worked on I realized that even then—before we met—he understood me better than any one else. For the numbers he worked on always were my favorites."

Judy and Vincente, as you know, planned to be married in New York. Manhattan really is his home. He has many dear friends there; all the theater people and writers and musicians and charming cosmopolites who have adored him ever since he produced the delightful Music Hall shows and (Continued on page 107)



Fink

To Photoplay readers, this exclusive wedding-day portrait of Vincente Minnelli and Judy Garland



Evenings he usually spends at the base—town is too crowded

What a guy!

... is Madison, or maybe you'd call him Aladdin, for magic
traveled with him on that forty-eight-hour leave

GUY MADISON is one of the most surprising things that has happened to Hollywood in years. When I say "happened to," I mean just that, because the whole story is so incredible that it seems like a curious sort of visitation. If it seems like that to Hollywood, imagine how it seems to Guy!

Remember the sailor—the one with the mocking laugh—in the bowling alley sequence with Jennifer Jones and Bob Walker in "Since You Went Away"? Of course you do. It was one of the loveliest sequences in the picture. Well, this is what happened.

Guy, who was, as he puts it, "just a gob stationed at San Diego," came up to Hollywood a couple of years ago on a forty-eight-hour leave. He had a chance to visit a radio broadcast and he thought he might even glimpse a "real live actor." Specifically, he hoped to gaze upon Janet Gaynor in the flesh.

So there he was, minding his own business and waiting for the broadcast to start when a mild-mannered gentleman approached him, introduced himself and then inquired, casually, "Would you like to be in pictures?" Honestly he did—just as they do in the stories the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce is always pleading with you not to believe. Guy was considerably startled and gasped, "What was the name again?"

The name was Henry Willson and he turned out to be assistant to the president of Vanguard Films and he

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

wanted urgently, right then, to take Guy to meet David O. Selznick and Daniel O'Shea.

Guy hesitated a touch because, although his new friend seemed to be sober and all right in the head, nothing he was saying appeared to make sense and, after all, a sailor has just so much time on leave and a good seat at a broadcast isn't to be tossed away lightly just because some guy in the audience develops fantastic ideas. Henry had to use some pretty fancy salesmanship to pry Guy out of that seat. But he finally accomplished it and in no time at all young Madison was being interviewed by Selznick who offered him then and there, without benefit of a screen or reading test, a contract to study for pictures. That was as far as any of them could go, what with Guy's previous commitment to assist in winning the war.

The next thing that happened on that bewildering evening was that Guy found himself dining at Mocambo with Henry Willson and the dainty Anne Shirley and, instead of seeing one or two actors "in the flesh" and at a distance, he was dancing with one and being introduced to swarms of others, lots of them, with names to make a man's head swim. He had an uneasy feeling that his head would be swimming even more diligently if he could identify a few more of those names. He wished he had paid more attention when they flashed those credits on the screen at the movies in his home town of Bakersfield.

Nowadays, when Guy's in town, he's Henry Willson's

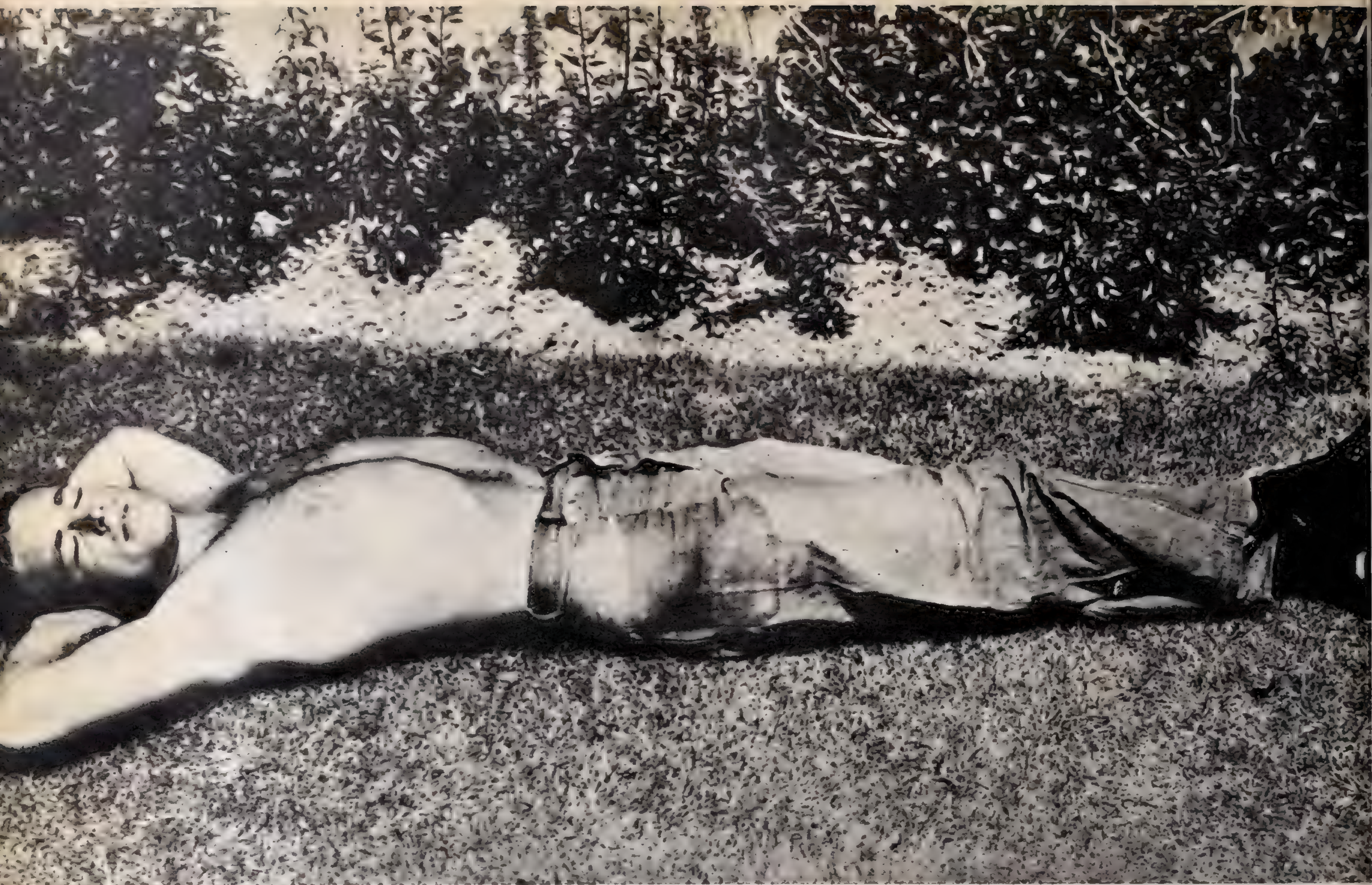


"I'm just a gob stationed at San Diego," says Guy Madison, appearing in his first picture, Selznick's "Since You Went Away"

Brawn—and bronze from the California sun. Guy takes time out these days for some serious thinking



*All Photographs
by Hymie Fink*



Guy is one of six children. As a child he was scrawny, but exercise and outdoors produced the husky lad above

house guest. His only complaint on this score is that "the bed is too big and too soft." He declares when the war is over and he can live as he pleases, he will always sleep on the floor with "just a few comforters or blankets." This, he insists, is much better for you. Hardly anyone in Hollywood listens to him, however. Such austerity is unpopular in the film capital.

LIFE was different for Guy after that magic date. The rare forty-eight-hour leaves weren't spent on sight-seeing. (He hasn't yet seen Janet Gaynor in person.) There were drama lessons and voice lessons which entailed such odd goings-on as reciting "ga-ga-ga" and other lessons which convinced him that, although he had learned to walk at an early age, he has been doing it the wrong way all these years and, for Pete's sake, he even had to learn how to *laugh*!

For David Selznick had, himself, written in that sequence for Guy—and you remember, you heard his mocking laugh before you saw his

face upon the screen. Guy says he never worked as hard at anything in his life as he did at perfecting that laugh. But he finally conquered it and if he knows you and you urge him, he will do it for you even now . . . and the whole scene comes back to you.

He had a week's leave, his first long one in two years, and they shot his part of the picture in four days. He didn't have to test for make-up or costume, since he wore his own, unembellished face and his accustomed sailor suit! He hadn't told his family what had happened to him. It seemed so fantastic that he thought he'd better wait until the picture was released and find out whether he was actually in it. However, after the rushes were run, the reports were good enough so that he timorously informed his parents that "maybe" he was a "sort of actor, for once, anyhow."

At his San Diego base he started thinking of all his leaves in terms of Hollywood. Evenings he usually spends at the base. Occasionally, however, he takes a girl to a dance

hall. There's reason to suspect that a pretty little Wave stationed near his base is giving the Hollywood pretties competition. But Guy won't commit himself on this, except to turn rosy.

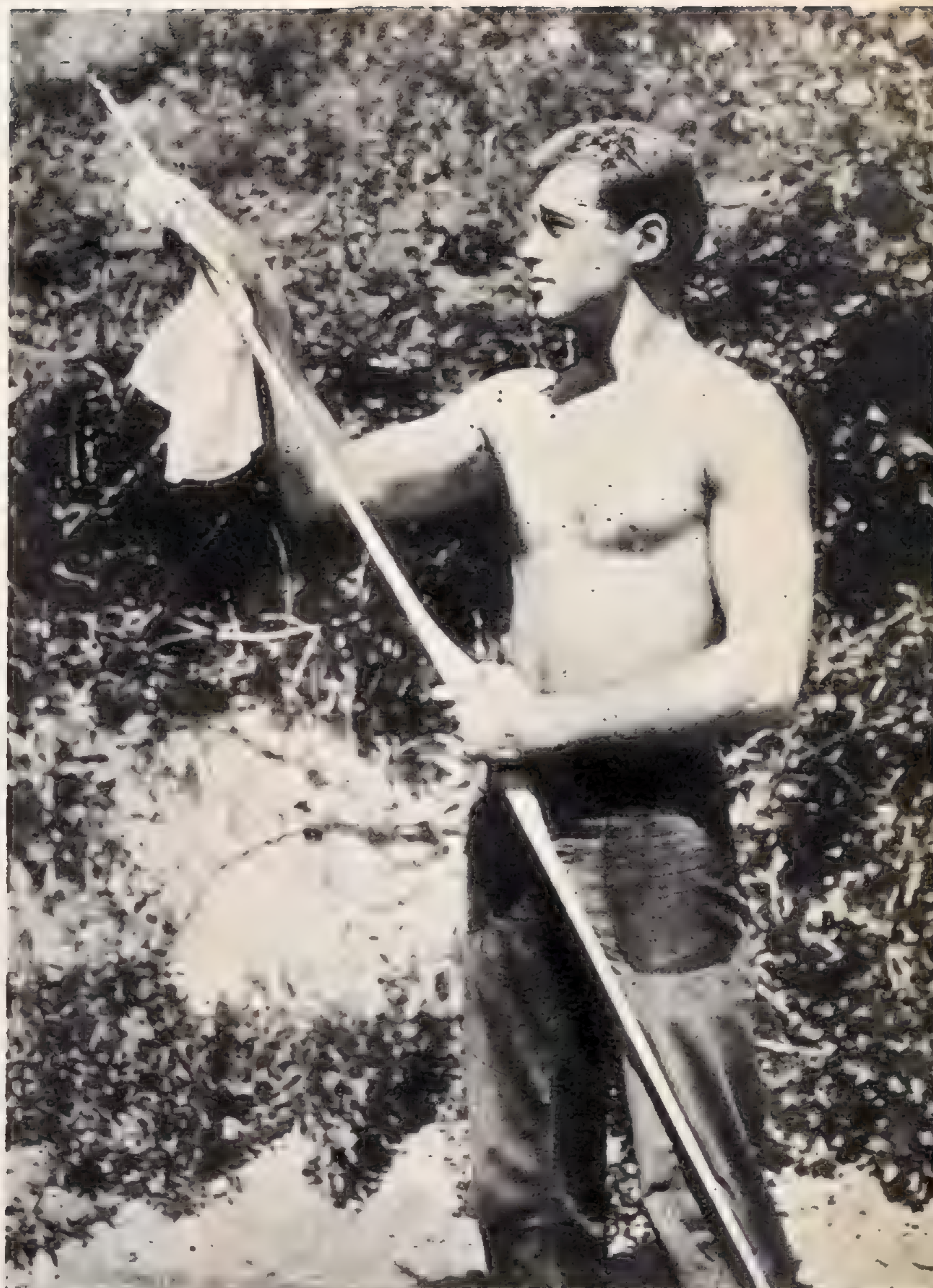
Then there's a fellow life guard, "Dutch" Erwin and his pretty wife and baby daughter. Sometimes "Dutch" invites Guy and his cronies for Saturday-evening fun. "Those evenings," Guy reports, "have been super."

His daytime duties alternate between swimming instruction and life guard duty. The latter activity has been useful, he remarks, because he could practise his voice exercises—those "ga-ga-gas" and "mng-mng-mngs"—while perched on his high stool, presiding over the swimming pool—"and people can't hear me and think I'm going nuts!" The teaching duties give him the chance to display his special talent—showing men how to save their lives if they fall into an oil-covered sea.

A few weeks ago Guy was returned to the naval hospital for



His current melody is "Sailing . . . Sailing" but all the time Guy is being groomed for peacetime pictures



Archery is a favorite sport—he makes his own bows and arrows

treatment for a serious spinal injury which he sustained a year or two ago in diving. He was treated at the time but the trouble has recurred and he anticipates several more weeks of treatment before it is corrected. The inactivity of a hospital bed is pretty hard on young Madison!

Guy was born in Bakersfield, California and grew up there. His father has been a machinist for the Santa Fe Railroad for twenty-four years. There were six children in the family and they were such a busy, industrious lot that none of them ever had time to concentrate much on movies or on the magazines which told about movie people.

Ill health in his early years did Guy a favor. When he was eight he was such a pathetically scrawny little lad that his family sent him to a health resort in the mountains and it was there that he first learned to swim. He knew almost immediately that water was the thing he liked best in the world. While he was growing (Continued on page 100)

Maid Fannie Bolden serves Guy, a guest of good friend Henry Willson



Color Photographs by McCarty



Bogie and Lauren in their boat anchored at Balboa Bay—perfect for honeymooning



Lauren Bacall, co-starring with her husband, Humphrey Bogart, in "The Big Sleep"

True sailors—the Bogarts raise sail on the "Sluggo Nutty"





All set—Bogie and Lauren are ready for a honeymoon trip to windward

B and B

Initialed for happiness, their lives are in tune—
it's that "Old Black Magic" for Bogie and Bacall

BY JACK ASHLAND



White sails in the sunset—way out in the blue

ONE WEEK, four days and seven hours following their wedding ceremony at Louis Bromfield's Malabar Farm in Ohio, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall separated!

She had a date with the drier out at Warner Brothers at 7:30 A. M. "Confidential Agent," her new picture opposite Charles Boyer, was about to get under way. Bogie, in the midst of making "The Two Mrs. Carrolls" (no drier required), wasn't due in the make-up department until 8:30 A. M. Promptly, to the second, he came through the swinging doors like a small boy attending his first fire.

"Betty—Betty," he called out anxiously. "Where are you?"

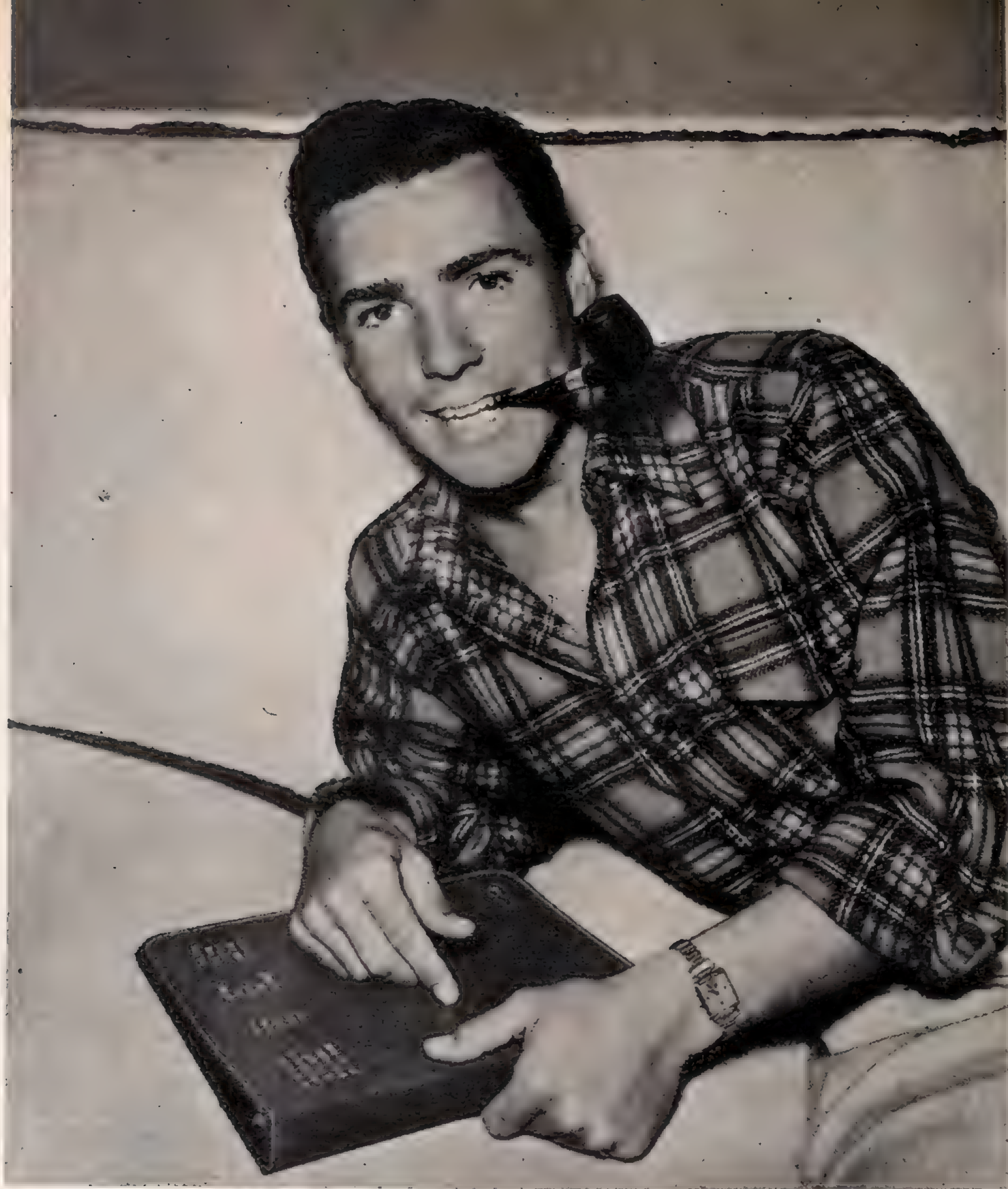
The doors of several booths swung open. Bette Davis, Betty Carter the make-up woman and Betty Cook the manicurist, all started to answer at once. Seeing it was Bogart, they grinned quietly to themselves and closed

their doors again. The real object of his search was in the last booth at the end of the hall.

Her back was to the door but she saw him in the mirror as he came in. The drier, roaring like the M-G-M trademark, made conversation out of the question. Their eyes met and conversation no longer was necessary. Just then the hairdresser entered. She switched off the drier and felt Lauren's sun-streaked tresses—now a shade lighter since their brief honeymoon on his boat.

"How are you Betty?" he inquired solicitously. (He still can't make himself call her Lauren.) It was quite obvious that nothing disturbing had happened during the brief hour since she had last seen him. Lauren smiled. She looked the happiness she felt.

"If we break for lunch first, I'll pick you up," he said. He was half way out the door, when suddenly he was back. He kissed her quickly (Continued on page 95)



The pause for his pipe—Bill Eythe, appearing in "The House On 92nd Street"

MAN *from* MARS

He might have come from the planet Mars instead of the little Pennsylvania town—this down-to-earth Bill Eythe

BILL EYTHER is so darn different from other actors of his age that he might have descended on Vine Street, Hollywood, from Mars the planet instead of Mars the tiny town in Pennsylvania.

He is devastatingly direct whether he is talking to his most intimate friend or a representative of the press, and he has not yet acquired the dubious virtue of designing his dialogue to fit the ears of his audience. He says what he thinks even when what he thinks isn't what he ought to think.

A girl in the publicity department of his studio told me recently that she had interviewed Bill to get some material for press releases, and the frankness of his answers had all but caused her to fall out of her swivel chair. "You know, Bill," she cautioned, "you're going to have to learn to be not quite so honest. You're liable

to say something somebody won't like, you know."

I asked her what his reply was.

"Well," she admitted ruefully, "it sounded like 'Ha, ha.'"

Although his build-up has been strictly in the glamour groove (there was a time during the making of "The Royal Scandal" when, to judge by the Twentieth Century-Fox publicity blurbs, one would have thought they were trying to sell him as a male version of "Legs" Dietrich), Bill Eythe is a long way from the matinee idol type. Actually he fits rather well the description in Helen Morgan's old song about Bill—"you'd meet him on the street and never notice him." He's not tall, not short, not husky, not puny, not pretty, not homely. He could walk down the main drag of any town in America and not a girl would whistle at him, or sigh or swoon.

By Dorothy Kilgallen



He tends toward sport clothes—even in shoes. Says he reached success by a series of boners, worst one—calling an interior decorator an “inferior” decorator

He just looks like the high-school boy who works part time in the drugstore around the corner.

All this is a tribute to him, for it can never be said that he achieved stardom because he looked well in tights or had a face that launched a thousand bobby-soxers or spoke with a voice like a melted saxophone. He came by his success honestly, and the hard way.

He is just a darned good actor.

That is why he is able to glide with greased ease from the poignant solemnity of the role as the miller's son in “The Song Of Bernadette” to the tongue-in-cheek giddiness of his part as Empress Tallulah's boudoir pet, and why he will never be typed as a stalwart American youth or a college kid or a coy dream prince. He is versatile because he acts from the brain, not the profile, and if a good part turned up (Continued on page 102)



On the steps leading to his den, Bill stops to water the ivy. See the picture of Bill and Anne Baxter on the piano. His very first co-starring picture was with Anne

Off to work he goes—Bill's a busy lad these days. You'll see him soon in “Colonel Effingham's Raid”





A newcomer is big news,
especially when he's tall, dark
and John Dall—who has
reason to know that his lady
luck is a lady named Davis

ALL

BY

FOR John Dall in "The Corn Is Green" we can largely thank Bette Davis.

It is unlikely he would have given such a fine, strong performance without her. Actually, while "The Corn Is Green" was in production just about the same inspired story that was being enacted for the camera went on behind the camera too. . . .

The camera recorded the poignant story of *Miss Moffatt*, the teacher, fighting and sacrificing to save young, sensitive *Morgan Evans* from the Welsh coal mines and send him to Oxford. . . .

John Dall, in wonder and gratitude, tells the other story of Bette Davis, the star, fighting and working to make his unknown name star-bright with this, his first picture.

"She never coddled me," he explains. "She's too salty and realistic

Elkins

The future is bright for John Dall, starred in Warners' "The Corn Is Green"

John finds it's a comfortable way to scan the morning paper—before going to bed for the night



ABOUT DALL

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

and thoroughly New England for anything like that. I wouldn't want those blue eyes of hers on me; I can tell you, if ever I shirked anything.

"What she did was contrive in many ways to give me the greatest gift anyone in my spot could have—a sense of security! Without this I would have been far less happy, far less able."

John, over six feet tall, has leg trouble. Since his legs refuse to fit properly under any table he sits sidewise. Whereupon his legs, in slacks, and his feet in mocassins and knitted socks—garterless naturally—frequently have to be pulled out of the way of those who pass. Years of experience—John reached his growth of six feet and one inch at fourteen—have made him fairly professional about teetering in chairs tilted far enough backward to make room for his legs underneath.

John's favorite garb is brownish slacks, a beige corduroy jacket slightly on the large size which he wears flying wide and a foulard bow tie in red that is always askew. All this plus his stubborn brown hair that has a habit of falling forward gives him the currently fashionable sloppy look. On John, however, it looks good; even makes unwrinkled socks, a buttoned-up jacket that fits, a straight tie and ruly hair decidedly stuffy.

"She's so darn wonderful!" John says when he talks of Bette. "So darn wonderful! If, when we were doing a scene together, there was noise or confusion and I didn't come through as well as she thought I could she would break up the scene. She would wink at me and then say to the director: 'So sorry, but I forgot my lines!'"

"When I (Continued on page 86)



In voice? What he lacks in melody he'll make up in volume



Betty
Grable

Fink

Fair bill of fare—Betty Grable, next to be starred in "The Dolly Sisters"

Betty Grable's

SECRET DATE

Dear Victoria: Ask your mother about three

happy fliers and all the fun of their fling

BY

NANETTE KUTNER

I AM writing a story about Betty Grable nearly three years after it happened. When the incident occurred I definitely did not want to write it. I felt people would not believe me, they would think it another Hollywood press agent's dream, they would say, "Movie stars don't do such things!"

I felt the whole business was Miss Grable's private, personal adventure. I had only found out by accident. Betty Grable didn't know I knew.

But all these months, these years, in fact, the story has kept returning to me. Perhaps because a real story absorbs the subtle essence of something which goes beyond news quality. Maybe that something is a soul. It does not wear out.

By now I don't think Betty Grable would care if the story was printed. And I'm certain Harry James will be both interested and proud. He can earmark it for the day when their daughter, Victoria Elizabeth, questions him and he will be able to tell her truthfully, "Your mother is a down-to-earth real person, a gallant lady . . . like this."

The scene is the commissary of Twentieth Century-Fox where I was lunching with Damon Runyon. Shortages had just started. In southern California the taxicab one was predominant. Remembering this, cautious Mr. Runyon had engaged a cab for me ahead of schedule. After lunch we separated, he, to produce a picture, I, to meander to a waiting taxi.

Standing on the steps, staring longingly at my chartered vehicle, were three young aviators.

They were evidently stuck there on the bright sunny steps of the executive building, an inconvenient distance from almost any place in Los Angeles.

The well-meaning doorman agreeably offered to order

a cab, but he had no idea when it would be along.

Kidding, as American boys love to kid, the tallest of the three asked the doorman if, instead of a cab, he could substitute, say, one of Darryl Zanuck's polo ponies.

Everyone laughed, including the doorman.

I spoke. "Which way are you going?"

"The Ambassador."

"Well, hop in. I go the same direction . . . Beverly Wilshire. You can carry on from there."

Gleefully they hopped. When settled, two on the up-turned seats, one beside me, it was obvious that each was hugging a stiff Manila envelope.

"Mind you, I'm not prying into military secrets, but . . ." Questioningly I pointed.

And they showed me. Each cardboard-protected envelope contained a picture of the grinning owner seated at a table with Betty Grable who grinned too.

THEY talked a little like the three bears.

"She's wonderful," said the first.

"Sure is," drawled the second.

"I want to marry her," placidly announced the third.

"So do I," vowed the first.

"Me too," echoed the second.

Simultaneously they sighed.

The second went on talking. "She sure was nice to us, mighty nice. And when you think she's an actress."

Quick to defend my own craft I said, "Writers can be nice to people too. Have you time to be my guests this afternoon?"

They had time. A couple of hours. I led them to that dramatic-looking, palm-tree-embroidered pool featured by the Beverly Wilshire. We (Continued on page 104)

Time for Robert

ROBERT WALKER wears a perpetually quizzical look, as if something were always bothering him. He reminds you of the other half of Danny Kaye in "Wonder Man," Danny's twin brother who wears glasses, shrinks from the crowd and likes to bury himself in a book.

This resemblance, however, is only superficial. Bob Walker has things on his mind but he also knows how to handle his feet on a night club dance floor. In other words, he is an intelligent fellow, a pretty smart fellow, a lad who is neither all out for a good time nor all in from having it.

He doesn't wallow in his popularity. He has too much sense for that. In fact his increasing acclaim is one of the things he has on his mind, it is one of the reasons for that perplexed and irresolute look.

First impressions don't mean much without second and third impressions. If I had not seen Bob again after our first meeting I would still be thinking of him in terms of the non-goofy Danny Kaye. We met on the set of "The Clock." I had gone there to see Judy Garland who was working before the cameras. Bob Walker was sitting in a camp chair, off in a dim corner, his head buried in a book. He didn't seem to be interested in what was going on around him.

The publicity man said, "Would you like to meet Bob Walker?" He didn't wait for an answer. He called to Bob and Bob came over to us, book in hand. We spoke a few words, something about the book he was reading, I think. He was very polite. I remember he

made me feel a million years old when he said "Yes, sir" to some question I asked. I tried to console myself afterward by thinking it was his extreme youth rather than my extreme age which made him so respectful.

I know better, though. There is nothing extreme about Bob's youth. This I discovered quickly enough on our second meeting. We had dinner together at Romanoffs. Afterward we went back to my house and sat around until midnight. It was a long evening but it passed quickly enough and one of the reasons it passed quickly was that there was plenty to talk about—and plenty of variety in the talk.

Bob was excited because the night before he had had his first session with a ouija board. He said he didn't go for that sort of thing, he's not superstitious or gullible. But the ouija board had told him some remarkable things. He and Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli and one or two others had started it as a game and someone in the group turned out to be a good medium because the "spirits" started rapping and banging and pretty soon they were getting messages from departed relatives and friends and then an old schoolmate of Bob's from Salt Lake City days got into communication and told Bob about one of their acquaintances who had met a violent death. Bob, just for the fun of it, asked, "Was he murdered?" and the spirit, with great rapping and excitement answered "Yes."

Bob said that the ouija stuff was just an amusing game but nevertheless he was going to write to his parents in Salt Lake to find out (Continued on page 127)

Fashion Editor Florence Pritchett, with Bob at Mocambo. She came into the Walker view last winter



Walker

... and time for you to know

that shy yet quizzical, young yet

mature soldier of "The Clock"

BY THORNTON DELEHANTY



He's apt to have that studied look
even when playing mumbly-peg



He's twenty-six, the father of two boys, serious minded and very realistic

THAT'S *Hollywood* FOR YOU

That see-all, hear-all re-

porter lets you in on lively

facts about famous folk

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Skolsky sees Hope's "beat Crosby" golf gadget



Dick pays the bill, then Junie takes over

I AM proud to say that I have never sat through a Jon Hall-Maria Montez picture. I'd rather look at Montez at Romanoffs, and her dialogue there is better . . . June Allyson and Dick Powell should make a nice couple—I like the way she carries his bundles for him when they're shopping at the Schwabadero . . . Whenever I see Robert Walker sitting at a bar or a soda fountain, he looks like he's in a scene in a picture . . . Of all the actresses in pictures, I would say that my favorite, off the screen and on, is Ingrid Bergman. And Miss Bergman is as anxious to meet Garbo as you are to meet Bergman . . . I couldn't say who is more attractive or shapely, Betty Grable or June Haver, but a fellow could go with them on a double date, take either, and not be stuck . . . I must admit that I'm getting just a little weary of Monty Woolley spouting cynicism through his beard. I much prefer it through the beard of Bernard Shaw . . . I like Brian Donlevy's remark about Hollywood's national pastime—gin rummy. He said that he would rather play gin rummy with a poor loser than any kind of a winner.

I walk about the sets and am impressed by the similarity between Rita Hayworth and Ava Gardner. I can't tell you why, but I do believe that Ava could be another Rita if she got the breaks . . . And while on the sets I always go to where the chorines are rehearsing, for it's these gals who can tell you what's what and with whom . . . Alan Ladd is an actor that the Hays Office will never have any trouble with in a love scene, for I know that he saves all his genuine passion for Sue Carol . . . I listened to a conversation between Ken Englund and Cynthia Gleason, a couple of writers at Metro, who had a date to discuss a story. The meeting didn't take place and when Ken met Cynthia in the commissary, he said, "What happened to you? You never showed?" "Oh," said Cynthia, "I called your office, but no one answered the phone." "That," said Englund, "was my secretary."

* * *

I can't really see what Lana Turner sees in Turhan Bey, but then again, I guess I'm not expected to. But I can see what Turhan sees in Lana . . . I would say that one of the most intelligent actors in Hollywood, certainly a guy who knows what it is all about, is Robert Montgomery. He not only battled for the kind of pictures he wanted to make, but proved that he was correct in making them . . . I am always amused when I see John Hodiak and Anne Baxter together, for, although they may be very lovey-dovey, I am aware that before the love session is over, they will have a stiff argument about politics . . . Of all the youngsters who have



Try figuring between Haver and Grable

arrived recently, I would place a bet on Barbara Whiting of "Junior Miss," who is a natural. "There's plenty of ham in my family," says Barbara, "and I'm just another slice" . . . I would like to see Marlene Dietrich return to Hollywood and the movies. I like watching her on the set or in her dressing room or in her kitchen or in her bedroom. Anyway, you get the idea, I like to watch her. . . .

* * *

I have been led to understand that the most important commodity in Hollywood, in fact what makes pictures reel and unreel, is love. The successful formula, the successful producers will tell you, is boy meets girl and they meet love . . . This is what is supposed to sell pictures, and there have been countless pictures with love in the title. There was "Love," and "Love Affair," and "One Night Of Love," and "Love Finds Andy Hardy," and "Love Parade," and even "Love On Toast." But now, despite the acknowledged importance of love in pictures, producers are shying away from the word love in titles. It is very confusing, for, despite the fact that producers insist that audiences want love in pictures, they are just as emphatic that audiences do not want love in the title. I don't know why. It may be that love in the title tells them that they are going to see the same story, and that if they are not informed, they will go to see the same story. Anyway, Ludwig Bemelmans has the best of the love titles, and the one to end them all. He is writing a novel, for pictures, of course, called "Love Is A Four Letter Word."

* * *

I never see Peter Lorre but that I turn around to see if Sydney Greenstreet is following him . . . I am very pleased over the continued success of Bing Crosby in every line of endeavor. Bing is a performer's performer, and no matter how often he clicks there is still a larger mob rooting for him . . . Another actor's actor is Clark Gable and it is interesting indeed to see a fellow like Van Johnson escape from a mob of bobby-soxers and hurry to a set to watch Gable work or to follow him about the studio . . . I can't understand why Ella Raines didn't hit bigger than she did. Ella was Howard Hawks's discovery before he discovered Lauren Bacall and they are fairly alike in get-up and mannerisms. But Lauren caught the audience's fancy and Ella didn't, which may prove that when you want success you've got to whistle for it . . . I always like to meet Bob Hope for he will tell you a gag or show you a gadget that he is fooling with . . . A favorite character of mine, as I don't have to tell you, is Mike Curtiz. Mike, (Continued on page 70)



Van outruns the bobby-soxers for Gable



There's something about Lauren—asleep



Did you say ego? The breathless ups and downs of his roller-coaster life blew all the wind out of it long ago

PIDGEON=PIRATE AND

WE were drinking fruit juice flavored with gin, or vice versa. "Sing the Rosary," Fatty Arbuckle said. The young man shot a glance across the piano where he had been pouring forth a baritone as smooth and mellow as Amontillado.

He was rather a giant, even measured by the eucalypti outside the open doors. Around six feet three, I should have guessed.

His hair was thick and black, his eyes blue as bachelor buttons—not posy blue, though, or placid sky blue but electric like flashes you get when you blow a fuse.

His features were blocked the way sculptors like them, his hands big and his feet true pedestals.

He was rugged but smooth. His dark blue double-breasted suit was austere amid our sporty California plumage, and it draped from his gridiron shoulders with the casualness of old Bond Street.

Obviously not of Hollywood, he did not look theater either. He looked more the soldier of fortune, the sort who might join up with the Foreign Legion to get forgotten.

I had not seen him before, and not till later did I learn his name. Then I recalled hearing of him in Europe where bosoms of diamond-studded duchesses had been heaving rhythmically to his song. He ran royal blood up to a point where a princess confessed she felt most excitingly not royal, but really he was precisely the hunk of man her highness needed.

"Go on, sing 'The Rosary,'" whispered Buster Keaton. "Sing it for Jim."

Our host Jim Cruze, attired as was his custom entirely in white and wearing a ten gallon hat, sat at the far end of the long room. He was the great director of the time. He had made "The Covered Wagon," one of the best of silent pictures.

Every Sunday Jim held open house on his estate in the Flint-ridge hills. In the canopied patio, jungled with exotic plants, a gay group gathered.

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart, are as a string of pearls to me. . . ."

Out rolled "The Rosary."

Everyone looked at Jim. No one spoke. On the last note there fell a silence you could have hung crepe on. The young giant got up from the piano and prepared to leave before the pallbearers came.

Approaching Jim he said, "I have had a pleasant afternoon, Mr. Cruze."

"I don't give a," said Mr. Cruze. "I don't like you."

There was a pause. Color mounted the lean face of the giant as in a hot thermometer. But his voice was cool when he said: "Nevertheless, I repeat I have had a pleasant afternoon for which I thank you."

"And I repeat I don't like you," said Jim. "I don't like you for three good reasons: First, you don't drink my gin; second, you smoke a pipe like a ham affecting an Englishman. Third, you sing that sentimental 'Rosary,' the most (Continued on page 118)

Here's a Photoplay cocktail
made up of a jigger of humor
and a dash of straight facts for
the lift that Pidge always gives

BY HERB HOWE



A truck driver seeing him might say "There, but for the grace of God, am I—with a million." With his wife and dog, Gigola

Pidge, of "Weekend At the Waldorf," with his wife



DIPLOMAT



CHRYSANTHEMUM

Or the unique one—the man with a million



WHEN I first saw Danny Kaye in "Up In Arms," I was caught with my adjectives down but I think I finally found a description that's Okay for Kaye—unique! The definition reads—"without another of the same kind." That seems to be it. He doesn't remind me of anyone and I need no one to remind me of him.

Never having seen him on the stage or in person, I was afraid of being disappointed. I decided to sneak up on him and ask for a ticket to his broadcast.

Amid whistling, cheers and applause I saw what I was waiting for. There he stood—taller, blonder, slimmer—and a bit shyer than I had thought. The shock of hair that looks like a frustrated chrysanthemum was real and not a facsimile thereof.

The show was fine. When it was over, I sat listening to the audience rave.

"Will you come backstage now, Miss Janis?" The nice publicity man, who had given me my ticket, cleared a path through the excited fighting forces for me.

"I want to meet Mrs. Kaye too," I said, for I, like everyone else, had heard that she is practically his mentor.

But no one, I know, can give anybody the talents he has except The Great Giver of gifts. Singer, dancer, mimic, comedian, expert in dialects, perfect in pathos—and from Brooklyn!

There seemed to be quite a bit of excitement back of the curtain. As we neared the steps at the side of the stage, I said: "Let's wait a bit until he has time to get his breath." I sat down again.

"Oh! he's Okay. Never gets tired. Great boy, Danny!" Mr. Publicity obviously believed everything he wrote about Danny Kaye. And he called, "Danny! Here's Miss Janis."

Danny turned. "Hello! I'll be right with you."

I was tempted to yell back—"You are already 'right with me'"—but remembered that Mrs. Kaye writes the dialogue.





TOP

By Elsie Janis

faces, that clever caper-cutting Danny Kaye

Which one is she? I wondered. That tall blonde is Eve Arden . . . That girl by the mike is the singer . . . Oh, no! It couldn't be! . . . Not that quiet-looking little one who is letting everybody else do the talking! That can't be the brainy bride—Sylvia (even the name seems too grown up for her). Suddenly, she left them and walked over to the piano. She began playing something softly, then she would write a few words on a piece of paper. No one paid any attention to her—they were all used to being in at the birth of a new song. Sylvia, it seems, writes lyrics with much more ease than some stars write autographs.

Danny executed a step or two as if to put his stamp of approval on the rhythm; then, in perfect tempo, he descended the steps at the side of the stage and sat down beside me without missing a beat.

"Want to come back to the dressing room or is this all right?" He seemed pleasantly resigned to being interviewed.

"This is fine," I said—and sat back, looking him over. It's quite nice being old enough to look at young men appraisingly with no thought of their reaction.

THE Unique One looks so young close-to that it seems impossible he can have done all they say he has. I would think the five seasons on the "Straw Hat Circuit," before he hit Broadway, enough to make anyone infirm—but Danny hasn't a line in his face. The fact that he doesn't hold one expression more than a couple of seconds may explain it—no line has time to settle down.

At the moment, he was wearing a "Well!-let's-get-on-with-it" look. His lovely smile chased it away when I said, "That was a swell show!"

"Thanks!" was all he said.

I suddenly realized the music had stopped and Sylvia was gone. "Where did she go? I want to meet her, you know," I said.

"She wants to meet you, too. She'll be back. She's got an idea for a number and she's working it out. She never stops!" (The cascade of "she's" seemed to fall as if from habit, but they were tinged with wonder.) (Continued on page 67)



You Wouldn't Know Me

**She hardly knows herself and she
thinks it's wonderful. But the credit goes
to happiness—and a certain Andre**

BY VERONICA LAKE



She fixed the coffee pot with a nail. The nail fixed her

I'M a changed girl. True marital happiness has changed me, that and life with Andre. You'd never know me. I scarcely know myself. I get to places on time now. I buzz around all day long, happy as a baby in a candy store. I like to work in pictures. I like going to parties and giving them. I wake up so happy every day that, like the old lady in the nursery rhyme, I ask myself, "Can this be I?" Then I go the old lady one better, and answer myself. I answer, "Yes, indeed, you are that very Veronica Lake who used to take things very, very big." Whereupon I laugh, merry as Christmas, wondering how on earth I got that way. The old way, I mean. The new way I now understand.

Andre helped me find the new happiness, Andre being Andre de Toth, my husband, whom I call Bandi, which is the way Hungarians shorten Andre.

I guess I first fully realized what lay in store for me in my marriage to Bandi when I walked down the magnificent curving staircase in Ed Gardner's Bel-Air home, toward the altar Simone (Mrs. Ed) Gardner had arranged over the fireplace mantel.

It was eight o'clock in the evening of December 16, 1944, and I had arrived right on the dot. As I walked down those stairs I was in my favorite color, ice blue, in a bridal gown made of my favorite material, flat crepe, and designed by one of my dearest friends, Edith Head. I was carrying my most-preferred-of-all flowers, tiny butterfly orchids in white with just a touch of purple at their throats. Andre had especially ordered them sent by air from New York for the

Duel with a broom—all in fun. Her next, "Duffy's Tavern"





Andre designed the love seat—they both have the furniture bug

occasion. Behind me, as matron of honor, was my closest pal, Rita Beery, her beauty so augmented by an exquisite gray outfit, which Edith had also designed, that she was nearly stealing the scene from me.

Still, I was the star of the occasion and I knew that I had never looked better. (You know how once in a while you get that stimulating assurance.) I paused at the foot of the staircase, which Simone said had always cried for a bride descending it, gazed at the thirty assembled guests who made up the group of those whom I hold most dear, observed my tall, handsome groom crossing the drawing room, positively glittering in his tux.

Ah, yes, it was a moment, a wonderful, lyric moment and I fastened my eyes on my betrothed, wanting him to share this rapture with me.

His eyes lifted. He looked at me there at the foot of the staircase. And what did he do?

He grinned, so joyously, so completely from the heart, that what could I do? I grinned back. You know how very, very solemn most weddings are. Ours stopped being solemn right at that moment. We were very serious, you realize, about our marriage. We still are, because we believe so deeply in it, but right then we stopped being as intensely solemn as most bridal parties are. All our guests smiled, as they saw our smiles, whereupon ours became the happiest, most enchanting wedding ceremony anyone has ever attended, I'm sure.

Practically speaking, Andre and I *(Continued on page 115)*

There wasn't a table—so it's gin rummy on a packing box



Re-enactment of a tender moment—Andre carries Veronica across the threshold of their home. Most sentimental moments now are the times they talk of "enlarging"—the de Toth baby is due very soon

Four Star



From Robert Preston to Catherine Craig, his beloved wife: (Bob has been in service for two and a half years—the last two overseas—serving under his real name of Robert Preston Meservey. He is now Captain Meservey, Intelligence Officer of the only B26 Marauder group that has been awarded the Presidential Citation.)

DEAREST CATHY:

Now to tell you as much as can be told about my trip. It was an air liaison job with the ground forces, so consequently most of the detail will have to wait to be told during those *après la guerre* discussions we're looking forward to so much. But at least I can tell you that much of it took me through some country that I never would have seen otherwise, probably the most beautiful in Europe.

But hold on! I haven't even told you the name of the country yet. It's Luxembourg, that little Duchy bounded by France, Belgium and Germany and their language is a mixture of those three tongues, which would put it on an equal footing with Greek and Chinese in the difficulty of understanding it, if it weren't for the fact that almost everyone there also speaks English. Don't ask me how or why. They just do. The only way I can describe the place is that you expect its ruler to be Ronald Colman. It's the original mythical kingdom, complete with musical comedy peasants and musical comedy castles on musical comedy mountains overlooking musical comedy lakes and rivers. Even the trains and the inns and the animals are out of Act II, Scene 3 of "The Student Prince."

I'm so happy that the people there were able to evade most of the ruin and horror of this war. Although they were right in the center of it all, they didn't see any fighting until the German break-through and then only a few cities were destroyed. The United States is giving them some awfully good protection, thus Luxembourg will be saved almost intact for our visit there together later on.

You know how much we like snow. Well, when I was there, there was about a foot of it, the dry, powdery, pure white stuff that would be a prop man's dream.

I had my first *real* ice cream there since I left the States, genuine milk, and eggs straight from the hen. It was even better than I remembered it. I guess in the short time I was there I must have eaten six or seven gallons of it.

It's so wonderful to see no rationing of food or clothing or anything else in Luxembourg. The people are so neat and well dressed and almost completely untouched by war.

I have a pair of German helmets that you might be able to arrange into some sort of hanging flower pots, or something. Anyway, I'll send them on to you because the guys they belonged to don't need them anymore.

CAPT. ROBERT PRESTON



From Pfc. Mickey Rooney to his mother: (This letter was sent from "somewhere in Holland" but undoubtedly means somewhere in Germany, as you read it. You'll notice the letter contains all the bounce that is characteristic of the screen Mickey, plus the seriousness that his friends off screen know as one of his outstanding traits.)

DEAREST MOM:

Well, what do you know? I hit the jackpot today. Received four letters from you, read them each three times.

We all had chili for lunch today. Tasted very good in this weather, but it wasn't like you make. It made me miss you worse than ever, and I hope you don't get too lonesome because there isn't any reason to be. I am with you every minute. Can hardly wait until I run into the house and throw my arms around you. I bet I never let loose.

I am writing this to you from an intersection that looks exactly like Vermont and Third Street at home. You would never think, if you hadn't seen it, or knew it, that just a few miles from this comparatively quiet spot men are being shot to pieces. But enough of that!

I wouldn't have missed being over here for anything. Just to be with the GIs is something one can never forget and you have to see the wonderful job they are doing to believe it. I saw "Two Girls And A Sailor" four times, once in the street when it was ten below, once in a barn and twice in hospitals. The guys really go for musical pictures.

I love you more each day and will write you again tomorrow. Good night, angel. Here's your bunch of kisses from your loving son, Mickey.

PFC MICKEY ROONEY



Letters



In Hollywood, too, anxious eyes watch for the postman. Here are some of the letters he's brought from filmdom's men in uniform

From David Niven to Producer Samuel Goldwyn, who still has him under contract: (If the truth must be told, most of David's letters are too saucy to be printed in their entirety, but this bit gives you their general flavor. The witty Mr. Niven returned to service in his native England upon the outbreak of the war. He is now a full Colonel of a British Artillery Division and for nearly six years has been almost continually under fire.)

DEAR SAM:

I am longing to get back and can hardly believe that it really may not be long now. Although I am six years older than when I left you in 1939, I have kept extremely fit (whether I liked it or not!!).

So I hope the only difference will be that instead of playing the young man with a glass of lemon squash in one hand and a tennis racquet in the other, I shall now play his elder brother with a triple Scotch in one hand and a beautiful blonde in the other



COL. DAVID NIVEN

From Farley Granger to Roddy McDowall: (They are as close as brothers. Actually, they are a threesome with Roddy's sister Vee, whom Farley writes more often than he does Roddy! Mrs. McDowall, whom Farley lovingly teases by calling her Baby, is constantly in touch with Mr. and Mrs. Granger regarding the arrival of letters.)

DEAR RODDY:

Well, here I am near Pearl Harbor but as usual no one seems to know why I am here, or what to do with me, but it will be all worked out, I guess. Coming over I really was a bad sailor. I couldn't eat for days. Now you know how sick I was! The ship was very, very full. They had no bunks for us so we had to sleep down in the hangar deck which had all the comforts of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

When I first saw this island, it was very green. It had just been raining and the clouds hung over the mountain tops. They were an orange color because the sun was setting and here and there were edges of rainbow. There were patches of cultivated land which were a beautiful dark red and this against the blue sea and the green foliage was magnificent.

Laugh at this, if you like, but I can now sew my own clothes and wash them, and how I make a bed! Just think what a wonderful husband I'll make someday. By the way, Vee, how is your cooking coming?

It is so grand to get all your letters and the Reporters. It was wonderful to hear about the Academy Award doings. I wish I could have gone with you this year. I had a wonderful letter from Mr. Milestone. I can not tell you what it meant to me when I know how busy he is. I hope someday you make a picture with him because he is such a wonderful person.

Tell Mr. LeRoy not to make "The Robe" until I come home because I want to play *Marcellus*. I hope someday that through my acting I may help others and do good. I want so much to give people faith in God. I have so much love for Him that I want to share it with others and have it make them happy, too. I know that God is watching out for us and will help us, if only we will trust and believe in Him. When I come back I am going to work hard and be the best actor ever. I made myself a promise.

I miss you all so much. I miss the Sunday dinners we all had together. I miss going to church together. I miss going to school together. I miss all the days in the week that were filled with happiness and the crazy fun we had. Please give Baby my fondest love. God bless you all.



FARLEY GRANGER S2/c

These are the days of

There was Greta and marriage on a shoestring—and plans that flopped, until that trip to the Coast, when dreams paid dividends

Gregory Peck, starring in "The Valley of Decision"



Gregory Peck

BY RUTH WATERBURY

YOU hear about the rise of Gregory Peck, the young Hollywood star who is so fine an actor that he is simultaneously under contract to four studios, and always working, opposite such stars as Garson, Bergman and Jennifer Jones, and it sounds completely simple and wonderful.

You hear how he was born in La Jolla, a charming small California seaside town, brought up mostly by his father and his grandmother, since his parents separated when he was four, and how he went to the University of California at Berkeley, and went in for crew, and made it, and pre-med, and dropped it, and finally came to New York, and nearly starved, trying to get into things theatrical, until one fine day Guthrie McClintic signed him to be in Mrs. McClintic's road company of "The Doctor's Dilemma." Mrs. McClintic being Katharine Cornell and first lady of the theater, you say, "Wow, what luck. After that, all the struggle was over, of course."

If you think that, you are as wrong as Greg was about it.

The disturbing element in that setup was that Greg was far from being Cornell's leading man. He had just four lines in the whole show, got fifty a week and acted as assistant stage-manager. His more arduous duties consisted of escorting Miss Cornell back and forth on her stage entrances and exits. This he enjoyed very much as he and the great Kit used to tell each other corny jokes on those trips, and laugh louder than kids at Christmas over such flights of wit as the story of the two ghosts who asked one another, "Do you believe in men?"

Greg adored Cornell, but despite this, there were two things absolutely tottering Mr. Peck's happiness—his meagre salary, and the excessive popularity with the opposite sex of a small blonde disturber named Greta Rice.

"Since we've been in Hollywood," Greg says, "stories get elegant on us and say that Greta was Miss Cornell's secretary. But she was her hairdresser and make-up artist, and was then and still is the gayest person I've ever met."

When Greg signed up for that fifty a week he felt very rich, but on the road he discovered it amounted to about twenty dollars and when he had to go into competition with leading men and local glamour boys in every city they played, he found it stood up about like a lovely thin dime.

His first date with Greta taught him a lot—about Greta, at least. The Cornell show was playing at the William Penn Theatre in Pittsburgh right then and Greg planned a splashy date for this golden-haired little Finnish charmer "whose real, devastatingly many-syllabled Finnish name I could then pronounce but had difficulty (Continued on page 123)



Greg, of "Spellbound," in front of their hilltop house

Greta believed his Indian story—and Greg got a wife



What Should

I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I was going with a girl before I shipped out and she wanted me to marry her before I left, but I said to her, "Wait until I get back from overseas." I am like this: I think something worth having is worth waiting for.

She wrote regularly saying she would be faithful and that she was not two-timing me. I saved money and sent it to her to buy an engagement ring. Well, she said she picked out a beautiful ring. Then I began to send her every cent I could spare so that we could have the start of a home. One week went by and I didn't hear from her, but I figured mail was late again, which happens out here where there are some nasty guys who once in awhile sink something that they have no business sinking. Finally five months have gone by and she hasn't answered my letters.

Well, a guy can take only so much of that. Not knowing where to turn, I decided to call on you.

Andy S., BM 2/c

Dear Mr. S:

I think it is safe for me to say here that no man should send money to a girl to whom he is not married, or to whom he is not related. Repeatedly I have received disillusioned notes from men in service who have come back to this country, anticipating a nice bank account with which to start a home or business establishment, only to find that the money has been frittered away, or the girl has disappeared.

What you need is some practical working plan for finding out what has happened to the girl and to your investment. Take this matter up with your chaplain at once; he will be able to help you through the Red Cross.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and very much in love with a civilian, just to be different. We've been going together almost a year.

He never asks me to marry him or suggests anything pertaining to marriage, but still he tries to get intimate with me. Naturally I don't approve of this behavior, but he keeps telling me that he loves me, that I drive him wild, and that he is only human. He threatens never to see me again if I don't live up to his commands.

I don't know what to do as I am very much in love with him, but I want to marry him. I'm afraid that if I don't please him he will stop dating me, but my conscience won't permit me to give up my ideals.

Some of my girl friends say that I'm being a foolish prude. Who is right?

Lucilee C.



Dear Miss C:

If you have read the other letters in this column for awhile back, you have an answer so stark and so clear, that there can be no further discussion of your problem.

But just to be explicit about it, I think you should tell this man that it will be just as well if you never see him again. He sounds to me like an iron-clad, double-jawed, predatory wolf, with all his talk about being driven wild and being only human. That is undoubtedly the oldest collection of blah in the history of pursuit.

Any girl who says you are a prude and advises you to give in to this man is headed for a great deal of trouble in her own life.

Claudette Colbert



Dear Miss Colbert:

When I was sixteen I met my young man, Jimmie. He comes from a comfortably wealthy family and is an only child; I'm one among eight. Jimmie loved my family and they loved him. When the war came along, he was twenty and he enlisted in the Navy. I was so proud of him because I knew that Jimmie was the only one I could ever love or marry. When he asked me to wait for him I was so proud of being the one he wanted.

It was inevitable that he should see action and the result was that he is now totally blind, permanently.

Here's the problem: Jimmie has asked me to free him. He says that he no longer loves me, but admits there is no one else. My family and his family believe he is saying this because he thinks he's handicapped.

Now it makes no difference to me. To me he is just the same as ever, just as dear, just as sweet. In time he'll be able to do almost everything he used to be able to do. He has musical talent and used to play in a small orchestra. He owns several acres of good land that he can rent for tenant farming, and I can look after him if he'll let me.

When I come into the room he says, "Is that you, honey?" and the way he says it is like a prayer. Would it be all right if I just made him marry me? If I tell him that I can't bear to be jilted and that he is the only person I would ever want? I think an outsider's opinion is valuable.

Ethelda G.

Dear Miss G:

Yes, I think you are right in wanting to insist that this boy marry you.

You see, I think he is trying to solve all his problems for himself; he is trying to bear his full burden alone. If you are wise and loving, you can solve this problem for him simply by refusing to let him give you up. Go right on planning your wedding. (Continued on page 89)

SHE'S ENGAGED! *She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*



NANCY JANE MACBURNY—Her smooth way of wearing her hair—whether it's fashionably "upswept" or "down"—gives an added charm to her lovely, clear soft skin.

TO WED R. A. F. OFFICER

*Nancy Jane Macburney
engaged to
Robert Francis Reynolds
Flying Officer, R. A. F.*



THE RING Bob gave her just before he took off for England

She met Bob in Chicago—but he was born in Burma, brought up in London, and they plan to live in Toronto "someday."

Another Pond's bride-to-be, Nancy Jane is another lovely girl with a fascinating "soft-smooth" Pond's complexion.

This is Nancy Jane's fundamental daily skin care . . .

She smooths white, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat, and pats thoroughly to help soften dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She rinses with more soft-smooth Pond's—working the cream over her face with



JUNIOR CANTEEN HOSTESS—Charming Nancy Jane MacBurney, sings with the boys at a USO Canteen she helped organize in Chicago. She first met her fiancé there when he "just happened in." Many girls are serving as Canteen hostesses. Couldn't you help in your locality?



HER BEAUTY CARE—Pond's Cold Cream. "The cleansing-est, smoothing-est cream I know."

little spiral whirls of her fingertips. Tissues off again. This second creaming-over "leaves my face feeling like silk," she says, "and so clean!"

Use your Pond's Cold Cream Nancy Jane's "twice-over" way—every night, every morning and for in-between clean-ups during the day. It's no accident so many more women and girls prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price.

Get a big jar today—you'll love the luxury way you can dip into its wide top with both your hands at once! Ask for Pond's Cold Cream at your favorite beauty counter.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Viscountess Tarbat · Mrs. Allan A. Ryan · Miss Mimi McAdoo

Colleen on the cover



COVER GIRL



Red hair, green eyes — beautiful import from Eire, Maureen O'Hara

Maureen and Lieut. Price are good cooks, do things on impulse



When Hymie Fink arrived at Maureen's he found her sitting on the floor talking on the phone to Will in New York. Her next picture, "The Spanish Main"

Personal history: Born and raised in Dublin, Ireland, one of six children; at fourteen, an actress with the Abbey Theatre; at seventeen, hied herself to London to play the lead opposite Charles Laughton in "Jamaica Inn"; at eighteen, sailed for America's Hollywood to be a movie star from then on.

The people living under her green shingled roof with her: One-year-old daughter Bronwyn; cook-and-houseman Tony Martin; his wife, nurse-and-pastry-cook Marie Martin—who is just about to have a

baby herself. If a girl, she'll be named Tony Maureen, after Marie's two favorite people!

Animals living under that same roof: The canary bird Leatherneck, the Great Dane named Tripoli and the Irish terrier named Fionn.

What the postman would tell you: That most of her mail has come from her husband, Lieut. Will Price of the United States Marines—and in the last three years letters have come from everywhere from Saipan to Iwo Jima. This summer they had a heavenly few days all to themselves when he was given a stopover on his way to report back in the East. (The postman could add that in pre-war life, Will was a dialogue director; post-war, he'll become one of the great directors of filmdom!)

What she hums around the house: The aria from some opera, or else an old Irish song, or else Will's and her "courting song" . . . which was "They'll Never Believe Me." Or else their wedding song, "Only Make Believe."

Her breakfast 365 days out of the year: An orange and a cup of tea.

Her luncheon 365 days out of the year: A light salad and a cup of coffee—anything heavier makes her sleepy.

Her dinner nightly: 'Tis quite enormous—with everything from soup to salad to a main course and a fancy dessert. With a juicy steak (when it's getable) her pet food,

and Shrimp Arnaud (New Orleans style) running a close second. For dessert she dotes on crepes Suzette or crepes Evangeline (a light French pancake stuffed with plums).

What she cooks the best: She can cook anything to a gourmet's delight—but so can husband Will Price. When he's home, they spend all day in the kitchen while he cooks and she washes up the avalanche of dishes he leaves in his wake . . . with emphasis on Southern, French and Irish foods. They both frankly love to eat!

(Continued on page 93)

Maureen, in her den, with fan mail



MARTHA O'DRISCOLL, APPEARING IN UNIVERSAL'S "SHADY LADY"

Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin



MOD

Interested in my special don'ts and do's for a heavenly, heart-snaring complexion? Don't cling to half-way care that may do one or two things at most for your skin. Do use Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream...one cream that gives complete skin care.

Martha O'Driscoll

Mm-mm-mm-mm is for Martha...of the luscious, lovable complexion! And for you, too, if you give your skin beauty *extras* with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream.

One cream that *cleanses, softens, smooths*... that doubles as a *night cream* guarding against dryness and old-looking dry-skin lines... that serves as your protective *powder base*, too. And for protection against blemish-causing germs, Woodbury contains exclusive "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar.

Hear him say "you're mm-mm-mm-arvelous"! Try Woodbury tonight. 10¢ to \$1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury
Complete Beauty
Cream

...it's all you need!



Ten Ten-Minute Tricks

Short cuts to beauty from Hollywood stars—
to save your time, your money and your looks

Sense with Scent

After cleansing your face with cream, pat on a mild cologne to act as an astringent and give the skin a soft, indefinable scent.....Ella Raines

Pink Lady

To put your skin in a pretty way, lie flat on the floor with feet propped up on a chair. The blood goes to the head; the skin clears; the glow lasts.....Marjorie Reynolds

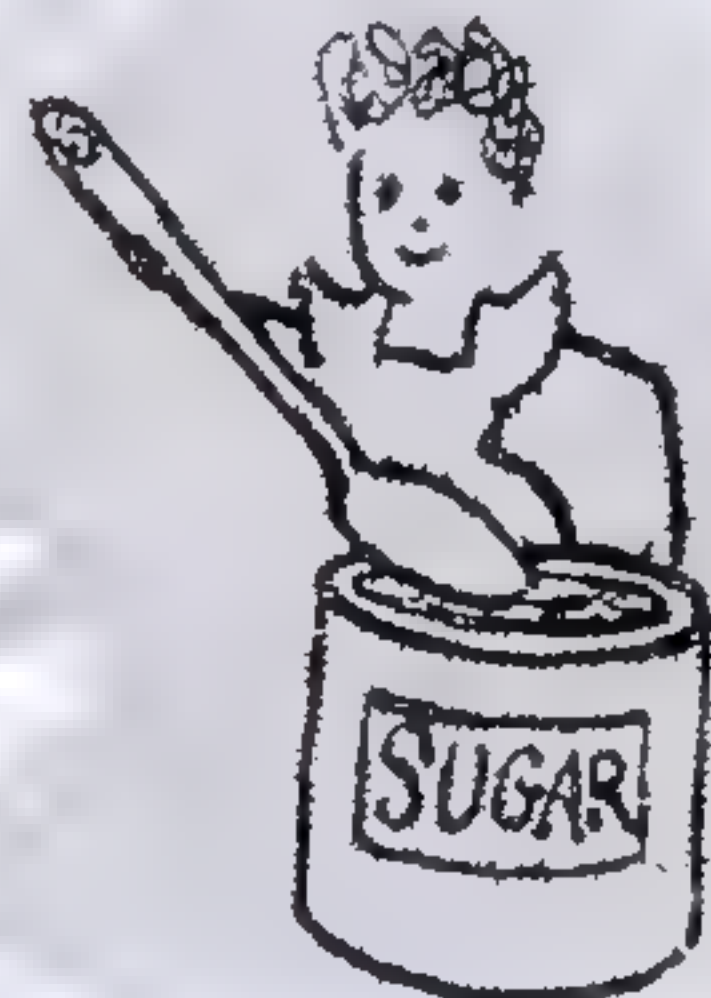


Elbow Your Way

In the front ranks of the raters there is no place for rough elbows. Scrub them with a stiff brush and soapsuds, rub dry with a turkish towel to banish the rough skin. Finish off with cream and lemon juice.....Betty Hutton

Keeping Face

Twice a week is enough for this: Whip up a good soap lather on the skin, then massage two teaspoonsful of that precious sugar into the lather. Rinse first in warm water, then in tingling cold.....Dorothy Lamour



Extremity Extra

Keep an orange stick handy in your beauty cabinet; when you step out of the shower give yourself a quick pedicure, pushing back the cuticle, finishing off with a rough towel. Then massage the feet with a soft hand lotion, ending up with a bracing cologne.....Diana Lynn

Be a Sponger

Never measure out your powder; apply it freely (check that the puff is clean; if not, use a fresh piece of cotton). After brushing off the surplus, take a soft sponge dampened with cold water and blot your face. This sets the powder—and just look how you look!.....Jinx Falkenburg

Barbershop Business

Take a tip from the striped-pole contingent, use hot turkish towels on your face. Two or three times a week give a thorough cream cleansing, then wrap the face in a steaming turkish towel. Stay under till the skin drips water. End with an invigorating cold rinse.....Ann Miller



At Ease

If you're tense and nervous, relax by dropping your head forward on your chest, then tip it back as far as it will go. Do this two or three times slowly; then start rotating the head left, back, right, front. Then right, back, left, front. The control nerves at the back of the neck relax, leave you serene—the first requisite for beauty.....Deanna Durbin

Pinch o' Salt

For a special fillip, make a fairly heavy paste of salt and ice water; leave on the face until it's almost dry. The salt and chill pep up circulation; a warm-water rinse gives a satin finish.....Jeff Donnell

Rough Stuff

Sudden date coming up? Give yourself a fast pick-me-up by spraying cologne on your body, rubbing it off briskly with a rough towel. You'll feel good, act better and look your best.....Gene Tierney



Beauty Workshop by Betty Sanford

La Cross color sorcery for fingertips

"Real Red"

a red as true and tantalizing
as a flame in the dark

JEWELS — SEAMAN SCHEPPS

HAT — HME REINE

La Cross

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Chrysanthemum Top

(Continued from page 55) "It seems to be pretty well understood that you think Sylvia is wonderful." I smiled as I said it.

"She's everything!" Danny is no waster of words—and he didn't smile.

I had heard that Danny and Sylvia reached the heights together the hard way, plenty of struggles and disappointments. That accounts for their being just "nice folks" today, as they sit on the pinnacle of prosperity and smile down understandingly on those who slammed doors in their ambitious young faces on the way up—the same ones who now say: "I always knew they were going places!"

"How do you like pictures?" I asked.

"Oh! I like them all right." Danny stretched his long legs and threw one over the back of the seat in front of him. He looked around at the nice little theater. "Yes, I like making pictures," he repeated, "but I miss the theater."

Well, can you wonder? Here's this Unique One, who has been trouping around the world since he was a kid—all over America, to England, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Canton, Singapore, Bangkok and Tokyo. It sounds like he had been advance agent for our bombers. Incidentally, you may hate it, but you owe the Japs a vote of thanks. It was through trying to make them understand his songs that Danny developed his extraordinary expressions and gestures.

Of course, he misses the theater because he has always won success by direct contact with his audience. I tried to sell him that old one about how many more people he could make laugh in pictures.

"But there isn't the same kick in it," said Danny. "In a show you have to go out and win every night—win a new crowd. In pictures, you work for months and by the time you see the picture, you don't feel as if you've done anything. But," he added, "I'm very grateful for the break I got in my first film."

"Break," he calls it. I never saw one guy do so many things so well, anywhere.

I asked him about "Wonder Man," his second picture.

"Well, it's entirely different from 'Up In Arms.' I play a dual role and is that something! I mean—from the technical end. I got so tired of looking at myself and singing to myself. Give any guy, who fancies himself, one of those double exposure pictures—that will cure him!"

WE discussed what he might do next. I had read there was a chance of a film about Hans Christian Anderson, with Danny as Hans and several of his best-known characters. A swell idea, I thought. So did Danny, but it fell through.

"Who knows what happens when things fall through?" said the Unique One, looking too much like a little boy to play anything written by anyone but Hans Christian Anderson.

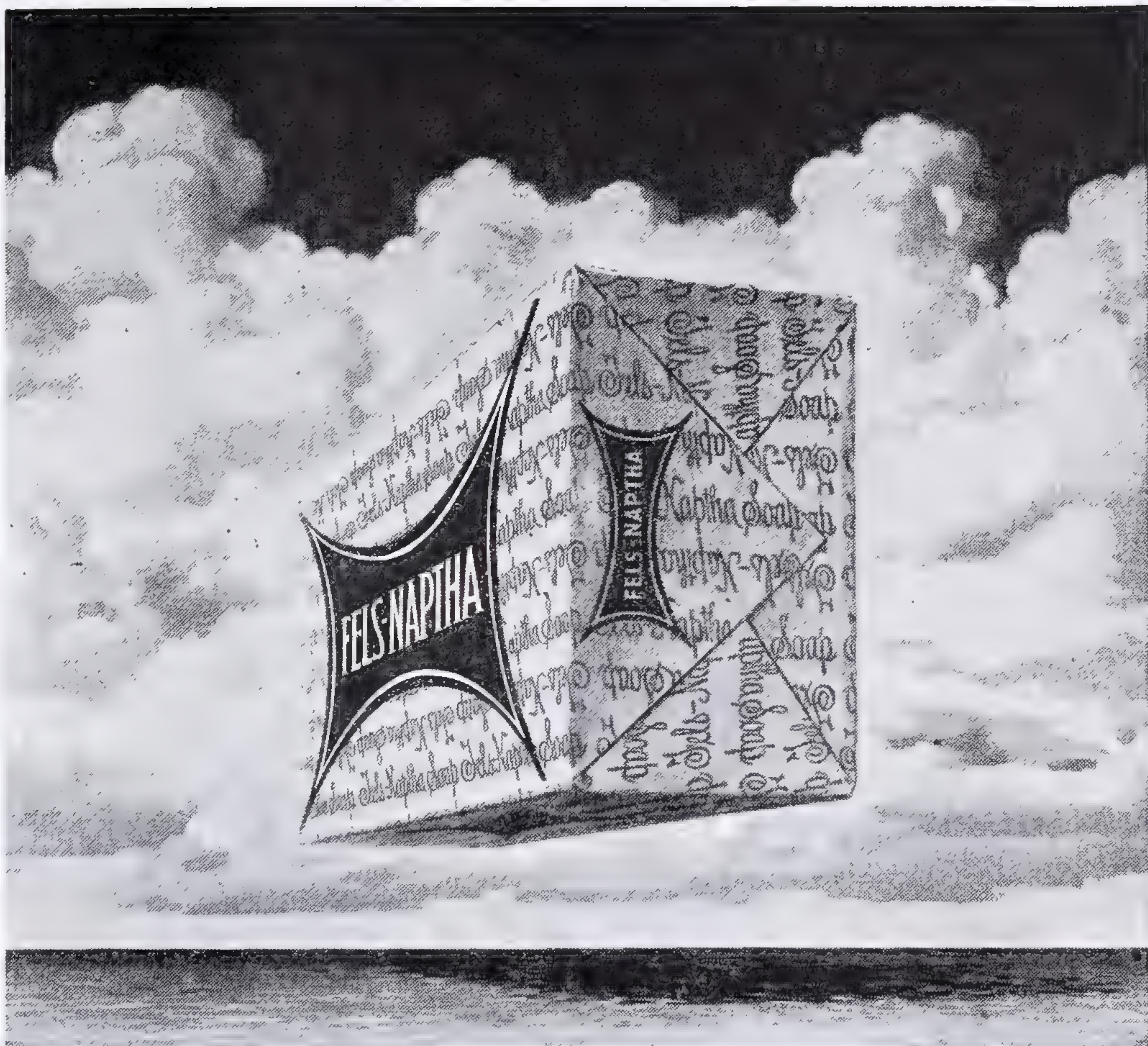
In a flash, he aged twenty years. "I want very much to play the Count of Luxembourg," he said.

Allez oop!—just one of those Kaye leaps. He thinks like he "digs," if you know what I mean.

We toyed with the idea of his playing the sophisticated Count of Luxembourg and he was already acting the part as we toyed. Sophistication reminded him of other things.

"You know, I think I really like working in night clubs better than anything else. You get so much closer to the public."

I was just beginning to wonder how Sylvia copes with this half chameleon, half man (and both halves sweet) when



Not yet, but —

Much as we'd like to, we can't complete that sentence.

Soap is still near the top of the list of materials needed to win the war. So until the orders are changed the great Fels plant must spend most of its time making soap for fighting men.

This doesn't mean that you can't get *any* Fels-Naptha Soap. The limited supply for civilians is distributed as evenly as we know how to do it. There will be times, certainly, when your grocer has Fels-Naptha Soap on sale.

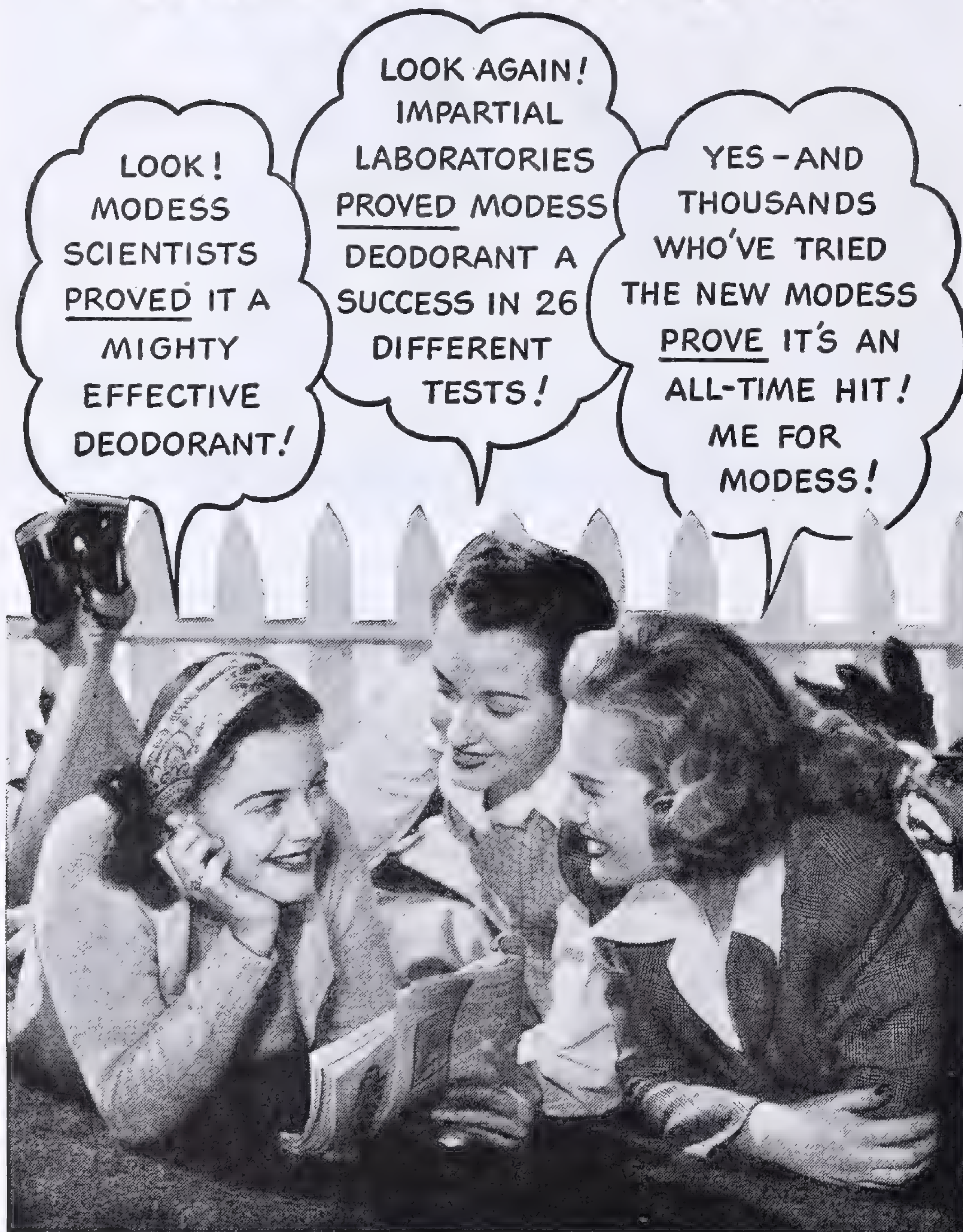
We know that most times the Fels-Naptha bin will be empty. And although that is disappointing, we think it's better than depriving the men who need good soap as much as they need good weapons.

The day is coming, when you will go to the Fels-Naptha bin and—if you feel like it—fill your market basket with this famous soap that now seems like a luxury. We *hope* it will be . . . soon!

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Better try **MODESS-** the napkin with the triple-proved **DEODORANT**



LOOK!
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SCIENTISTS
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WONDERFUL—to be able to get this new Modess with the triple-proved deodorant sealed right in!

See how much daintier these luxurious sanitary napkins now help you feel!

NO SEPARATE POWDER to bother with! No need to sprinkle and spill!

MODESS IS SOFTER, TOO! Remember that three out of four women voted it softer

to the touch in a nationwide poll.

MODESS IS SAFER! Remember, 209 nurses in hospital tests proved it less likely to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.

YOU DON'T PAY A PENNY EXTRA for this daintiness extra. Get the wonderful new Modess with the triple-proved deodorant today! Box of 12 costs 22¢.

FREE! Send today! For your copy of "Growing Up and Liking It"—a bright, modern booklet on the how and why of menstruation—write Martha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 343-D, Milltown, N. J.



Want Modess without deodorant? Just ask for "Standard Modess."

the little lady, herself, reappeared. No sound of any sort accompanied her. Very little developed when she said: "I'm so glad to see you, Miss Janis." Not much sound, but quality of tone, smacking strongly of sincerity.

She sat down on the other side of the Unique One. His arm went naturally around her shoulder as her eyes paused to meet his first, en route to mine. Hers are large and brown. They measure yours so calmly that you're apt to be glad you are not concealing even an idea from Sylvia.

There I was—complete with Kayes. I don't mind admitting I wouldn't want to sit between them as anything but a friend, for they have the "oneness" of purpose that happens all too rarely among the married. It can only be underwritten by complete faith.

I was telling them that of all the wonderful things Danny did in "Up In Arms," I liked best the little quiet scene where Danny learned he had lost the girl.

"Hear that!" said Danny to Sylvia.

"Yes!" said Sylvia softly, "In Danny's fan mail about the picture, that scene was mentioned more than anything else. Folks said he made them cry."

"I cried—but definitely!" I put in.

"Well, I wanted to do a little scene like that in 'Wonder Man,' but they wouldn't let me." Danny's face fell in retrospect.

I couldn't help wondering who "they" were.

Sylvia smiled at him. Her smile is soft too. She didn't say anything, but I had a mother who used to take care of my interests the way Sylvia looks out for Danny and I know the expression. It says—"Never mind, dear, there are other pictures coming and you are getting bigger and better every day." It's an expression that bodes no good for the "theys" along the success-strewn road.

A call boy appeared stage center and said, "Say, Danny, how long you goin' to be? Shall I tell the fans two hours so they'll go away?"

"Oh! no!" Danny jumped up. "I'll go out and see them. Back in a minute." (This over his shoulder as he went up the steps in one bound.)

What a mover he is—naturally graceful—and, personally, I think he's very good looking. I'll bet Sylvia agrees with me.

WHEN he was gone, she turned to me and said: "Miss Janis, I wish you could tell people how ridiculous it is to say that Danny owes everything to me."

"I can and I will—for I'm one who doesn't believe it," I answered.

"Why, Danny has the most original ideas in the world," she continued. "He can do anything. I happen to be able to write for him because I know that. He doesn't know himself; and, because I encourage him and reassure him, they call me his alter ego, or something equally silly. Honestly, he is so clever that sometimes he scares me." Sylvia looked more proud than scared but I knew what she meant. The guy does seem almost too clever to be real.

That he is very real and unusually nice about it, I learned a few minutes later when we decided to follow him out. It was time for them to go home anyway. Only my snooping was delaying them. At the stage door, we found him, standing in the midst of a hundred kids. He was signing autographs and talking to them about everything but himself. He was signing their books eagerly—none of that bored "what-another-one" stuff.

Incidentally, these were not swooners. These were just kids who liked him because he made them laugh, I guess—and, no doubt, because when it comes to "scat stuff," Kaye "sends them" so far that they

bounce back and yell for more. It was plain that nothing was going to send them away until Danny left. We moved forward into the mass of milling youth.

Out of my cache of unusual questions, I brought forth: "Where do you live?"

"Where *did* we live, you mean," said the Unique One, who had joined us. "We're being dispossessed."

"It's true," said Sylvia. "Our house has been sold and the new owner demands occupancy."

We reached Danny's car. "No kidding," he said, "we've got no place to go."

"Have you tried to talk to the new owner?" I asked.

"Sure! but the house she rents has been sold too and she has no place to go. It's Ida Lupino."

With a complete rush of "Love Thy Neighbor" to the heart, I suggested that I had a couple of rooms.

"Don't say it unless you mean it," said Danny.

"Soft Voice" calmed us down. "We've got to find some place to put all our stuff, too—trunks, props, files, etc.," she said.

"How long do you want it for?" (My realtor instinct was stirring).

"I'd sign for anything—six months, a year, three years."

Make a note of the "I'd sign." It means that she saves Danny all that sort of headache too.

We said goodbye and the crowd stood aside just enough for the car to get through. As they drove off into the sunset, the fans chattered—"He's good lookin' when he ain't makin' faces" . . . "I got her autograph too" . . . "How long they been married?" . . . "Five years, I heard. . . ."

I walked away from the Kaye admirers but not from being one of them.

I like to think the Kayes will go right on riding into the sunset all through life—with no cold gray dawns to follow. They rate it.

Dynamo Danny and Stabilizer Sylvia need each other and we need them to help make the battered old world a lot brighter with their combined talents.

THE END

EVERY MONTH IS VOTING TIME

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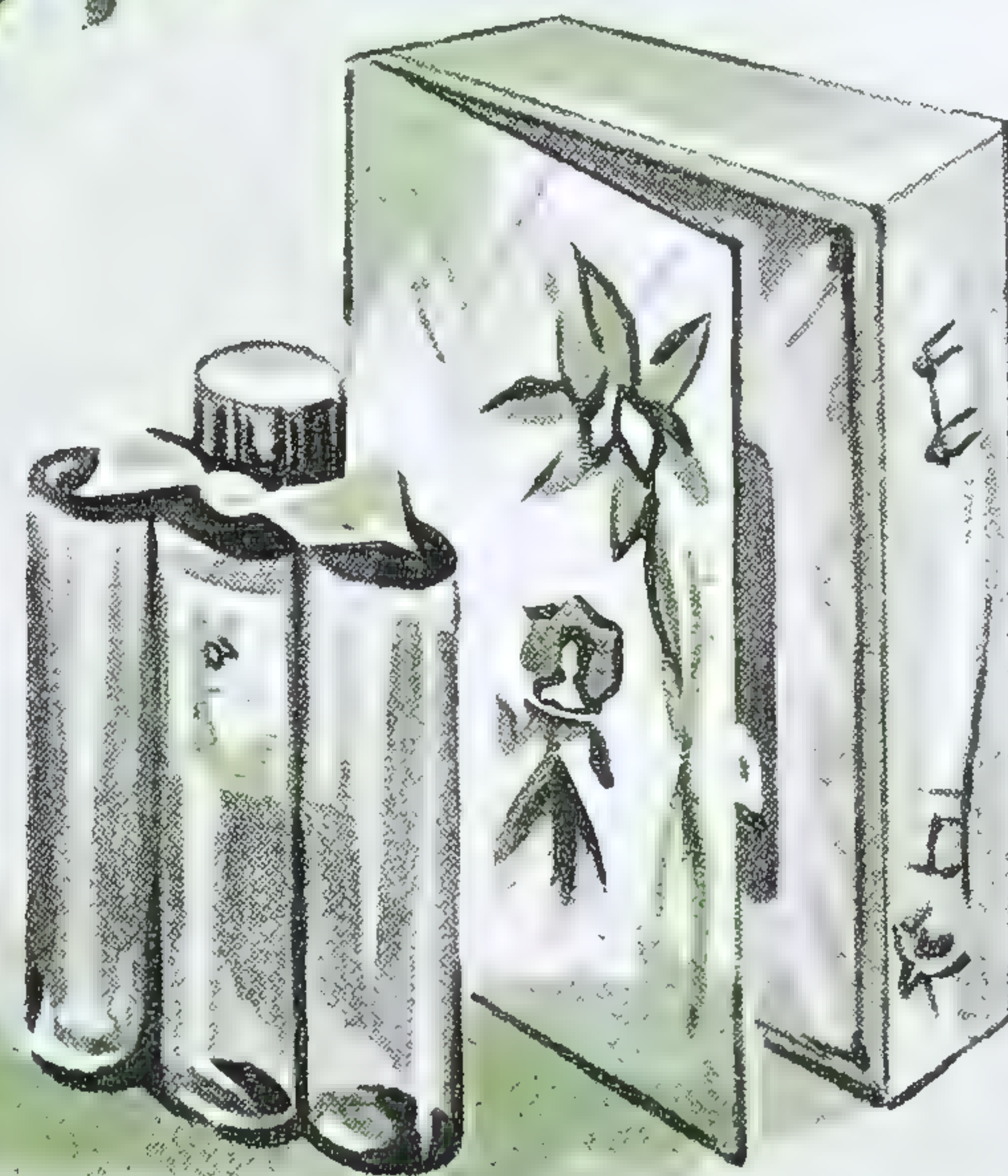


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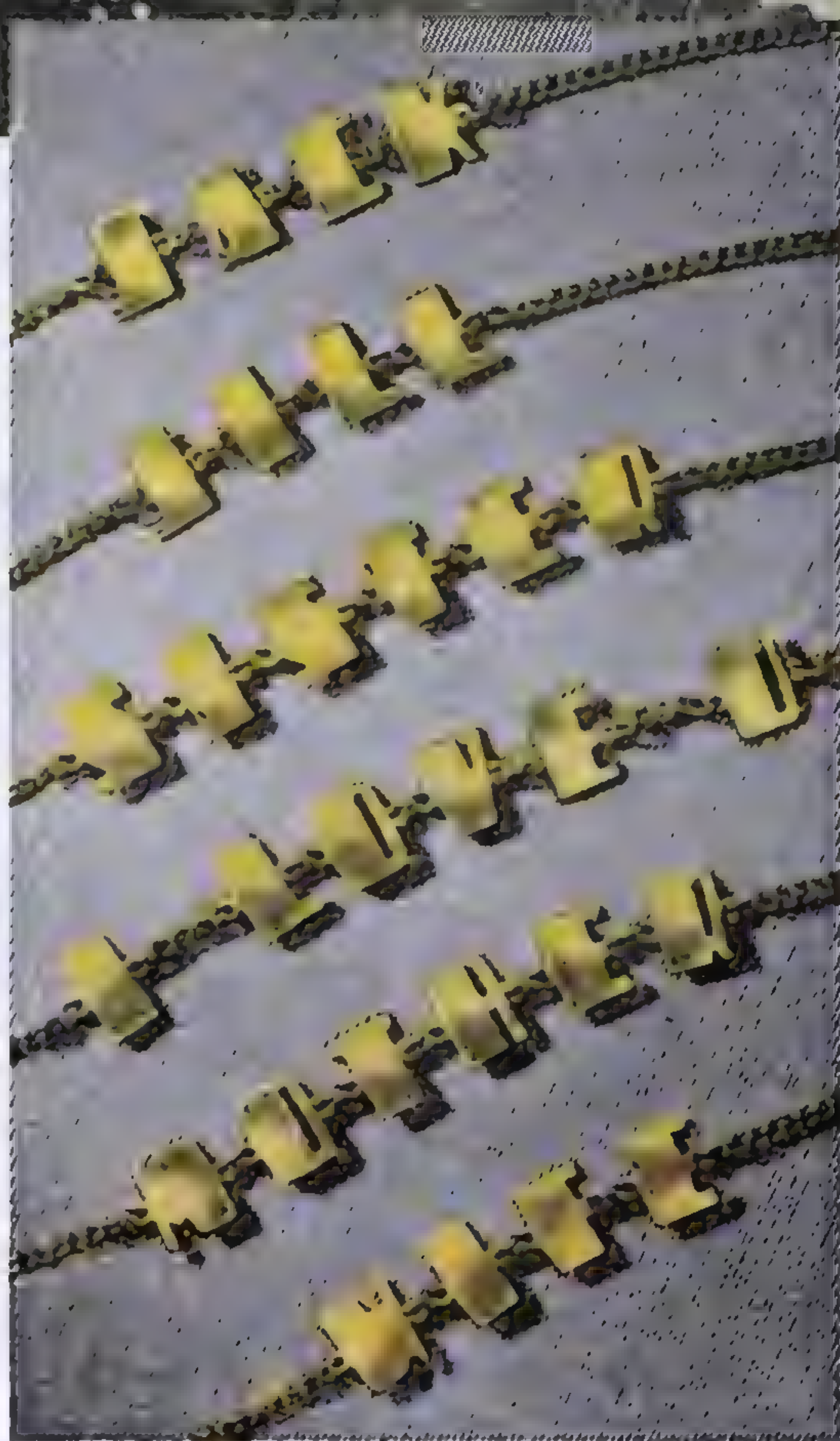
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URISCRAFT

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That's Hollywood for You

(Continued from page 51) explaining things to a refugee, said, "The wonderful thing about the English language is that you can understand it."

* * *

I am of the opinion that Dorothy Lamour looks more alluring in a sweater than a sarong and that Linda Darnell is most interesting in a peek-a-boo blouse. At least Linda calls it a peek-a-boo blouse, and I presume she knows why she calls it that... I once saw Alfred Hitchcock, that master of suspense, fall asleep while reading a mystery novel that he was to make into a movie... Of the crop of new songs, my favorite is "What's The Use Of Wondering" from the show "Carousel."... I have learned that even the radio in Hollywood is going Hollywood. A radio producer said to the sponsor: "Last night the program wasn't bad. It just sounded bad."

* * *

When I meet and talk to the movie celebrities, I get the impression that movietown could be labeled "temporary script," for practically all actors and actresses give you the idea that they are only here until they collect fortune and fame and then they are going to hurry back to Broadway... I see Gene Tierney strolling through Beverly, and I see a good example of it. Gene came to Hollywood as most young actresses do, believing that she was *Eva Lovelace*, the stage actress in "Morning Glory." Gene was going to make a picture, maybe two, and then return to the theater. She had an important clause in her contract stating that she could divide her time between the movies and the theater, between Hollywood and Broadway. There are countless other performers who had and still have the same plan. That is why Hollywood resembles a "temporary script." But many a "temporary script" becomes the "final draft" and is filmed... This idea that Hollywood is temporary quarters is not only with the performers. It extends to directors and writers also. The story of the writer and Hollywood can be expressed pungently by this yarn about Richard Flournoy, who wrote a play that was produced on Broadway, years ago. Then he got an offer, big salary every week to turn out scenarios. Flournoy decided to accept the offer. "I'll save my money," said Flournoy, "and when I've got a thousand dollars I'll quit, return to Broadway, and write another play." But that was long ago. Flournoy tells what happened. "I got new contracts, each calling for a bigger salary. I've got a house, a ranch in the Valley and a couple of cars, but I still haven't got that thousand dollars."

* * *

I would say that the only actress who uses the grand manner of the actress of yesterday on a movie set is Greer Garson... I like Charles Boyer very much, even though I may not always understand what he is saying on the screen... It is nice to know that Buster Keaton is again working in a picture, and I am anxious, also, to see Harold Lloyd in "The Saga Of Harold Diddlebock," for they were men who knew how to get laughs and they should certainly be able to get yaks these days.

* * *

I believe that I should tell you that regardless of the fact that Lauren Bacall sleeps sometimes in only the jacket of her pajamas and sometimes in the raw, that when she's asleep she has that Look! And that's Hollywood for you!

THE END

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS



A HANDBLOOM KNIT DRESS of Mediterranean blue with rhinestone buttons. And an open-crowned hat of the same fabric. Designed by Bruno. Worn by Faye Emerson, starring in Warner Brothers' "Danger Signal." Bullocks, Los Angeles, Calif. Shown with this is a blue pedigreed silver fox by Fromm.

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS



MISS EMERSON complements a
draw-string drape dress of blonde sable
crepe, designed by Adele Simpson,
with a mink hat and muff
by John-Frederics. B. Altman
& Company, New York, N. Y.

an original

Marie Phillips

perfect performance

A whirl of pretty pleats swirls around the bodice and peplum of this figure-enhancing two-piecer.

Gilt buttons accent the jacket and gores slim the skirt. Black, mellon, turquoise, fuchsia in "Warela" rayon crepe. Sizes 9-15, 10-16. About eleven dollars.



Photo by Hal Reiff

At fine stores everywhere or write for store in your locality to Suret Frocks, 1400 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. (no mail orders please)



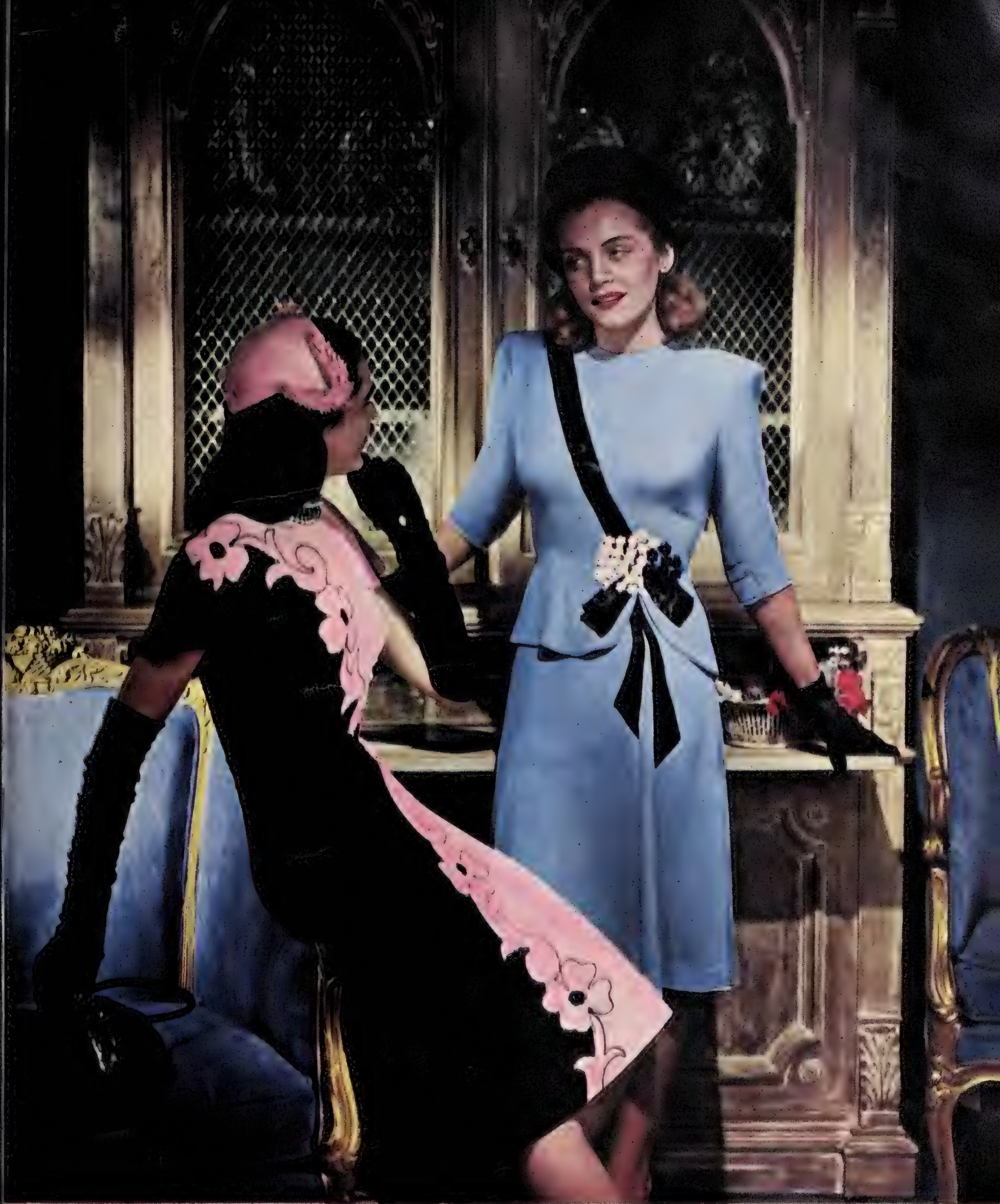
A YELLOW ANGORA SWEATER, all wool, by Regina. A brown and white checked skirt by Markon, of Shepard Mills' 100% wool. Sweater, about \$3.98 in small, medium and large sizes. Skirt, about \$8.00 in sizes 9-15. Both at Macy's, New York, N. Y.

A TUXEDO-FRONT COAT of Hollander blended coney, with draped shoulders and . . . oh the luxury of it! . . . sleeves that turn back into wide cuffs. Under \$100, in sizes 10-40 and 9-17. Gimbel Brothers, New York, N. Y.



SUIT-DRESS by Marie Phillips of rayon twill with smoky plaid. Suit, around \$11, in sizes 9-15 and 10-16. Felt sailor by Betmar, around \$4, in all colors. Both at J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Mich.





LIZABETH SCOTT
 starring in the Hal Wallis
 production
**"YOU CAME
 ALONG"**
 models these Photoplay
 Fashions for you

A TWO-PIECE CREPE DRESS with satin ribbon and an appliqued corsage which its designer, Doris Dodson, calls "Proud Lineage." Around \$13, in sizes 9-15. Shown with a hat by Betmar. Both sold at Kaufman's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A two-tone crepe dress designed by Carole King, called "Clinging Vine." Around \$15, in sizes 9-13. Shown with a hat by Yearounder's. Both sold at Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.



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Vicki Lynn
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ruffled rayon blouse
with that "dream-girl" look.

Colors: white, pink, blue, lime, shocking, maize.

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● The party our very own Louella O. Parsons gave for Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, erstwhile Hollywood stars who have been in England for several years where their entertainment was a great contribution to the war effort, was dazzling. And saying this, we err on the side of complete understatement.

For one thing, there was Lana Turner with her graceful walk and lovely carriage, among other things, in a snug-fitting simple short black afternoon dress. She wore black pumps and gloves and, in her platinum blonde hair, black coq feathers!

Joan Fontaine's dream hat was a conversational piece. It was flat and of braided black straw with a tiny straw ruffle its only crown. Then, nestling just above her ears, were two large yellow roses . . .

Joan Bennett's short-sleeved black dress had white magnolias applied at the shoulder and on the peplum that gathered into the waist. (Peplums, by the way, are definitely in—in Hollywood.) In her hair, lighter than it has been for years and dressed with a crown of braids, Joan wore tiny black velvet ribbon—clipped to a diamond star. . . .

Claudette Colbert dramatized her beige costume with a perfectly huge emerald green stiff-brimmed straw hat trimmed with bright red poppies. . . .

Roz Russell—who came late and straight from the studio and in make-up—wore slacks. But she looked as smart as anyone there. For, need we add, there are slacks and there are slacks! Roz wore a coat and trousers of a fine deep rose-beige gabardine, with dress-maker touches at the seams of the coat, and pockets and collar trimmed with tiny bands of dark green. Slung over her nice shoulders was a full-length mannish top-coat of the same fabric and trimming as the slacks.

● Esther Williams is very clothes conscious these days. What girl in love isn't? Only a few girls, however, turn their clothes-consciousness into such dramatic and charming effects—more's the pity! At a cocktail party the other day Esther, on the arm of her fiance, Ben Gage, wore an aquamarine dinner dress, so-o-o simple . . . with a long pencil-slim skirt slashed in the

front and with embroidery on the shoulder. Heavy gold earrings and a gold ring were Esther's only jewels.

● When Betty Hutton arrived in Hollywood she realized that she didn't know how to dress. So she went to Edith Head, the designer at Paramount, and asked for help. It was, of course, the smartest thing she could have done. Today, as a result of her frankness and her willingness to learn, she numbers among the film colony's smartest women. At the Canteen the other evening—it was very warm for a California night—she wore a white eyelet-embroidered dress with a crisply starched pep-lum. Her square neckline was laced with black velvet ribbon that tied in a bow in front. And her black velvet belt tied in front, too, and had long streamers that touched the bottom of her short skirt. Betty wore square-toed black anklestrap shoes and carried a drawstring bag of black velvet. Her hair, piled high, was adorned with one large daisy.

● Lunching at La Rue, Diana Lynn wore a cool, pale gray silky-looking frock—simply tailored—and a huge brimmed red straw hat. Her shoes and bag also were red. But her gloves matched her dress. Take a tip from Diana . . . Never break your "color line" on the way down. Unless, of course, your gloves are the only contrast to your entire costume.

● Charming little Pia Lindstrom loves to dress like her famous mother, Ingrid Bergman. Ingrid's taste leans to Swedish designs and peasant frocks. And these suit Pia, too. They make a charming sight, in identical costumes, dashing in and out of Beverly Hills shops.

● Hedy Lamarr has a passion for white. Topping her dead white slacks the other day she wore a knee-length white caracul coat. No warmer than a sports coat maybe—but certainly more luxurious! And the other evening at home Hedy was a sight to remember as she came down a long flight of stairs wearing a severely tailored white faille robe with a bright red scarf tied ascot fashion. This, with her dead white skin and flowing black hair, was tops in drama.

● The Vincent Prices, no doubt, have started a new lapel fad by their gift to Edith Barrett. Edith so admired a valuable Modigliani painting they bought that they had a ceramic artist paint a tiny copy of it. Whereupon everyone enthusiastically agreed it would make a perfect lapel pin. When Gene Tierney saw Edith wearing it she was so delighted with it that she promptly had her favorite Renoir duplicated in the same way.

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Costume on the Cover

THE patrician beauty and beautiful titian hair of Maureen O'Hara is strikingly set off by this classic, draped white crepe evening dress designed by Edward Stevenson, head designer of RKO Radio Pictures. The dress is draped sleekly with a side-drape skirt with a rippling opening to the knee. The bodice is outlined with white and silver iridescent beads, high-lighted with diamonds. The jeweled leaves continue up over one shoulder. Mr. Stevenson believes that simplicity of line and quality of fabric are two of the most important things in fashion. He likes simple tailored clothes, but not severely tailored clothes. Simple dressmaker suits, dresses that are simple of line, but intricately cut.

Mr. Stevenson, who was the first Hollywood designer to meet Lucien LeLong on his first trip here from Paris since the war, believes that we will find a trend towards greater luxury in clothes this fall, with more emphasis on fine fabrics and a new femininity and loveliness achieved through design.

This white classic evening dress was designed for Maureen O'Hara's personal wardrobe by Mr. Stevenson.





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Junior Fashions

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PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Those on pages 74 and 75 can be found from Coast to Coast in the following stores:

"Clinging Vine"

Dallas, Tex.—A. Harris & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Gimbel Brothers
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

Manufacturer: Forest City Mfg. Co.,
1641 Washington St., St. Louis, Mo.

"Proud Lineage"

Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers, Inc.
Houston, Tex.—Foley Brothers D. G. Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—J. W. Robinson Co.
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche Co., Ltd.
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim, Collins And Co.

Manufacturer: Forest City Mfg. Co.,
1641 Washington St., St. Louis, Mo.

Suit dress with plaid trim

Boston, Mass.—Jordan, Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks—34th
San Francisco, Cal.—The Emporium

Manufacturer: Suret Frocks,
1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Checked skirt

Baltimore, Md.—The Hub
Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Namm Store
Providence, R. I.—The Outlet Co.

Manufacturer: Markon Skirt Co.,
1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Angora sweater

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Houston, Tex.—Foley Brothers D. G. Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—May Company
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
San Diego, Cal.—Toggery

Manufacturer: Regina Knit Sportswear Co., 310 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

Fur coat

Chicago, Ill.—Logan Department Store
Los Angeles, Cal.—May Company
Mattoon, Ill.—Young Department Store
Norfolk, Va.—Myers-Berlin
Utica, N. Y.—Boston Store

Manufacturer: George Rosenfeld,
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(If no store in your vicinity is listed above, we suggest that you write to the manufacturer for further information on these fashions)



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FOR REVLOK BY

Nicole

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Thrill of a Real Romance

(Continued from page 29) alone and he took pity on me and we had a lot of fun. I met him later at another party—and from then on I have been seeing him regularly. Just as I knew from the beginning that my first marriage was not right—I know that this one is going to be."

Esther was only eighteen when she met and married Dr. Leonard Kovner. He was twenty-one and still in medical school. "Our marriage lasted four years—but it was over long before that time," she told me with that devastating honesty of hers. "He wasn't in love with me and I knew four weeks after I married him it was wrong for both of us."

At that time, she was appearing in the Aquacade in San Francisco. She had taken Eleanor Holm's place there at the World's Fair when Eleanor had been unable to come west.

"I was so lonesome up in San Francisco without my family," she went on. "I think loneliness was the real reason for my marriage. We never had anything in common."

"When agents from Hollywood began to show an interest in me—Leonard was very opposed to my having a film career. He was always afraid, or so he said, that I would 'go Hollywood.' I don't think I have."

"It isn't necessary to go into all the little nagging things that broke up our marriage. But finally I knew I just couldn't take it any longer. But I didn't want to hurt him. Even when I went to get my divorce, I just told the judge that we couldn't get along."

"But my mother—my wonderful mother—was sitting beside me, and quick as a flash she was on her feet saying, 'Judge, that isn't sufficient grounds for a divorce. I would like to say a few words.' And then mother talked as though she were inspired. She told the judge that Leonard had never wanted children—that he had announced that he would never bring another Williams into the world. That got me my divorce," said Esther. "But, then, Mother has always made it possible for me to obtain the things in life that are for my happiness and success."

ESTHER has such respect and admiration for what her mother has accomplished. Mrs. Williams is now a child psychologist at the University of California at Los Angeles and her work is almost solely devoted to attempting to salvage broken marriages for the sake of the children involved.

"We are native Californians, you know," Esther said proudly. "I was born right here and my family still lives in a little house in Inglewood that my father built with his own hands."

She said with real feeling in her voice, "My mother is a doer—my father a dreamer. I wish you knew my mother. She was an Iowa schoolteacher and after she raised her five kids, she went to college and got her degree! How is that for spunk? She has such wonderful understanding of people and such sympathy that it is just a stroke of genius that she is now in a spot where she can help people unravel their tangled lives. It is only when she finds a marital situation impossible that she advises a separation. And she thinks any marriage that does not allow for children is—impossible!"

"I want children more than anything in the world—and so does Ben. I was raised with a big family of my own and Mother was always bringing stray kids to the house, waifs who didn't have homes. Even in that tiny place my father had built, she always found room for them. Many of the boys she befriended and put on the right trail are in service and to this day Mother gets letters from them."

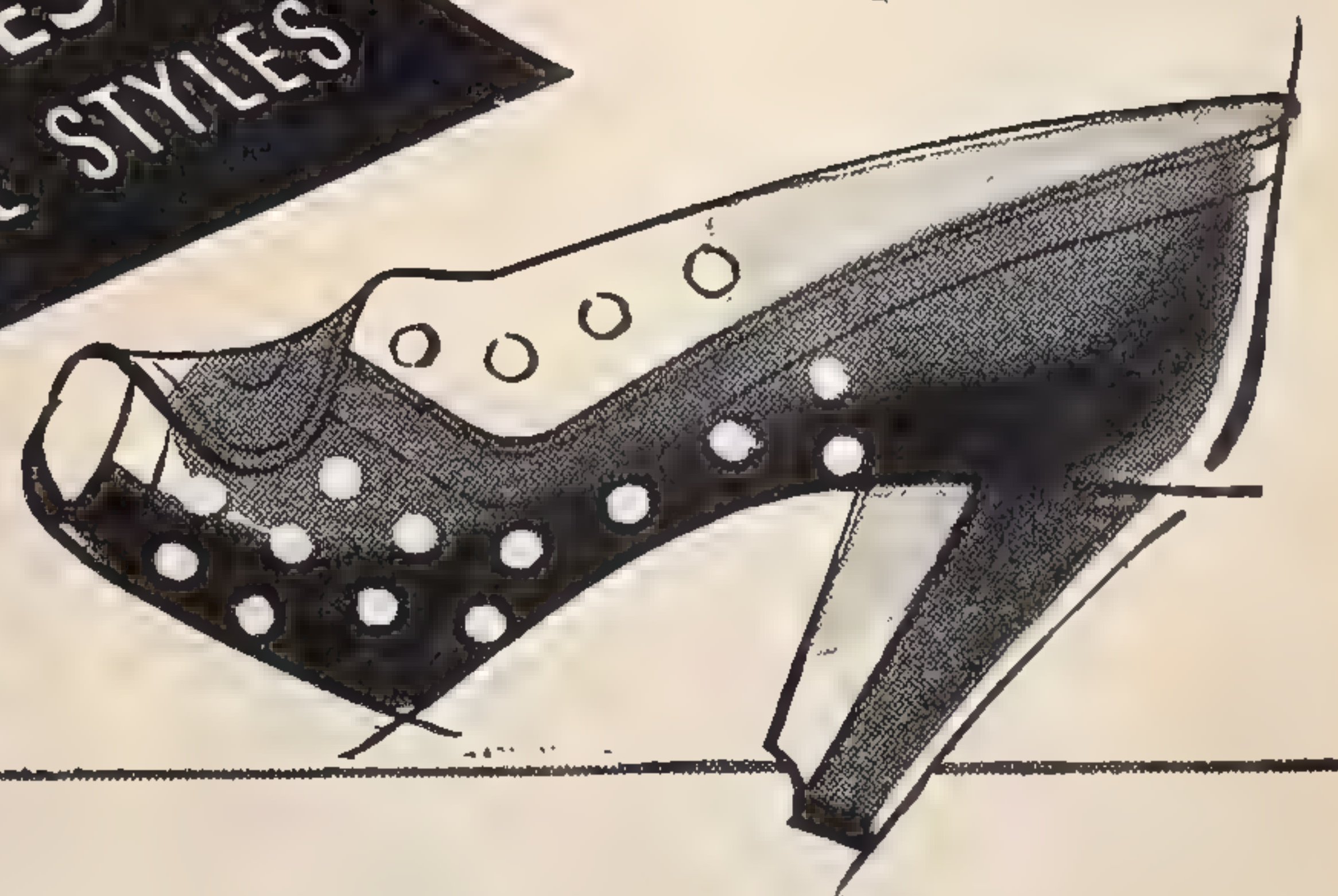
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"When I was a little girl we were very poor but, believe me, never really unhappy. It is impossible to be unhappy around a woman with Mother's sunny nature and philosophical outlook on life. She was never down-in-the-mouth about the 'sacrifices' she made for us children as are many women who have to work as hard as she did. If we had to scrimp to make both ends meet—she made it gay, almost as if we were playing a game.

"Just to give you an idea—we didn't have enough money to buy material for my graduation dress. So Mother came home with remnants, not all of which matched, and we had a picnic making my patchwork dress fit together so the odd parts did not show—too much.

"When I started to get a break and began to make money, I wanted to buy my parents a new home. Mother said, 'Let me think it over.' And then she refused. She said, 'In that room you were born. In this one, Davey had the measles. No, Esther, you could buy me a bigger, grander house. But you cannot buy me another home. This is where my memories are and where they will be as long as I live.'

"We really are not memories, though. That is the grand part of it. My brother and two sisters are married—one brother died at the age of sixteen. But every Thursday night we all come home to dinner. I always stay all night, in my little old room.

"I think one reason I love Ben so much is that we are both 'family' people. I have met his mother and father and grandmother and they are wonderful people. I could never love any man whose family does not match my own—and I mean that! Ben feels the same way. In fact," she laughed, "I think he is in love with my mother—but who isn't?"

ESTHER feels that their careers are another thing she and Ben have in common. There is not an ounce of jealousy on his part that her "name" is bigger than his.

"It won't be for long," she says with obvious pride. "It's just that I got a little earlier start. Ben has been in the Army four years in charge of radio at his camp. When he is discharged, of course, he will return to commercial radio—that's his game. He has the most beautiful radio voice. I know he will go right to the top. And between us there is not the slightest bit of worry about either one of us 'going Hollywood.'"

About her own zooming career she is singularly modest but not coy. She thinks that if she had not been a champion swimmer she might never have had a chance. That, I happen to know, is not true.

When I was in San Francisco with my favorite doctor and saw her in the Aquacade, I wrote in the column: "Why doesn't some producer sign this girl? She has a motion-picture face." A week after that item appeared, Louis B. Mayer, Sam Katz and Jack Cummings happened to catch her in the water spectacle and she was signed that very day.

"So you see," she laughed, "you are responsible for me." Well, I never did a better day's work.

I sincerely think this girl has something on the screen whether she is swimming or acting. Right now she is in "Hoodlum Saint" with William Powell and, she says with a chuckle, "There isn't a drop of water in sight." Maybe she isn't a great actress yet. After all, she has not made many movies. "Andy Hardy's Double" introduced her and then she did "Bathing Beauty," a number that set the service men to whistling every time she appeared on the screen. Her newest is "Thrill Of A Romance"—and it's a thrill all right—but the hero's name is Ben Gage!

THE END



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WRITE FOR BOOKLET — "Beauty Secrets of the Models" by C. Matthew Dessner . . . crammed full of facts that every girl should know: it's FREE!

All about Dall

(Continued from page 45) had close-ups and from behind the camera she had to feed me the lines she would speak in the big scene itself, she never just read the lines any old way. She gave them everything she had, even the right gestures. Which made it easier for me to catch the mood, of course.

"She even threw scenes to me. I couldn't begin to tell all she did. . . ."

This in itself would have been great generosity had John and Bette been friends. It was incredible generosity for anyone to show a stranger. And to the best of her knowledge and belief, she had never laid eyes on John before they worked together. However, several years ago, when John played summer stock in Vermont, a girl in a polo coat, a bandanna around her hair, with no make-up but lipstick and wearing dark glasses, came backstage to tell him how much she had enjoyed his performance. He thanked her politely and thought nothing more of it until several hours later when he learned that the girl had been Bette Davis.

"Whereupon I just about fell on my astonished face," he says.

Born in New York City on May 26, 1918, John has been in the theater off and on ever since he was fourteen. He made his theatrical debut as an old gray-beard of sixty in an emergency, when illness overtook the character actor of the stock company in Panama where, during vacation, John worked as janitor and handy-boy. His father was an engineer and his work had taken him there, so naturally the family went along. He was amused at the idea of John on the stage. So was his mother. So was his older brother, Tom. They all thought of his

future in terms of engineering. Although occasionally his mother would say, "The Navy would be nice too."

"Show my mother a battleship and she swoons," John explains, laughing.

NO ONE dreamed this accidental performance of John's was a portent of the years ahead. The pattern of their lives seemed so fixed in those days. Then, abruptly, it broke like a reflection mirrored in water that is ruffled by wind. John's father died. . . .

"Mother took over magnificently," John says. "Got herself a job as buyer for a Panamanian dress shop. When the shop went broke—we returned to New York.

"Somehow Mother, who became a social worker, got me into Horace Mann. A scholarship helped. It wasn't any good though. The kids there had lots more than I did. I couldn't return their parties and stuff.

"I was supposed to go on to Yale—on another scholarship . . . But, fortunately I burned my hands badly in chemistry. Whereupon, bored to death doing nothing, I got into the habit of dropping in at a dramatic school where a cousin was studying. That clinched it, proved beyond doubt that the theater was for me. I realized then that the stories—beautiful trash—I'd been writing and selling to pulp magazines under the impressive name of H. Treadwell Vanderwall had been nothing but an escape valve for an overwhelming dramatic instinct."

For years John worked in stock companies, thus serving a hard but invaluable apprenticeship. Then, on Broadway, he played with such outstanding actors as Arthur Byron, Aline MacMahon, Ruth

Weston and Edith Atwater; was cast as Remis in "R. U. R.," did a walk-on in "Janie" and finally came to the role which won him his chance with Warners, Quizz West in "The Eve Of St. Mark."

Now his brother Tom was in Europe, fighting as a paratrooper. John and his mother found themselves almost entirely dependent upon his income from the theater—the theater that had seemed such a lark long ago and far away in Panama.

In John's life at this time there was a girl. He loved her deeply. But because his salary was small and he believed his mother to be his first responsibility he told this girl that marriage must wait. She didn't agree. She married someone else. And John took it hard.

"Maybe for me," he says "that would have been the great love. Certainly the marriage I entered into soon afterwards was not. It was a great mistake. I got caught on the rebound, I suppose. My wife, who was an actress, undoubtedly had as bad a time as I did.

"I decided then that people in the theater never should marry each other . . . Although I'm sure they never should marry anybody else . . . It was all very unhappy."

John's voice is resonant. And he's so enthusiastic and intent about what he is saying always that he forgets to keep it low. People in shops and theaters and restaurants are forever looking up a little startled when a momentary lull is filled by his voice saying, for instance:

"But divorce made me more unhappy than marriage had. No one ever likes to admit failure in anything, I guess. Much less anything as important as marriage. . . ."

Or he'll announce, completely oblivious



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of the attention he is causing: "Very low necks are what I like on girls. And no hats. And hair that's just shampooed and brushed, not all twisted and braided and curled and pinned into a big production, like the facade of Notre Dame."

Or he'll say: "Girls who're forever running off to the powder room kill me. I took a girl to the theater and supper one night and it was terrible. The minute we got to the theater she had to dash off to make sure the wind hadn't mussed her hair. Between acts she disappeared again. When we went for supper she was either running downstairs to the powder room or she was completely hidden behind a compact that was so big it was practically a portable dressing table."

"I don't go for taking out a girl like that. It's no fun. It's a strain!"

Nancy Walker, definitely *The One* since last spring when John played in "Dear Ruth" on Broadway, stands clear of all such taboos. "It's because Nancy looks and acts so casual and has such a grand sense of humor that I like being with her," he insists. "The surprise party I gave for her on her birthday was a howl. All the presents were gags. You can do things like that with Nancy. She goes for laughs. One gag was a feather boa from the Year One. Another was an old flatiron. Nancy, opening them, was a scream."

In some ways John is far younger than his twenty-seven years, a great galumphing, carefree kid. But when he talks of acting and people and things he has read he turns mature and wise, with the timelessness of the artist.

THEY MET, John and Nancy, in a telephone booth at the Stage Door Canteen. John barged in thinking the booth empty, because Nancy, who is very tiny, was huddled in the corner. After that they looked for each other Tuesday nights when both were on duty there. Then John went to Hollywood. He was on top of the world when he came back, naturally. Nancy wasn't, at least not the night John saw her again at a party. His laughter and enthusiasm for life and work practically made her shudder. And when she was leaving and he started to follow her to the door she pleaded, "Stay away from me, please!"

"About two weeks later," John says, "I went to see Nancy's show, 'On The Town.' I was doubtful whether or not I should go backstage. But finally I did. She looked a little horrified at first. I could tell she had it all figured out that I was gone, that Hollywood and a little success had ruined me completely. She was polite enough and all that. But when I explained I'd just stopped by to tell her what a grand job I thought she did and that I really couldn't stay she didn't put a word in my path. . . ."

"Finally we got together at a party. I arrived with Markova and was petrified when I found the place jammed with celebrities. Prestige celebrities—like Bea Lillie and Clifton Webb . . . The kind of people who have been on the top so long that you shrink inside when you're around them—until you get to know them and discover how simple and human they really are. I spotted Nancy, also scared to death, hiding out in a window seat. She sure looked like an oasis to me. And I probably looked better than I had in a long time to her, too. Anyway she gave me the big grin. . . ."

It's been like that ever since. They spent all last winter and all last spring doing screwy things together. They would take a midnight train out to a suburb where friends lived because, suddenly, both of them had a mad desire to scramble eggs and eat them before an open fire. They rode back and forth across New York Bay on the Staten Island Ferry to the ac-



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companionment of completely idiotic dialogue with which they pretended the war was over and they were going to Europe. They saw every play in town that didn't play matinees on the same day they played matinees. They studied the technique of every accredited actor and actress. They greeted the dawn thundering on the piano in John's elegant sublet flat. And John sang too sometimes.

"If you can't make it good always make it loud," Nancy would tell him.

The next day it would be the better part of valor, considering the housing problem, for John to send roses to the neighbors who lived above and below him.

John would pick Nancy up later at her theater after his and her evening performance. And they would talk all night and have early breakfast at Reubens. They would talk of the last play they had seen, of the things they were going to do in the theater, of the Matisse odalisque they had just seen at the Modern Museum, of the egg rolls you could buy down in Chinatown, of the gag birthday presents they were going to give a friend, of the editorial in the Times that morning, of the latest book by John's favorite author, J. P. Marquand, of "Dick Tracy," of the rivalries and jealousies in the studio and theater. . . .

"I know a star, a very famous star," John told Nancy one night shortly after his return from Hollywood, "who has no rivalry or jealousy in her make-up . . . who is big enough to throw scene after scene to the actor who supports her . . . who is even willing to let him, if he can, steal her picture. When the actor is a stranger to her too."

Nancy looked incredulous, as anyone would. "That I would like to see," she said.

"That you shall see, my little pigeon," he promised.

When "The Corn Is Green" was previewed in Warner's projection room he took Nancy. All through the picture she sat quietly in the dark beside him. With her professional eye she was quickly aware of the story that had gone on behind the camera as well as the story on the screen. And there were times, when for her the story of Bette Davis and John Dall was an even greater human document than that of Miss Moffat and Morgan Evans.

When the picture was over, John and Nancy walked down the street in silence until John said, "She's so darn wonderful!" Nancy didn't ask who he meant. There was no more need to ask that than there would be to ask the name that always will be in John's heart—the name Bette Davis.

THE END

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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 62) Describe everything to him graphically—bring samples of your veil and wedding dress for him to touch.

You might consult at length, too, with the doctors who have cared for Jimmie, so that they can give you the full benefit of their knowledge about the subject of advancing Jimmie's welfare.

In time Jimmie will get over his feeling of inferiority, because such wonderful strides are being made in rehabilitation. You are being wise and sensible to go ahead with your life with Jimmie as if nothing had happened.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen and finished high school over a year ago. I had planned to be a gown designer with the secret hope that if I turned out to be good enough, I could eventually get a job in a studio.

However, the week before I was to leave for designing school I was in an accident, and now I am to spend the rest of my life in a wheel chair.

Do you think it would be of any use for me to go ahead and prepare for a designing career? I mean, would a girl in a wheel chair be able to advance herself far enough in her profession to be accepted for motion-picture wardrobe planning?

Patsy T.

Dear Miss T:

You mustn't feel yourself to be physically handicapped. Although I always get self-conscious when I say anything that might be construed as on the Pollyanna order, I truly believe that a person who refuses to recognize a handicap has automatically licked it. Lionel Barrymore's career certainly hasn't been retarded by his wheel chair, nor has that of Connee Boswell, nor of Jane Froman. I see no reason why you shouldn't attend designing school. If you find that your vocation for costume origination is not as great as you would like to have it, the chances are excellent that, meanwhile, you will have developed a new handicraft. Since the very thought of a designing career must indicate that you have some artistic ability, it may be that you are inherently a painter. Think what that could mean to you!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I just read a letter from a high-school girl in your column that struck close to home. You may remember that this girl was going to a school where there were many snobs. She was worried about not being included in the social activities of the school. Well, I just graduated from a school where the same situation exists. When I started to school I had a terrible time getting acquainted because I was shy and felt inferior.

Nevertheless, I joined the Glee Club and became chief soloist—still I had no friends. Then one day I overheard two girls talking. Both were saying that they were lonely and frightened and didn't know what to do about it. That set me to thinking. The next day I made friends with every person who sat next to me in class; I started the conversation, took the lead.

My school work picked up to the point where I graduated in the upper third in scholarship, and I had a very gay time during commencement—surrounded by dozens of real friends. Did I ever make the grade with the snobs? No—but I didn't care. I had made a circle of my own and I was completely happy.



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Perhaps my experience will help that other girl.

Marjorie M.

Dear Miss M:

My heartiest congratulations upon the stamina you brought to the solving of your own problem. I would have forwarded your letter at once to "Corinne N." if she had supplied me her full address. Perhaps she will read your letter in this space and follow your excellent example.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Recently in your column you said you lost patience with women for not remaining true to their husbands while they are in service.

My husband and I had been married five very happy years (I thought) when he enlisted in the Air Corps after Pearl Harbor. He had been gone only a short time when I discovered that I was pregnant. Tom seemed overjoyed to learn that we were going to have a family. I wanted everything to be perfect for his return to civilian life so I bought a new home. I redecorated it completely, doing all the painting and papering myself, and it turned out beautifully. I wrote to Tom regularly, keeping him informed of the progress of our home, and telling him all about the cute things our baby did as he grew. Of course I was lonely and heart-sick many times, of course I missed male companionship, of course I yearned to have a date occasionally—what normal girl wouldn't—but I stayed at home, worked with purpose in mind and high faith.

Meanwhile, Tom was returned to the States for additional gunnery training. I couldn't join him because there were no living quarters available. And then, one morning, I received a letter from Tom's attorney stating that Tom was suing me for divorce. I simply couldn't believe it because I had received a nice letter from him only a few days earlier. I consulted an attorney and learned that all during his training period (while I had been carrying our son) he had been going with a girl who lived near the field. When he returned from overseas, she joined him at his new base.

Tom's excuse for his behavior was that he and I had nothing in common after the first infatuation wore off. Apparently he hadn't been happy for a long time, while I was entirely content.

Well, Miss Colbert, this is just another side of the story. Women are condemned right and left for being untrue to their husbands who are away. I agree with you that sometimes this is a shocking breach of faith, but I think that in most cases it is the husband who betrays his marriage vows.

So next time you lose patience with women, remember the multitude who have played the game honestly, only to be rewarded by an experience like mine.

Phoebe A.

Dear Mrs. A:

Candidly, upon reviewing my answer to that soldier's letter about his will-o'-the-wisp wife, I thought that possibly I had been a little too hard on war wives, but during that month I had received hundreds of letters from men overseas whose wives or sweethearts had defaulted.

In your case, I would say that you are very much the victim. However, a girl of your homemaking ability will soon find a man more worthy of herself, provided she doesn't let this experience embitter her beyond reason.

I feel that—when a marriage is wrong—the wise thing to do is to accept what-

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Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

ever happens and bravely to rebuild a new life. In your case, apparently, you and your husband would have separated at some time in the future because he was not satisfied with your marriage. War simply hastened an unavoidable event.

I still think, however, that you did the right thing by staying at home, keeping your vows, and planning for the future. Now you have a fine son, an attractive home, and a clean conscience to reward your efforts.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Do you think a widow with a daughter of seven should consider a second marriage? That is my present problem and it has been the same for three years.

I have been in love with a fine young man for that period of time. This man is the type about which every girl dreams but seldom meets. He proposed to me before he went overseas, but I didn't accept because I was desperately afraid of the consequences.

Now he is to be released and has proposed again, via mail. He has assured me many times that he would love and provide for my daughter, yet I'm afraid that my child would resent a stepfather. I'm afraid that if there were other children she might consider herself an alien to the rest of the family.

My daughter never knew her own father, he died when she was very small, therefore she and I are very close. Do you think I would endanger our devoted relationship by a second marriage?

Could you please advise me, Miss Colbert?

(Mrs.) Marilyn M.

Dear Mrs. M:

In every case known to me personally, a second marriage by a woman with a child has worked out well.

The man you plan to marry would seem, from your description, to be a fine person. I am certain that he would make an excellent father—since he knows the situation and has already expressed his willingness to take the place of her natural father. The old bogies about stepmothers and stepfathers are rapidly being dispersed, as people know more of psychology and practise more common sense.

Please accept my wishes for your happiness.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and I have had a rugged life so far. My mother died when I was six months old, so my father sent me, my two sisters and my two brothers to his par-

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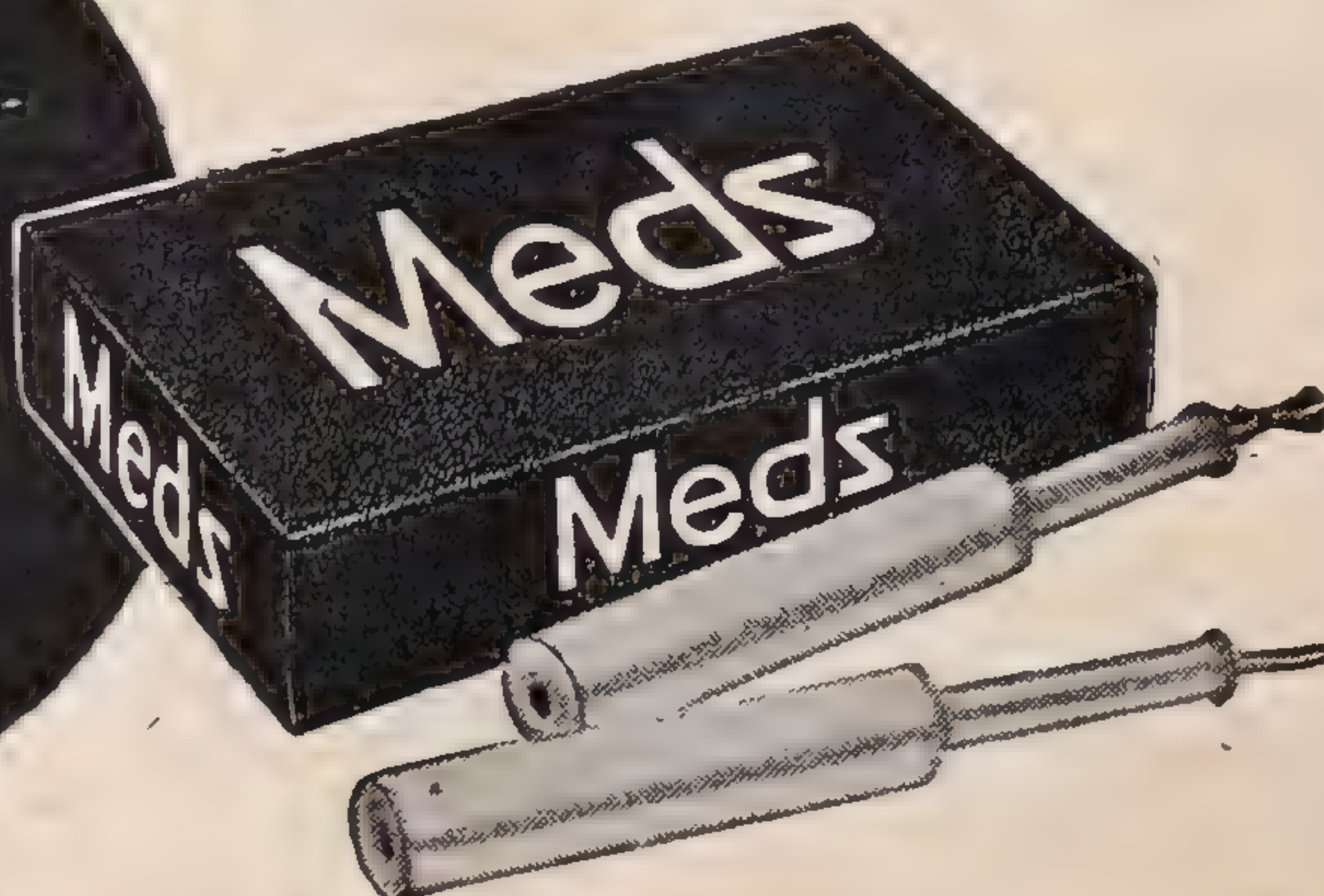
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ents in England. They died soon after so we were sent from relative to relative until the blitz, then we were sent back to my father. I never cared much for him, so when we fought I went to live with my sister who had gotten married.

Well, I met a nice boy named Johnny and grew very fond of him. One night he called to say he had tickets for a show, but I had to work, so like a fool I suggested that he take my girl friend. I might just as well have told him goodbye forever, because that was the last I saw of him.

I started to run around with service men and got myself into trouble. My sister found out that I am going to have this baby, but she is under the impression that Johnny is responsible and threatens to go to the police to make Johnny do the right thing. As the man who is responsible is married and has left this camp anyhow, I don't know what to do.

Should I make a clean breast of the whole thing, or should I just let my sister go ahead to the police? Johnny would hate me, but he does already anyhow. After I was married I would be my own boss and I could divorce Johnny to make it up to him.

Emilie M.

Dear Miss M:

I'm certain that you wrote to me without carefully thinking over what you are proposing to do. Would you subject a blameless person to police charges, to a loveless marriage, to the responsibility of supporting a child not his own, to frivolous divorce?

Under no circumstance should you impose your burden upon a blameless man.

Go to the police and give the name, rank, and serial number—if you know it—of the man responsible for your pregnancy. As you are below the age of consent, as set by law in your state, this unprincipled man will be made responsible.

You have had a rugged life. But this final and greatest trouble was brought on by your own error. It's so easy to say "No," so tragic to have to carry the burden of saying "Yes" for the rest of your life.

Claudette Colbert



Newcomers to the bachelor list—Cary Grant, who plays Cole Porter in "Night And Day," chats with Robert Hutton

Colleen on the Cover

(Continued from page 64)

Pet beauty secret: You can do it too—it's a half hour spent resting and relaxing in a warm bath, just before dinner. On a bathtub tray she has creams and a hairbrush; over the faucets are mirrors set into the wall; and usually there's a book in her hand which she's reading. Often she gets into the tub dog-tired—she always gets out full of vitality.

The books she lends to everyone: "Citizen Tom Paine," by Howard Fast and "Wind In The Willows," by Kenneth Graham.

What she's reading this evening in her bath: One of the Harvard Classics—all of which she is perusing steadily.

Best friends in America: The entire de Vally family, which is very big, and to one of whom she is godmother; actress Nancy Gates; actress Katherine Grayson.

The times when she is deaf: As one of six children who all did their homework aloud in one playroom—she learned to concentrate to the point of complete deafness. The result is that when she's studying her lines she hears nothing and nobody; she has no memory of questions asked her during her deaf period; and the only way to rouse her is to shake her.

Favorite roles: Her parts in "How Green Was My Valley" and "This Land Is Mine."

What happens when she loses her temper: She either talks a blue streak, repeating the same grievance a thousand different ways; or gets whitely silent.

What happens when you ask her advice on something: She sits silently staring at you until you feel frozen out—when really she's honoring your question by giving it thorough consideration before answering.

How she reacts to something nice you do for her: She has nothing whatever to say! Which means that she's so afraid of gushing thanks that she says not a syllable!

Happiest moment of her day: When she telephones home from the set to ask, "Did a letter come for me from Lieut. Price?" and the answer is yes. Then she shrieks, "Have Tony bring it over to the set!!" because she can't bear waiting until she gets home to read it.

Favorite piece of furniture in her home: The enormous four-poster bed in hers and Will's room—which is six-and-a-half feet wide and seven feet long, and mahogany. It has a flowered chintz canopy in blue and green, and when they bought it they had to have a piece set down the center to make it wide enough to suit them.

The one time she hated her husband: When she breathlessly tore open her husband's first letter home from his Marine base, expecting to read a literary gem of deathless love—and instead found a torn scrap of yellow paper saying, "Car is in parking lot east of the Pantages Theater. W."

What she loathes: Hot weather; insincere flatterers; and pigtails—which always look to her as if the wearer's hair is too messy to do anything with *but* pigtails!

The clothes she wears while the sun's up: Sports dresses and tailored suits—for comfort and for that well-groomed look. Or beautifully-cut slacks with matching jackets.



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**says Mrs. Herbert Marshall
—charming wife of one of
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MRS. HERBERT MARSHALL:

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Yes, Mrs. Marshall, and I think you'll agree that the smart new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks are not only lovely to look at...*they're wonderful to wear!* They don't run or smear. They stay on for many extra hours. And Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish assures lips not too dry—not too moist...vivid lips with a satin-like smoothness that makes them doubly inviting...In Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Tangee Natural!



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee
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most authorities on beauty
and make-up.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

The clothes she wears when the moon's up: Plain, straight-cut, good dresses with no frills or flounces—set off by lovely accessories. Her usual moonlit costume is the same plain, smart black silk dress she's owned for five years now, with an assortment of hats, shoes, gloves, bags and good jewelry.

What she and Will Price do on impulse: After one of their luscious home-cooked meals, they look at each other and say, "Palm Springs? Santa Barbara? Night club, all dressed up?" Then off they shoot on whatever excursion they choose. And sometimes when they get all done up for night-clubbing, they change their minds and stay home in their finery over a bottle of champagne!

What happened to her famous collection of dolls: They've vanished off window seats and bookcases into two crates in the cellar. Will didn't like them!

What's going to happen to Will's war collection of Jap swords: Maureen says they're going to vanish off window seats and bookcases into some crates in the cellar! She doesn't like them!

The miracle that is little Bronwyn: A dozen doctors told Maureen she could never have a child. So mass was said in some church in the United States every single day for a year; the Sisters of Charity Convent in Ireland (where her sister is a nun) prayed every day for a year—and Bronwyn was born. A modern miracle.

What she'll be doing twenty-five years from now: She'll be living in a hotel-like home with her husband and six children—and some grandchildren, for by that time Bronwyn will be twenty-six and by all rights should have three or four offspring of her own! Maureen will no longer be acting; she's been acting since the age of five and supporting herself since the age of eleven and she's ready to retire any time at all!

Vital items: Her real name is Maureen FitzSimons; her hair is gorgeous red; her eyes gray-green; her height five feet seven and one half inches; her weight 125 pounds.

What she and Will Price do when they're not cooking: They work in their garden—with Will chief gardener, and Maureen chief weed-digger.

The one time she preferred something else to a letter from Will: When he sent her (from where he was stationed in Florida) the record, "I'll Be With You In Apple Blossom Time." And she knew it was his way of telling her when he'd be home on leave!

THE END.

Peter Lawford

is coming your way—

in a stunning color portrait

and a tell-all story

in November Photoplay

B and B

(Continued from page 41) on the cheek. It was a gentle kiss—not like they do it in the movies. No long takes, no hamming it up for whoever might happen to be a witness. He was out the door and gone. The drier, guided by the capable hands of the hairdresser, descended upon her head. Lauren looked up at the hairdresser and winked. Once again the room began to roar.

Brief as their marriage has been, at long last Bogie has found what he has searched for in a wife. Sane-thinking to an almost alarming degree, Lauren Bacall Bogart knows emphatically in what direction their future happiness lies. There's no doubting her when she explains it. Hers is a mature mind, not given to flights of fancy, not driven to casting herself as the altruistic heroine of a real-life melodrama.

"I have always wanted a career," she will tell you. "But I have also always wanted a home of my own, a husband and children. I made up my mind long ago, that when I did find them they would come first. If my career interferes with our domestic life, it's best that I give it up. This could even be my last picture. Right now, it's sort of a test case. Bogie loves a home. He likes to come home to his meals, stay home and share it with his friends. I feel that a wife should be in a home. She should be there to see that it is run properly—not leave it in the hands of strangers. When I have children I want to raise them myself—not force them to get used to a strange nurse who takes the place of their mother.

"Ours is my very first home—the first time I have ever lived anywhere but in an apartment. It's a wonderful feeling to wander from room to room, to feel that it is ours. It's gratifying and comforting to know there is someone there to share it. For the first time in my life I have a safe feeling. When I look around at some of the career girls I have met in Hollywood, I don't envy them. They make lots of money. They are famous. But they are the loneliest people in the world. Not all, but some. Big mansions and empty hearts. I don't want to end up the same way. If it's possible to combine a career and home, that's for me. The minute I see that it isn't working out, home I go and home I stay."

SPEAKING of home, in the years to come it's going to be very difficult for Lauren and Bogie to look back on this present period and realize there was a housing shortage. From the day they announced their forthcoming marriage, their phones started to ring. Friends offered to find them a house. Several were found. Real estate agents placed their name at the top of the preferred list. Fans wrote in and even offered to move out of their own places, so the Bogarts could eventually move in.

It was Dave Chasen, owner of Chasen's restaurant, who steered them straight. Lauren and Bogie came in for dinner one night. Chasen came over to their table. He told them about a friend who was leaving for South America. It seems he wanted to sell his house, completely furnished, including Frigidaire, stove, washing machine and all those other unobtainables. It seems the house was on a hilltop overlooking a magic carpet of lights—visible from every room. It also seems that this description tallied closely with the mental picture of the home Lauren and Bogie were seeking.

They stayed briefly in one of the bungalows at the Garden of Allah. When the necessary papers were signed and cleared, they moved in. Bogie would boo you if accused of being a sentimentalist. In much the manner Steve might have behaved

"It's EASY and it's FUN!"

—says Mrs. Lois Clarke of St. Paul, Minn.

Wife and mother tells how she lost 53 pounds and "that middle-aged look."

"If only I had known how easily I could become slender," says Mrs. Lois Clarke, "and what fun it would be, I could have saved myself years of unhappiness. I read again and again about women who had taken the DuBarry Success Course, but I felt that somehow they must be different. So I went on—tired, irritable, overweight. Self-conscious about my looks, I dropped out of the Parent-Teachers Association and the Red Cross—just stayed home.

"At last, finding myself so out of proportion that I had to buy matronly dresses in size 42, I desperately decided to do something. That was when my mother, worried about my health, gave me the DuBarry Success Course. With her encouragement and my husband's tongue-in-cheek approval, I sailed in—went through the Course twice. Results: Down from 181 pounds to 128. Down from size 42 to size 14. That "middle-aged look" is gone. My skin is fine and clear, and my hair, once so stringy, is now truly lovely. As for the Success Course, I want to say that Ann Delafield should have an extra-special star in her crown for bringing health and beauty to so many women."



Above, a snap-shot of Mrs. Clarke when starting her Course. At right, the lovely Lois Clarke of today, looking far younger than her 35 years.



LOST
53 POUNDS

BUST
9" LESS

WAIST
9½" LESS

ABDOMEN
17½" LESS

HIPS
12" LESS

HOW ABOUT YOU?

Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you, just as it helped Mrs. Clarke and more than 225,000 others to find a way to beauty and vitality. You get

an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. Then you follow right at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

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Dries nail polish quick as a wink

Your waiting days are over! Here, at last, is super-speedy Cutex Oily Quick Dry, containing a special oil, that dries fresh nail polish quick as a flash—you're ready to put on your gloves and dash.

Won't dull lustre

Apply Cutex Oily Quick Dry directly over Cutex Polish or Overcoat. Polish is dry in a jiffy—there's no loss in lovely lustre... fine ingredients protect that 10-karat sparkle.

Softens cuticle

There's an extra bonus in Cutex Oily Quick Dry, for its beneficial oil gently softens cuticle skin—helps keep it smoothly in place.

Helps prevent chips and scratches

Get ready for shining nail surfaces—minus mars and scars. Cutex Oily Quick Dry helps keep fingertips flawless—prolongs the life of your manicure.

**Large bottle
only
25¢
(plus tax)**



toward Slim (in "To Have And Have Not"—as if you didn't know!), he carried Lauren over the threshold.

"You weigh a ton!" he groaned, which was as close as he came to expressing his genuine feeling.

True to tradition, they hadn't been in the house twenty-four hours when things began to happen. It was Thursday. Fred, their dark-skinned British butler (he sounds like Ronald Colman), had the day and evening off. Along toward midnight they were awakened by a nervous tapping on their bedroom door.

"Mister—Missus—please come out. Something has happened." It was Fred's voice and it was frantic.

The new Bogart home, built on a hillside, has three floor levels. Like all such homes, the water supply is controlled by pressure system. Too much pressure caused a pipe to burst on the lower floor. Before their horrified eyes they saw their living room floating around in one foot of water. For the next three hours they baled and swept water out the doors and windows. By next morning their parquet floor had swollen until there was a stationary island in the center of their living room. It took more than a flood, however, to dampen their spirits.

With the damage repaired, they settled down to happy normal living. The wedding presents began to arrive. A beautiful silver cigarette box from Lauren's mother, who was in New York trying to buy them linens. From Bogie's sister a silver ash-tray; his agent, a silver coffee service. From their friend, producer Mark Hellinger, glasses for every occasion and two decanters to match. Prominently displayed are two glass vases, their first gift from a fan. Their silver, stationery and linens are monogrammed with the two letters B—with "and" between.

DURING the making of "The Big Sleep" (Lauren's second picture opposite her husband) she drove a handsome black convertible coupe. It belonged to the studio but had never been driven off the lot. At the end of each day, she'd climb back into her own leaky, squeaky five-year-old jalopy. When she returned from her honeymoon, boss-man Jack L. Warner presented her with the pink slip denoting ownership of the big car. While Lauren was still pinching herself, Bogie took one look at the red leather-trimmed seat coverings, immediately ordered them copied for his own de luxe job.

There's been a lot of ribbing about the span between their ages. The Bogarts know it but it doesn't even faintly bother them. If you saw them together you'd appreciate their indifference. They kid back and forth. They enjoy their own personal jokes. They get a tremendous kick out of everything. Bogie loves to crack about Lauren's "down under" speech. "Wonder whose voice is going to get the lowest," he teases. "How about those cocker spaniel eyes," she comes back at him.

And speaking of those eyes, once upon a time they bothered her.

"Even when he's happiest, Bogie's eyes are sad," Lauren muses. "At first, when they looked that way I thought it was because of something I had done. It worried me. Now I know."

That gold slave bracelet that Lauren guarded so carefully before their marriage is now one of her proudest possessions. On one side her name is engraved. On the back, "From The Whistler." Jack Kriendler of New York's "21" gave them a set of gold whistles. She wears hers on the slave bracelet. He wears on his watch chain. At home she blows her whistle from one part of the house. Bogie answers back from another. It's their own

little personal signal system.

When working they lunch at the near-by Lakeside Country club. Bogie is a member and Lauren automatically became one when she married him. They like to eat alone. Occasionally they are joined by Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson, who are club members too. Included among the Bogarts' friends are, Lieut. Robert Raab and his wife. She played Gene Tierney's younger sister in "A Bell For Adano." Bogie was best man at their wedding. Raab is a sailing pal and one of Bogie's crew during peacetime racing season. Peter Lorre and his wife, lovely Kaaren Verne, Pat O'Moore and his wife (the former Zelma O'Neil), the Mark Hellingers, director Jimmy Kern, Thornton Delehanty (ace Photoplay writer) are on the Bogart friendship list.

Besides their broad-a butler, they have a cook and a part-time gardener. After dinner the Bogarts like to sit around their nine-room house and talk. Whoever furnished it originally must have had them in mind. It is modern but not in the high-styled sense of the word. Every chair is low, comfortable and bright. Both love music, love listening to Bogie's wonderful collection of recordings. He takes great pride in his home but he is a worrier. Even when there's nothing to worry about, he worries because everything is running smoothly. Lauren, just the opposite, believes implicitly that things will work out.

WHEN Lauren moved away from her mother, Mrs. Bacall hated to part with "Droopy" and "Puddles." So Lauren, who loves her dogs, loved them enough to make her mother happy. Louis Bromfield, who breeds boxers, has promised the Bogarts one of his prized Prince's puppies. It was Prince who almost stole the show at the Bogart-Bacall wedding. In the middle of the ceremony, in he scampered. Plunking himself right on the minister's feet, Prince proceeded with every canine trick to command all the attention.

Lauren and Bogie wear matching gold-mesh, chain link wedding rings. Neither has been removed. She hasn't yet received his wedding present because he's having it made. She imagines it may be a brooch to match the chrysoberyl ring he gave her for an engagement present. Material possessions hold no value for Bogie. To date Lauren can't get him to name one single object he wants or needs. His birthday, falling on December 25, at least gives her a partial break. More than anything else, Bogie would like to have children. More than anything else, Lauren hopes to give them to him.

About once a week they dine out—usually at La Rue restaurant on the Strip. They sit in the first booth, which is known now as the Bogart booth. Regardless of an early morning call, on this night out they stop for at least one dance at Mocambo. It's practically a ritual with the guy who isn't supposed to be a sentimental! As they wind their way through the tables, orchestra leader Emil Coleman signals his musicians. Softly and sweetly they give out with "That Old Black Magic."

Lauren and Bogie start grinning. Oblivious to all eyes in the place, they dance. Naturally this song has some great personal significance. Naturally it's their own personal secret. Seeing them there together, the place so crowded yet singularly alone, Bogie with Lauren—Lauren with Bogie, they look so right together. Just as it happened to Slim and Steve—it was meant to be all along. And in the meantime, the music keeps right on playing—"That Old Black Magic's got me in it's spell—that Old Black Magic called love!"

THE END

"Whoopee! I got the Injun sign on Prickly Heat!"



"Your little Indian will whoop with joy—"

"Look at my smooth-as-satin skin . . . and you'll know why Mommies an' babies are ravin' about mild, soothin' Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder. It's a won-n-derful help in preventin' prickly heat, urine irritation, chafing and lotsa other skin troubles! Here's why I say it's the best for baby's skin. . . .

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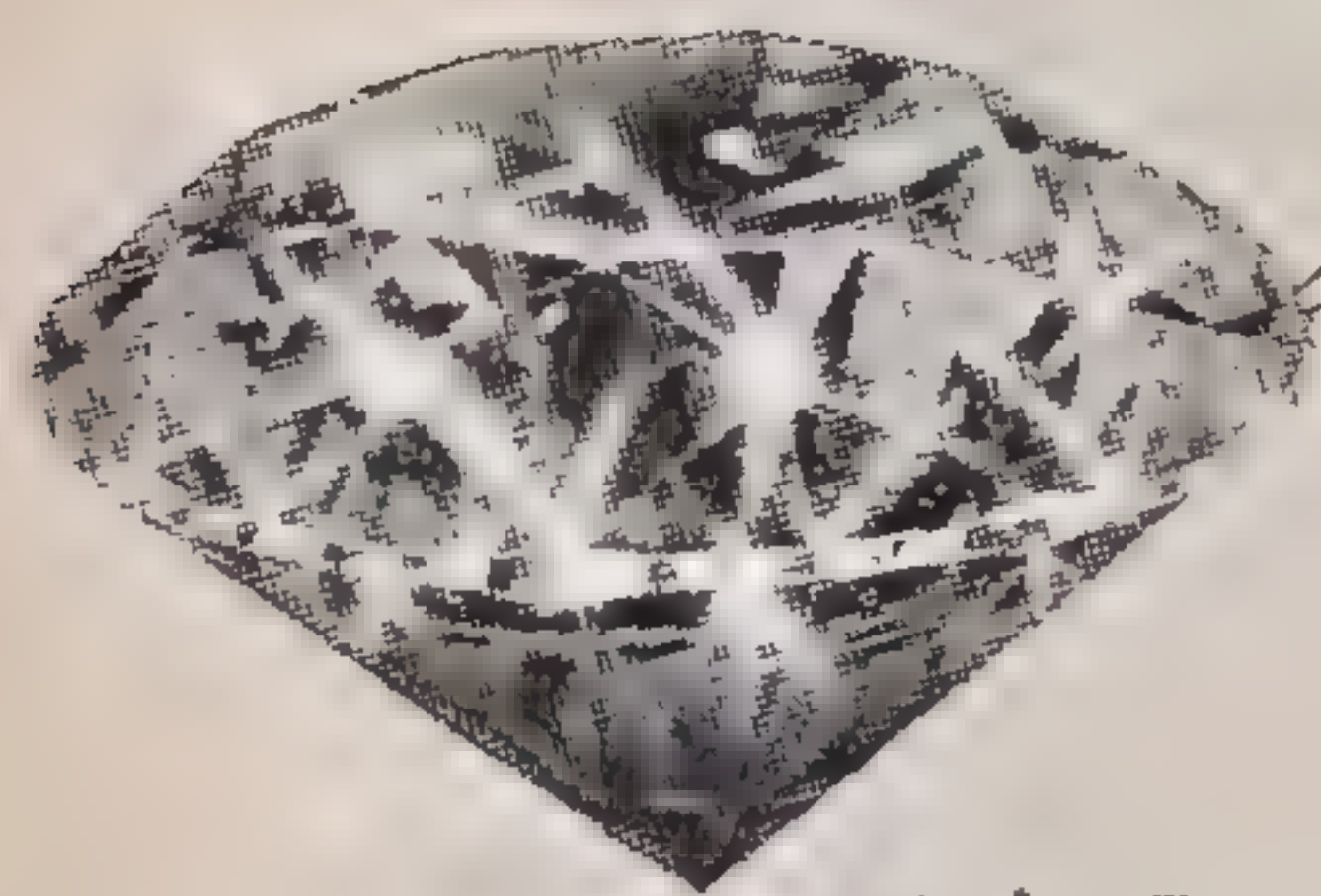
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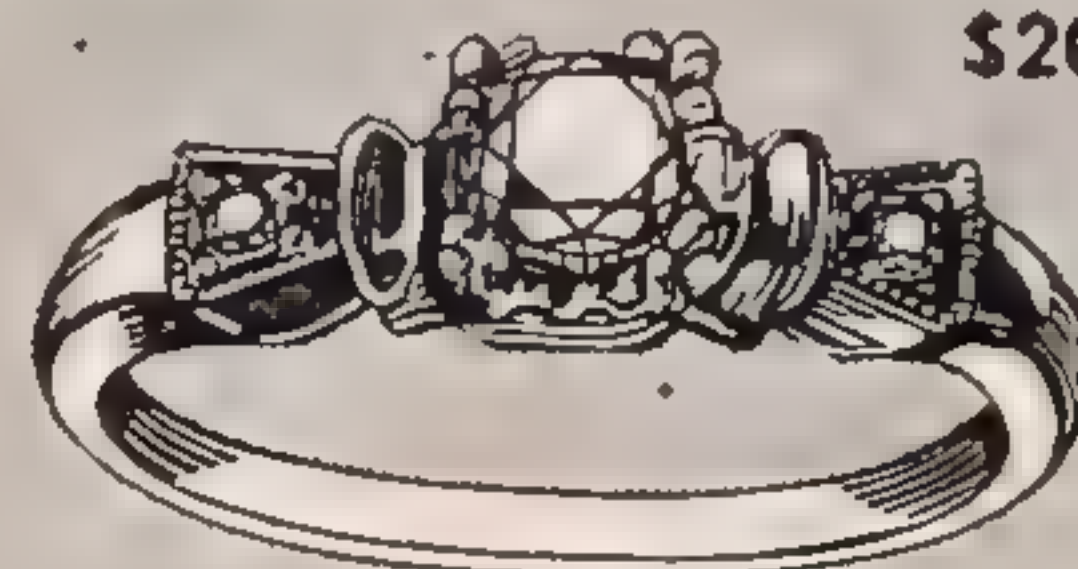
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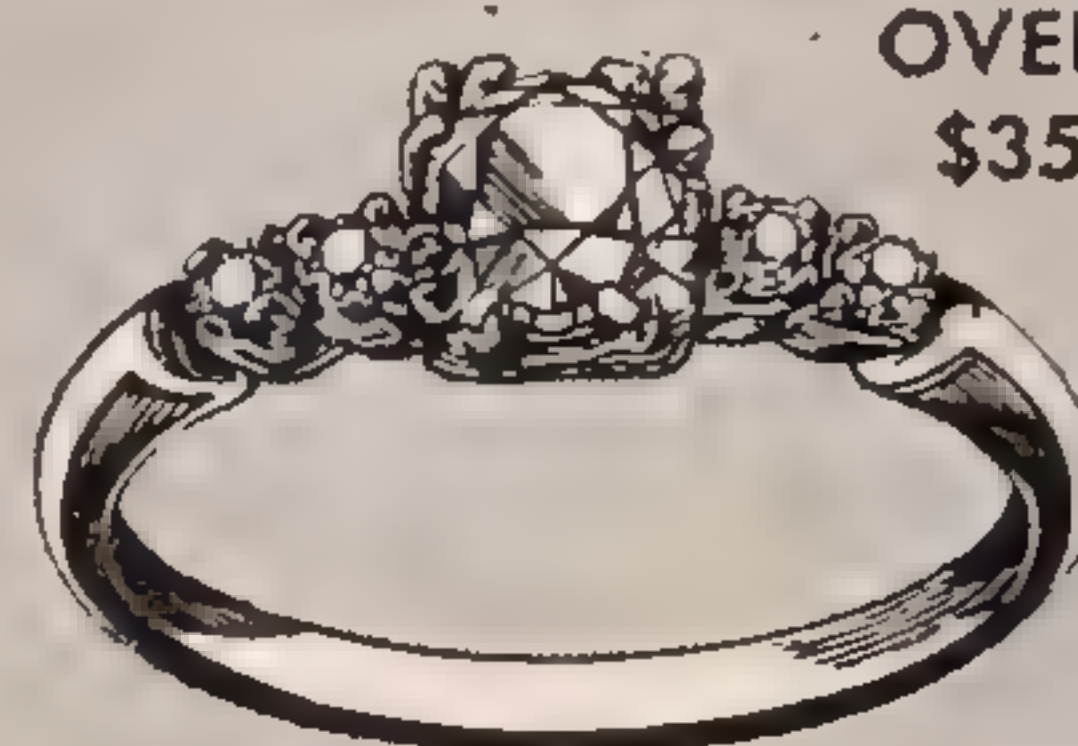
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Four Generations of Diamond Cutters

I Want to Talk to You

(Continued from page 33) breeds hate until there's no beginning or end to it—only all-around evil.

One night when I was playing with my gang up on the Palisades, those beautiful big cliffs that stand alongside the Hudson River on the Jersey shore, we saw a flaming cross. We were dead sure it was the sign of the Ku Kluxers we had heard so much about. And, sure enough, when we crept closer through the bushes we saw a lot of hooded figures. I was only a kid and I was far from an angel but I still remember the sick-making feeling I had when I saw those hooded men plotting there against other men.

Well, all of us kids rushed home and told our fathers about the meeting we had seen and a few minutes later a group of shirt-sleeved men armed with baseball bats and clubs and the fists God had given them broke up that un-American Ku Klux Klan gathering in the good old American fashion.

Lying in my bed that night I got to thinking about the things I had read in my history book. I got to thinking how our forefathers had left their homes in the old countries where many hatreds and racial antagonisms existed to come over here and set up a new world where they and their children could grow up without fear irrespective of what they believed or how they saw fit to worship God.

"No wonder," I thought to myself, "that those Ku Kluxers wear hoods. Any American who tries to persecute anyone because he is different from himself should be ashamed to show his face. . . ."

"Whoa there, Frankie Sinatra," called my conscience. "What about you? What about you not letting the Protestant who lives next door to you, the Jew who lives down the block and the negro who lives around the corner in on any of your games? What about the names you call after those guys? And what about the things you say to make your friends hate all those other kids too?"

Then, in one of those sudden flashes we all get sometimes, I knew that I was doing the self-same thing those Ku Kluxers did. Ashamed of myself, I didn't waste much

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time doing an about-face. Do you know what I found out? That same little Jewish kid I'd been so rotten to turned out to be a great buddy of mine. The Protestant boy was a swell little fellow. And the colored kid was a happy generous little guy who was always good for a laugh or a loan of his ball or bat. I soon discovered that in avoiding those kids I'd cheated myself out of a lot of fun.

BEFORE the late President Roosevelt died I told him I was going to take off some time to talk to you kids about the need for tolerance and to point out that we mustn't destroy the principles for which our grandfathers founded this country and which our boys are fighting and dying to preserve. The President was very pleased for, like all the great liberals who have set up our democracy, he put a high value on personal liberty and the freedom from fear which can only exist in a land where personal liberty thrives. It was Patrick Henry who said, "Give me liberty or give me death," but there hasn't been one among our great leaders who hasn't felt the same way.

So, in view of all this, who are we to sit at home and set up prejudices which in time would destroy personal liberty and make for fear? Who are we to imitate the self-styled "master race" by feeling our particular kind of human being is better than any other kind of human being?

Do you know something? If you were to take a heart and brain from any man there would be no scientist on earth who could tell positively from what race that heart and brain came. All of us really are the same, you see.

Look, fellows and girls . . . I'm so deeply grateful for the wonderful enthusiasm and support you have always given me. I am particularly grateful for it because I know that only here in America could that kid who was called a little wop and had stones thrown at him over in Jersey not so many years ago have made the time I've made. But remember this—the same degree of opportunity and good fortune can come to you too only if you keep this swell land of ours a free and open field where anybody can get ahead and prosper and where—unlike those countries where intolerance was allowed to flourish—nobody ever will lose his business or his home or his loved ones because of his race or creed or color.

As a performer I have often been told to stick to my last and let those whose job it is correct these things I have been talking to you about. But it happens I think it is the job of every one of us who is really American in the true spirit to stamp out intolerance and persecution wherever and whenever we see it—so it never gets the chance to make any real headway.

More than this, I believe every time any one of us takes part in any movement or activity which even remotely smacks of intolerance and persecution we betray not only our forefathers who wanted this to be the land of the free but our boys who are fighting to keep it that way.

Don't take part in anything that isn't American, Kids. Keep your friends from doing the same thing. And although I may be criticized for this, if anybody approaches you in any attempt to enlist your help in any filthy scheme of intolerance, resort, if necessary, to the old American custom of our forefathers—punch him in the nose!

Let's all—Black and White, Jew and Protestant and Catholic—band together to keep this country a nation indivisible—with liberty and justice for all!

THE END

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finer new texture...lovelier shades
...for that luscious film-star look



AVA GARDNER appearing in "SHE WENT TO THE RACES," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Woodbury BRUNETTE gives a dark-toned skin like Ava's a vivid glow, destined for enchantment!

A Woodbury powder to give your skin the flawless look stars have on the screen! NEW 5-way blending creates stay-fresh SHADES, smoother TEXTURE to cover little lines and blemishes.

It never cakes, turns pasty, makes your skin look "porey". Just clings for hours of enchantment! Watch your skin take on new appeal with "Film-Finish." 8 shades.

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"I recommend for lingerie,
A LINIT rinse," says Sunny,
"Twill save your dainty clothes
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And therefore save you money.

"Before you go to bed each night
Just give your clothes a 'quickie'.
In lukewarm water lightly starch
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"So if you'll do this every night
(It only takes a minute)
Your things will look so spick
and span,
So crisp and fresh with LINIT."



AT ALL
GROCERS

What a Guy!

(Continued from page 39) up he haunted the irrigation ditches near his home—used to camp out near them and hunt rabbits for food and fun. Later, when he had a jalopy of his own, he would drive a ridiculous number of miles at every opportunity to get himself an ocean. The outdoor life was his stuff. He hunted with guns and with bow and arrow. He worked in the orchards in the summer (for seventy-five cents a day) to buy clothes to wear to school in the fall—and to buy the camping equipment which seemed so essential to him.

He grew tall and broad in the shoulders and the mop of blond hair which tumbled above his tanned face didn't detract at all. The girls in Bakersfield viewed him with a deal of favor and Guy returned the compliment by developing a nice eye for a pretty ankle or some unusual eyelashes or a figure which suited a sweater. He "went steady" occasionally, he admits and adds, redundantly, that he really likes girls!

But he had a fierce desire for independence. He never had time to go out for the athletic honors which might have made him a celebrity in high school. He was working. He became a telephone lineman . . . one of those intrepid fellows who put spikes on their shoes and shinny up poles to cope with dangerous live wires when a storm or something puts your telephones or electric lights out of order. He was saving his money at that time to buy a boat and become a deep-sea fisherman.

He hasn't had the opportunity to do much deep-sea fishing since he has been in the service, but he is "saving" La Jolla (near San Diego) for a special fishing spot after the war. He has been able to get into the foothills occasionally to hunt rabbits with his bow and arrows and he spends a lot of evenings working on the arrows. He makes them himself, but apparently they are temperamental things and require attention which some other people might accord to a troupe of prima donnas.

THIS, then, is the lad who found himself abruptly a Hollywood celebrity. Hollywood was, perhaps, even more astonished than he was. After all, it was only a "bit" that he had in the picture. No one had ever heard of him before that and he had little exploitation. But interest in him mounted by leaps and bounds. His fan mail grew to an alarming volume. Certainly every critic in the country and probably half the picture-goers now know the name of Guy Madison—"who played the sailor in the picture, "Since You Went Away." His is one of the most spontaneous and most spectacular successes that has ever been scored on a single performance.

He has had to do a lot of thinking, has young Guy. He has sampled Hollywood warily on these occasional weekend leaves. He spends hours and hours of his leisure time at the studio, studying, being coached, trying to learn the ropes. He thinks it must be the hardest work in the world . . . a lot more confining than the fishing business . . . "and not as healthy, either." But now, after nearly two years of sampling, he finds it more interesting and less appalling than it seemed to him at first.

The evenings in Hollywood are pretty nice. He has escorted Judy Garland to a premiere, has dated such luscious objects as Rhonda Fleming, Suzie Crandall and Dorothy Mann. He has attended two or three glittering parties where fabu-

lously famous and talented people have been nice to him and have encouraged him. He sometimes attends night clubs with Henry Willson and some of his friends but the prices seem so fantastic to him that he views these occasions dubiously. The glitter doesn't seem worth what is charged for it.

OF course, he admits, it's stimulating to meet and even occasionally to date girls who are famous for their glamour the world over. "But," he observes, "where I came from, if you met a girl at a party and liked her, you could just call her up the next week and ask her to go to the movies or something. Here you can't do that. She's likely to think that you want something . . . even if it's only to get your name in the paper by being seen with her."

He is uneasy, too, this young American, about meeting other celebrities, even if they aren't date prospects. Already it has seeped into his consciousness that here, in the Never Never Land, you must be careful of what you say and to whom you say it. Something he inherited from sturdy forebears makes him resent this. He and his ancestors have been accustomed to "speak right out."

Still, the work itself, oddly enough—that grueling study at the studio—has begun to fascinate him. After months of soul-searching, Guy knows now that he wants to be an actor. "There is," he concludes, "a lot to it." What he means is that he has finally felt the challenge and the excitement and he is also beginning to feel his own fitness for all this.

His good looks sort of sneak up on you. At first glance he is a brawny thing . . . big shoulders, narrow hips and a nice color scheme of tawny hair and bronzed face. You have to watch him talk and smile, you must observe him when he becomes really interested in what he is saying before you realize how electrically handsome he is. That kind of handsomeness arises from something inside a man's brain. Guy Madison has it, although he is apparently unconscious of it. In fact, he is overall a very shy sort of person.

He has theories about marriage, as applied to Hollywood, and they are as sound and well-thought-out as his feelings about the prices of night club food. "You'd have to know your way around," he opines, "before you would dare to tackle it. And even then you might be wrong. Imagine two people in one family, trying to say the tactful thing to people at a party. They might cross one another up completely! It seems to me it's difficult enough for one person to try to feel his way around in this place . . . But maybe, when you've been in Hollywood a long time and know the ropes . . . Well, I don't know!"

Aside from his extreme caution about nearly everything, Guy is distinguished by a magnificent appetite. He not only loves to eat, but he loves to talk about eating . . . and he will, on and on, if you encourage him. Or even if you don't. He can not only provide, with gun, bow, line or his two bare hands, the food for a robust meal, he can also cook it and he has definite ideas about how that should be done. He can also toss a tasty salad. If you invite him to dinner, you'd better be prepared to cater to a gourmet—a husky one.

The Madison head seems to sit squarely above that sailor collar. The Madison career seems assured . . . comes the end of the war.

It is all, Guy and Hollywood agree, very surprising!

THE END



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Magnificent color-originals to highlight your loveliness:
 Venus Red Pink Peril Blue Blaze Red Scarlet Satin
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*ONLY SOLITAIR HAS THE FASHION-POINT!
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Man from Mars

(Continued from page 43) which required him to wear a beard he'd be delighted to compete with Monty Woolley.

In fact his youthful appearance causes Bill considerable distress, even while it delights his mercenary bosses and the lady fans.

He looks much younger than he is, always has looked younger than he is, and will probably look like a whipper-snapper until he's seventy, a possibility which bothers him no end because he really doesn't want to be an actor much longer, he would rather direct or produce or both, and there is slim chance of anyone entrusting him with a two-million-dollar production while he still looks like an Eagle scout. Which, no getting away from it, he does now.

He has other crosses to bear. For instance, girls are bound to call him "cute," either in dazzled whispers in the mezzanine of a neighborhood movie house or, more daringly, to his face. He can't escape it—his eyes are just round enough, his nose is just short enough, his smile is just gay enough. He has the ingenuous and intriguing expression of a slightly cynical baby.

YOU do not have to know him long or well to know that he would rather live in New York than in Hollywood and would rather act on the stage than the screen. This is true of quite a few actors, but Bill Eythe is the only one I ever heard admit it without saying, "Off the record, of course."

He would like to be in New York for reasons both of art and of indolence.

"In Hollywood," he says reasonably, "you work hard all day and sleep all night so you can work hard again the next day. In New York you work two and a half hours, then you bowl a few games and drink and go to bed and sleep late and get up and read the newspapers, and then you go out and walk or go to a museum or a movie and have dinner before you go back to work again."

He toils and he is ambitious but there is a wide streak of Sybarite in him and he encourages it whenever possible. He likes eggs poached in wine and champagne of a beautiful French year and long lazy Sunday afternoons of spines fitted to the curves of comfortable chairs and rambling conversation mostly about the theater.

Like all actors, he likes to talk about other actors. He has great fun mimicking the season's pet ingenue, hooting the current ham and raving about his particular theatrical crush. (Yes, actors have idols too—usually of the opposite sex and years older, true, but idols nevertheless.) Bill will give out about Tallulah Bankhead at the drop of a cocktail; he thinks she's superb. And his paeans about Greta Garbo would make the pale Swede's ears tingle happily.

And he, of course, is the boy who became an actor only by what might be called a psychological accident.

Back in Mars, Pennsylvania, (population 1,000) there was quite a stretch when Bill Eythe was just "Dutch Eythe's kid brother," and the talk of the town revolved about its all-American gridiron hero and chief claim to fame, and that reflected glory was Bill's only touch of glamour.

Bill was ten years younger than "Dutch" as well as infinitely less celebrated, and he is sure now that he was nudged by jealousy and a longing for a little section of the limelight for his very own into choosing a profession a little out of the standard Mars line.

"I became an actor because of my brother, no question about it," Bill admits. "I couldn't stand his being the hero of the family. It did something to me, and the only cure for it was acting. Acting had a really therapeutic effect on my wounded ego."

He confesses that although his success on the Broadway stage and in the movies has been fine for his own pride, it has not caused the town of Mars, Pennsylvania, to erect sculpture in his honor or set off rockets in the streets. In fact, on his first visit home after his celluloid triumphs he was able to stroll into the old drugstore and order a soda without causing a ripple. The proprietor just said: "Ain't seen you around in quite a while, Bill."

Bill gave him the cue fast. "No, I've been working out in Hollywood."

"Hollywood?" The proprietor nodded wisely and gave a broad wink. "Tschk, tschk! Some girls out there, hey?"

That was the star's welcome home.

POSSIBLY no one in his back yard expected Bill to achieve fame as an actor because he spent so much time studying painting. He still smiles when he thinks of his days at the Pittsburgh Art Institute where he would try to concentrate on the problems of anatomy in the life class while the salesmen at Horne's department store just across the street leered over at the models.

Looking back on it he has a certain sympathy for the lads' attempts to brighten up their dreary afternoons, for he had a fling at department store selling himself. He purveyed gents' haberdashery at Kaufman's in Pittsburgh, and was particularly successful in convincing ladies that what the gentlemen of their hearts' desires really needed most was red silk pajamas embroidered with white dragons. In his brief career behind the counter he figures he was responsible for more nightmares than any other factor in the state at that time, including the combination of dill pickles and ice cream.

He still paints when he has time, in a rather primitive style, he feels, because he was not much good at taking instruction and always had a few rather Gauguin notions of his own, and he also composes. He played over some of his compositions recently, and reported with typical Eythe candor, "They sounded like bad Gershwin."

He may write again someday—he was quite successful at writing radio scripts on the side while he was at Carnegie Tech—and eventually he may write, direct and produce, depending on how soon he can achieve a few lines in his face.

Among the fruits of his screen achievement he hopes someday to have a beach house, and his favorite method of relaxing when he's on the West Coast is to go to Palm Springs and ride horseback.

Bill is rather proud of his father, from whom he probably inherits the bulk of his rugged individualism. The senior Mr. Eythe, a small contractor in Mars, saw "You Can't Take It With You" at the local movie house one night, decided that the fellow in it had the right idea and has never worked again from that day to this.

So you had better catch Bill Eythe whenever his pictures play your theater, for he is a chip off the old block and it's possible his days as an actor are numbered. He may happen to read "Robinson Crusoe," decide Robinson had the right idea, and set sail forthwith for a tropical isle.

If he does, don't worry about him, for he is a lucky and talented fellow, and the island he lands on will have gold in its hills, sturgeon in its streams and a girl closely resembling Dorothy Lamour sitting on its beach as Bill puts in to port.

THE END

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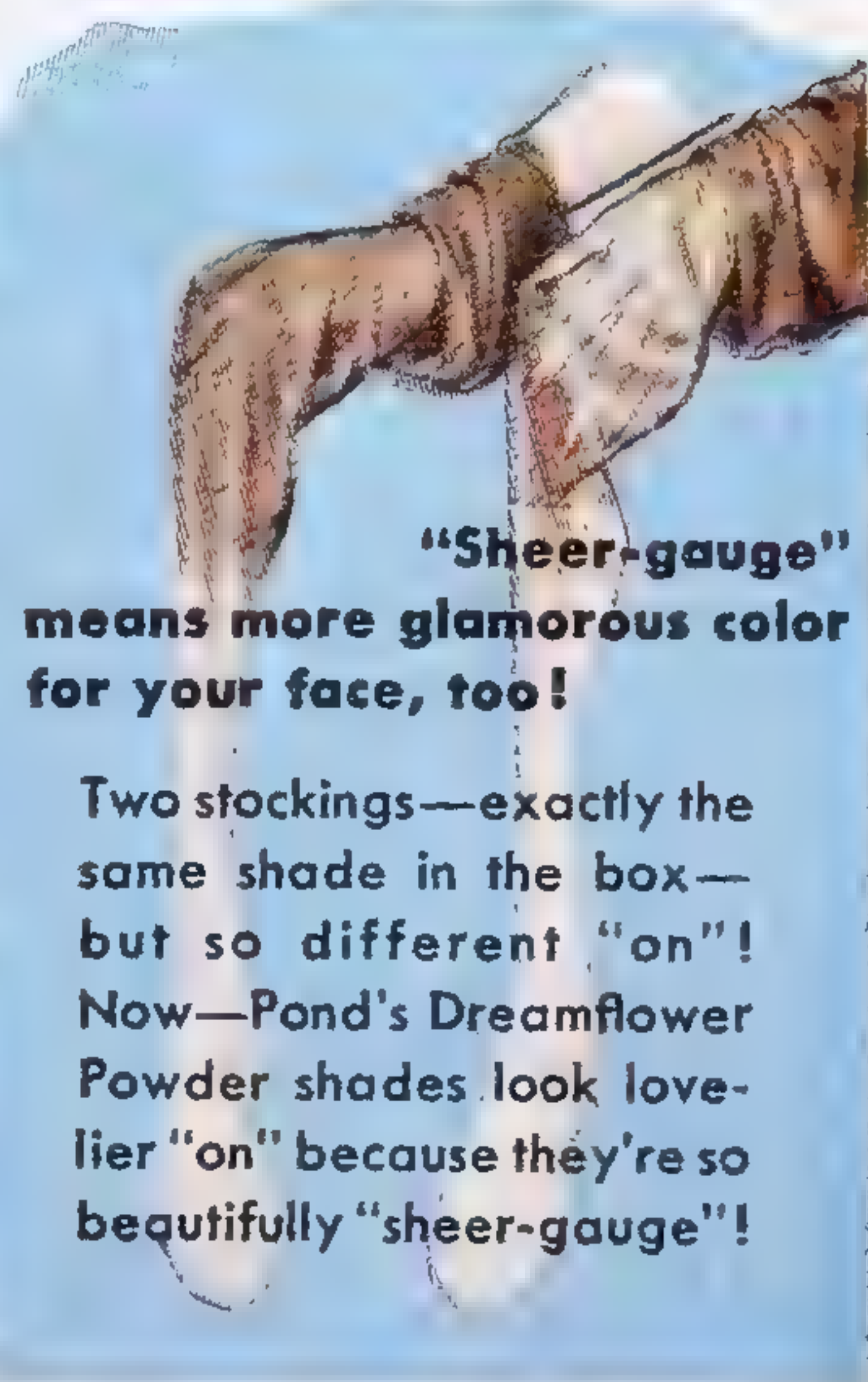
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Betty Grable's Secret Date

(Continued from page 47) sat around a gaily-colored table. We ordered refreshments. Tubby, good-natured director Archie Mayo ambled along and joined us. He was the one who asked the boys, "Where you from?"

Chicago, the tall one, Texas, the drawl, and the third called home a tiny town in Pennsylvania.

They were full of their Betty Grable story. They were bursting to tell it. And no wonder!

The previous afternoon, their first visit to Los Angeles, they had arrived at the Ambassador Hotel for their last leave before quitting the country. Staring out the windows it dawned on the Chicago boy that those distant hills were Hollywood. When he revealed this to his companions, Texas, stretched upon a sofa, lackadaisically suggested they call up Betty Grable.

Of course Texas was joking. They had never met Betty Grable. And he knew if you telephone a movie star at a studio you will only be connected with an operator asking who you are and what you want. Should you, by some miracle, get by her, you may find yourself talking to any of a dozen human barriers—a clerk in the publicity department, a maid, a secretary, a script girl or a fifth assistant director, the last being fancy language for office boy. But, undoubtedly, you won't advance one step nearer your beautiful goal.

"All right, let's call Betty Grable," agreed the flier from Pennsylvania. Why not? He had no qualms. In his home town everyone spoke to everyone else. So what?

Picking up the receiver he asked the hotel operator to connect him with Twentieth Century-Fox. "That's where she works, isn't it?"

HOW the next part happened I shall never know. The operator might have been new at her job, the assistant director absent, or perhaps the good spirit watching over fliers simply intervened. It is incredible.

The immediate result was they did get Betty Grable!!

She spoke from a telephone on the set. The boys each said, "Hello." They told her who they were, why they were there. They jabbered at once, they were pretty incoherent. Still she managed to grasp the general idea. And when Chicago stuck his head practically into the mouth-piece asking, "Howz about a date?" Betty Grable did not take offense nor did she disguise her voice and pretend she was her secretary and swear she was ill or out or busy or away. Instead she invited them to the studio. What is more she sent her car to pick them up.

You can imagine the state of the boys, the getting ready, the hasty hair slicking, the to-do and excitement. Within an hour they were on the set. Between shots Betty Grable greeted them. They watched her work until five-thirty. Then she invited them home to dinner. Not being married then, she was living with her parents.

Arriving at the house, she showed the boys around.

"She had a white fur rug in her bedroom," remembered Chicago with awe.

They ate a home-cooked dinner together. Afterwards Betty Grable, who must have been tired from acting throughout the day, suggested, because she knew how much it would mean to them, that they go dancing.

The three boys had the same terrified

reaction; would they, pooling resources, have enough money to take her out? By no means were they green. They had heard about Hollywood night clubs and cover charges and what all.

They didn't know their Grable. She steered them straight to the Palladium which is within anybody's price range. The Palladium is not a night club—just a super-duper, huge hall built mainly for dancing.

"And it sure was some dancing," drawled Texas.

"Not like with other girls," said Pennsylvania. "The floor was jammed, but when they saw Betty Grable, people would stop and make way."

"It sure was wonderful," sighed Texas.

"It sure was," agreed Pennsylvania.

"You said it," came from Chicago.

"But that isn't everything," Pennsylvania told us.

It seems after dancing they became hungry.

"Guess it was the exercise," said Texas.

So Betty Grable drove them back to her house and helped them raid the kitchen.

"I defrosted the icebox for her," recalled Pennsylvania happily. "She asked me to."

Since it was very late she also asked them to spend the night, leaving them in her spacious guest rooms.

When they awoke she had already left for work.

"I never swallowed that stuff about movie stars getting up at six o'clock," said Chicago.

"She sure does," remarked Texas.

"Her father made breakfast for us," Pennsylvania said. "He brought us to the studio. We watched her work again. And we had lunch with her in the commissary. She did something else for us too," he added. "There was a kind of fly in our ointment . . . you see . . ." He looked embarrassed.

Chicago continued. "We knew none of the fellows in camp would believe our story."

"Who would?" commented Texas in his easy drawl.

"That's why Betty Grable supplied proof. She had her picture taken with each of us."

"Some girl," murmured Pennsylvania.

"Come to think of it, though," commented Chicago suddenly, "it was just another date."

In accord they nodded.

For a moment I was shocked, furious. Here, Betty Grable had been to all that trouble and these boys labeled it just another date!

Then my anger cooled and I saw what a truly splendid thing she had done. Any star could have, with the grand manner, dispensed autographs. It took Betty Grable to act so wholeheartedly natural she caused three young aviators, from totally different sections of the United States, to forget who she was and, for a short while, feel as if they were with any girl back home, raiding a kitchen at midnight, defrosting an icebox . . . just another date.

Archie Mayo's voice broke in upon my thoughts. "I'm not in the least surprised. When the income tax was increased and everyone hollered so much about it, Betty Grable said she didn't understand the fuss, that she, for her part, loves to work."

"Don't forget, I'm with Twentieth too," declared Archie, "and of the many stars on that lot . . . Betty Grable is the most regular."

I can well believe it.

THE END



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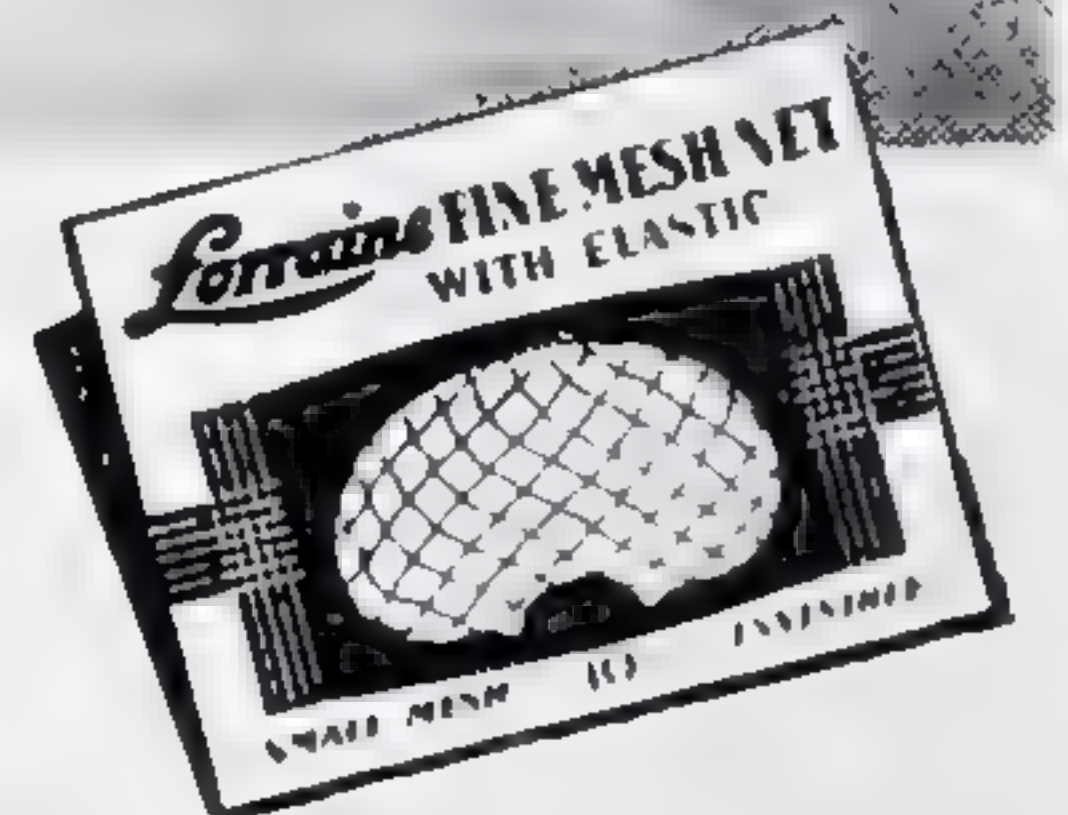
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Halfway to Heaven

(Continued from page 34) presented Bea Lillie and Bert Lahr in his own production, "The Show Is On."

With a New York wedding in mind Vincente, busy in California, telephoned Mr. John of John Frederics in New York to ask if he knew of an apartment. John offered to look around. Finally he called Vincente back. Martin Block, the radio star and producer of "The Make Believe Ballroom" would lease his triplex penthouse, ringed with terraces and furnished with a French decor.

John went on, in effect: "You enter an L-shaped corridor, Vincente. On that floor is a guest room and bath and a master bedroom and bath and dressing room. Also, at the end of the corridor there's a dining room, kitchen, pantry and servants' quarters . . . A curving stairway leads to the second floor and the living room, about fifty feet by twenty-two . . . The third floor is smaller; has a playroom and bar, including a slot machine. . . ."

"We'll take it!" Vincente decided promptly.

When at the last moment Mrs. Garland was unable to come east for the wedding, Judy decided to be married in her mother's house. This also meant that Louis B. Mayer could give Judy away. Often Mr. Mayer must have wished, together with all those who love Judy, that somehow she might find the happiness and fulfillment personally she knows professionally; even though this is not too often given the true artist. For there's an excellent chance that Vincente, another true artist, as her husband may bring the same bright magic into her life that he has, as her director, given her pictures.

Certainly the few close friends who saw them married, heard their quiet steady voices making their vows, saw the deep tenderness of their marriage kiss, believed it was a happy day.

Judy wore a pale blue-gray jersey dress that had a little bustle and that was embroidered with pink pearls. A La Boheme bonnet sat far back on her reddish gold hair. She carried pink peonies almost as big as herself. There was a bride's cake, three tiers high, which Judy and Vincente cut with an old silver knife tied with gardenias and white ribbon. In the garden they posed for color pictures for Photoplay. Between times everyone must admire the black and gold wedding band, set with tiny pearls, which complemented the pearl

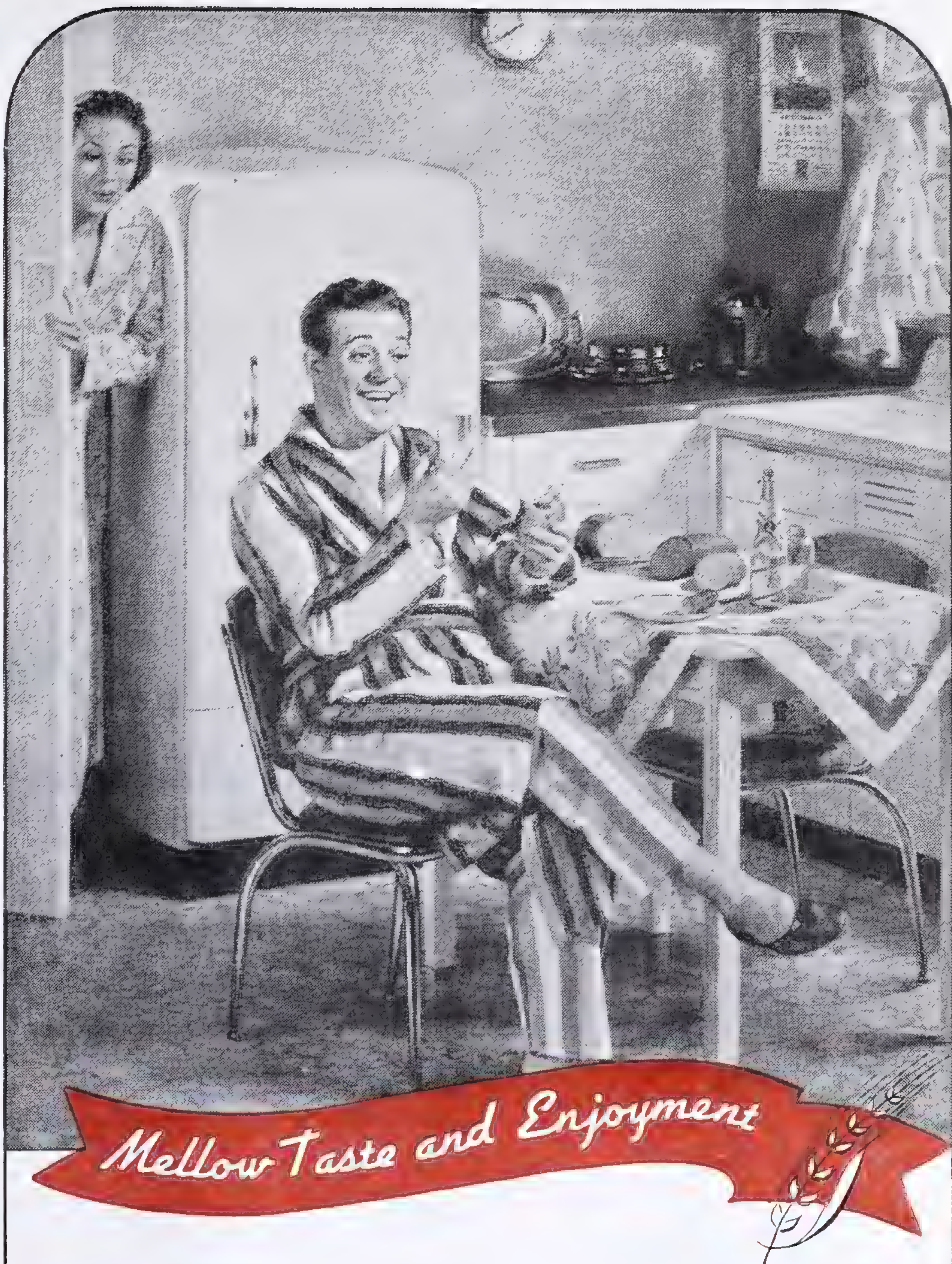
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engagement ring, set in gold and black enamel, which also was Vincente's design. Then they were off for New York.

"When we arrived the apartment was waiting," Judy said. "Vincente had thought to have it filled with flowers. And right away we did as we had planned—just moved in and pretended to be New Yorkers. . . ."

A cook and a maid were waiting too. And when Judy and Vincente had bathed and changed, breakfast was served on the upper terrace, so very high that only a few of Manhattan's tallest spires stood between them and the blue dome of sky.

"It's all been wonderful," Judy says. "Especially this chance to meet Vincente's friends who love him . . . And, of course, I keep hoping, in time, they'll be my friends too. . . ."

"Whenever I came to New York before," Judy says, "I lived in a hotel—for two weeks perhaps—and rushed, rushed, rushed. I had to cram about one hundred and sixty three things into that time—shows, mostly. Now we go to the theater two or three times a week and take our time about it."

It wasn't, of course, completely idyllic. Nothing ever is. The second day they were in New York the cook and maid moved out, displeased over what neither Judy nor Vincente have the least idea. For five days after that they had no one to help them. They called every agency. Like a thousand other New Yorkers they would have packed and moved to a hotel—if they could have gotten accommodations. Then, through an advertisement in the Times, they interviewed a maid. "I'm the luckiest person in the world," Judy insists. "She's a wonderful woman, this maid! And the self-same day she arrived I went downstairs and in the lobby was a woman waiting to see me. She's now our most magnificent cook, a Creole, and she

has agreed to go back home with us!"

Also, in typical New York fashion, Judy and Vincente have weekended all summer in the country with friends and have also visited Nick Schenck at his Long Island villa; where the talk of pictures and the theater and actors and artists and writers is the talk both Judy and Vincente dearly love.

The very week they arrived, Nick Schenck took them shopping in Tiffany's. "Metro wants to buy you a wedding present, Judy. Pick out something you like."

Hesitantly, Judy chose a simple gold brooch.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Schenck. "You must choose something much gayer."

After considerably more hesitation, Judy selected a bracelet of square diamonds and emeralds and a companion pin that broke into two clips—all so beautiful that they left her breathless.

Then Mr. Schenck insisted that the groom choose a wedding present for himself. After some demurring, Vincente selected a handsome gold wrist watch as his gift from Leo, the Lion.

Speaking of weddings, Judy's mother, appropriately enough, gave them a clock. "Such a beautiful, old, rare clock—from England," Judy explains. "It will sit on our bedroom mantel or bedside table. It strikes with beautiful chimes. And on either side of the face are porcelain figurines, a little boy and a peasant girl."

"It's the sort of thing you want to pass on in your family—to your children and their children. . . ."

She spoke of her prospective children several times. For in spite of a foolish newspaper item, she and Vincente have no idea of adopting a baby. "We expect," she says, "to have a baby of our own someday. And another. And another. Until we have a good-sized family. For what could

be more exciting than having children and watching them develop and grow and helping them on their way? That is something that would last for always."

The party the Minnellis' gave—one of a very few—was to honor Judy's sister on her birthday and the eve of her opening at La Martinique. Unwilling to trade on the name Garland she is known professionally only as Miss Dorothy.

Many of the sixty-odd guests were Dorothy's friends, many more were Vincente's—so many were strangers to Judy. With sweet naturalness, therefore, she made no attempt to introduce people or to call them by name. But she moved from group to group with simple friendship. Even if Judy hadn't been a famous star, eyes would have followed her the night of that party. For she was lovely in a pale blue lace hostess gown with a tight bodice, low square neck, long sleeves, flaring peplum and wide trailing skirt.

At one end of the lantern-lit terrace stood the long buffet table. And in the center stood a chocolate cake, Dorothy Garland's favorite, ablaze with candles.

Throughout the party there was a fine musician at the piano. And the Merry Macs moved from group to group, serenading. Dorothy sang, too, while Judy stood half hidden in a group and applauded, if possible, more enthusiastically than all the rest.

FINALLY Judy sang, too. "Embraceable You" came first. Then, with the Merry Macs as background, she sang "The Trolley Song." And always her eyes sought Vincente and always her voice as well as her eyes turned warmer to answer his smile.

"Vincente forgets to be shy when he looks at Judy," an old friend said. "Because he completely forgets himself. It's such a wonder he ever found her. Men like him—charming and gay and kind,

with his elfin humor—are so likely to marry women who aren't able to share their interests. Judy looks up to him. You might almost say—if they weren't such friends—that she is terrifically impressed by him. So Vincente is stimulated. And they're both happy."

Soon now, when Judy and Vincente return to California, they'll live in his house. "I like it so much I didn't want to go to a new place," Judy says. "However, since it was a typical bachelor house and not large enough for two we bought the lots on either side. Now we're building on a little bath-dressing room for me. And when we can get priorities we'll put a dining room on the other side."

The Minnelli house sits on top of a high hill midway between Beverly Hills and Hollywood. You travel winding roads to get there. But the view, looking out over trees and gardens and town and sea, is unbelievable. The house itself has the feeling of houses in Mediterranean countries. It's sea-shell pink outside and predominantly dark green inside. Vincente has furnished it with the beautiful eighteenth century pieces he's collected for years. And it's done in bright colors and quilted chintzes and pale rugs, with lovely pictures, rare porcelains. It presents a quaintly dignified facade to the road. But on the other side terraces furnished and garden luxuriantly lead to the badminton court which is a gathering place for the wittiest and the most brilliant and charming people in all Hollywood.

At night, at the Minnellis', when the lights come on in the town below and the stars come out overhead, you seem to be suspended between two skies. All of which bears out the prophecy of Judy's and Vincente's friends that even when the honeymoon is over they'll go right on living halfway to Heaven.

THE END

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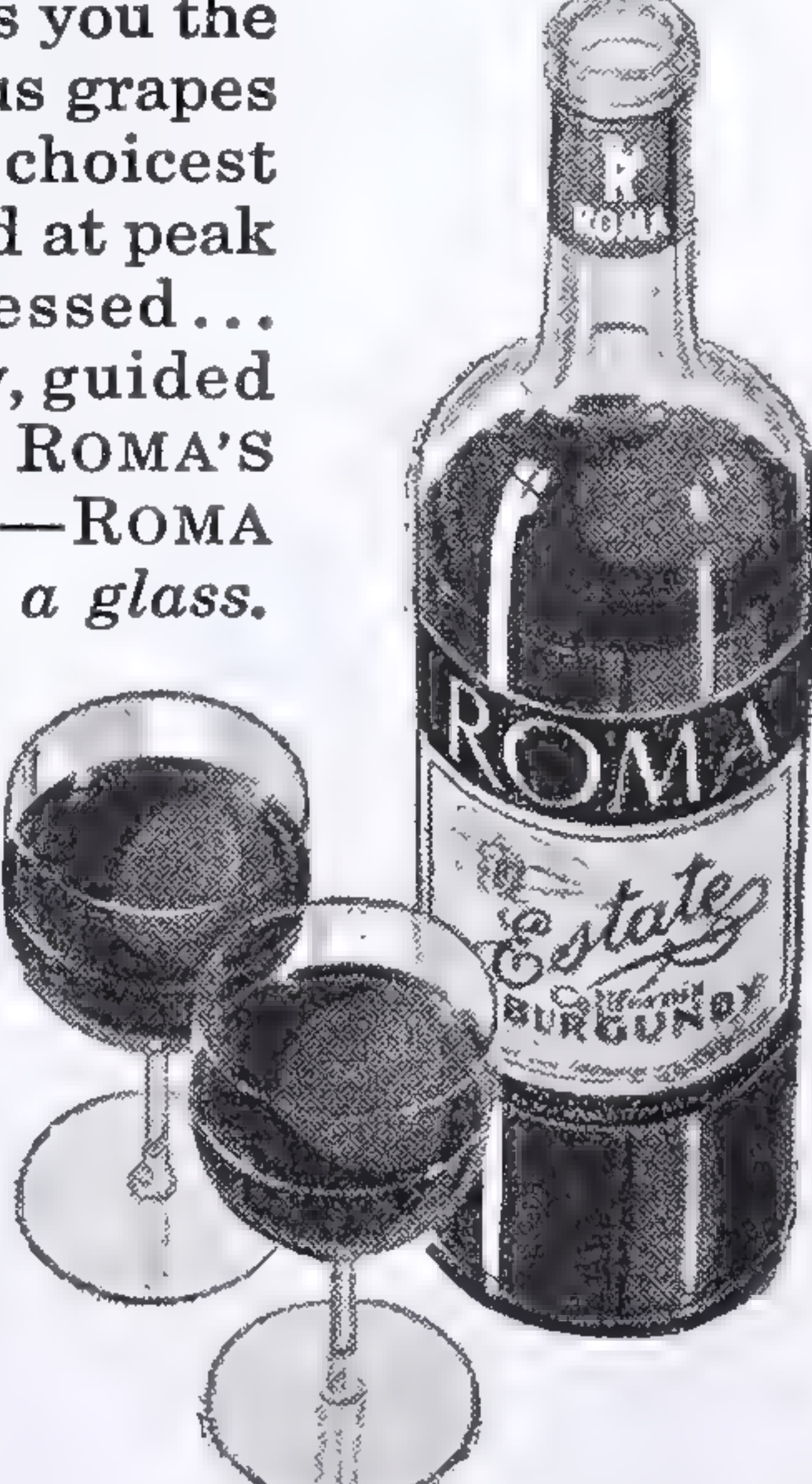
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BATH ACCESSORIES

Two on Leave

(Continued from page 27) A handsome six-footer with dark brown hair, brown eyes, an Irish wit and ever-ready smile. Always looking on the bright side. Okinawa wasn't rough!

Knock it off, Ginger, old girl, knock it off. Get on with the script. You're not being a very good Marine yourself tonight. What's happened to all the old *esprit de corps*? Remember, you have only just begun to fight. Remember that he has his buddies, your faith and his God. He'll make it okay.

She went back to her own show. Just then the phone rang. A surprised Ginger picked it up to hear the matter-of-fact voice of a long distance operator saying in nasal tones, "Mrs. Briggs? San Francisco calling." Across the miles came the melodious drawl of Sergeant Briggs, "Hello, this is Jack."

Like other service wives who get such flash calls, even when she'd hung up a few minutes later, she still couldn't believe it was true. And like the others, Ginger, no doubt, gave a little prayer of gratitude.

She promptly put in a long distance call to Jack's mother, Mrs. Alice Katz, who was then in the desert at Las Vegas, recuperating from an illness brought on mostly from watching the headlines and worrying about Jack. With that done, Ginger began her happy and hectic preparations to join her returning Marine in San Francisco.

What she had learned in that telephone call was that Jack, after serving his tour of duty in the Pacific, had been picked along with thirty other Marines over there as potential material for greatly needed officers, and was being sent back for training at Officers' Candidate School at Quantico. They'd hitchhiked across the Pacific on transport planes, leaving in such a hurry, they left most of their gear behind.

FOR many months over there he'd listened to all the other Marines shooting the breeze about their home towns, their wives, their girls. And he'd talked to them about his wife too. They'd watched over his shoulder a little enviously at the stacks of mail he got. Called him the most-written-to Mac in their outfit.

He'd seen a few of Ginger's pictures, but had held fast onto one of his own—a gold-plated miniature picture of her in a bracelet she gave him when they were first married, with an inscription that reads, "Always and Forever, Your Adoring Wife, Ginger." You can sweat out many months, take a lot of atabrine, with a good-luck piece like that.

He had been lucky enough to hear two Command Performance radio shows sent over by the Armed Forces Radio Service, on one of which Ginger served as mistress of ceremonies, and of which a movie was made. It brought her very close to him on that coral isle, to watch his lovely wife in a filmy black dress, a tiny black calot atop her blonde pompadour, smiling her welcome to him and to all the other lonely homesick Marines across the miles. To hear her clowning with Jimmy Durante and George Murphy, singing bits of songs, oldies like "Lovely To Look At," "Top Hat" and "The Way You Look Tonight." To hear her familiar voice signing off, "This is Ginger Rogers saying, best of the best of the U.S.A. to you gentlemen of the AEF . . . So long." He had thought then that it would be long—so-o-o long—before he would see her again.

After Ginger went to San Francisco to meet him, they came back to Hollywood for only a brief stopover before shoving

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of YOU, Lovely Lady! His heart
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off for their ranch in Oregon. They made one appearance at Mocambo and Ciro's, good places to run into a cross-section of friends and acquaintances in Hollywood. But Jack was too tired, too restless to fit into the gaiety. He'd come fresh from too many fireworks. He wanted to get away from the bustle of Hollywood that seemed foreign, strange—and somehow not quite right. Get away from crowds, reporters, cameramen. It isn't of night clubs that you dream overseas. It's of your home, your folks, your wife, your girl. Things very close to you. Peace.

THEY arranged to shoot around Ginger in her picture, and the Briggses shoved off for their ranch. And this was it. This was living. There on their Rogue River ranch near Eagle Point, Oregon, amidst the peaceful surroundings, with no props save those provided by nature, they spent the rest of his thirty days' leave. In a homey brown shingled ranch home that looks out across sweeping green meadows to blue skies silhouetted by pine trees and low-lying foothills. It was here that Ginger Briggs had often found contentment and peace while he had been away.

And it was here that Sergeant Briggs felt actually back home. They spent lazy days fishing for trout in the cold rushing waters of Rogue River that winds in and out across their ranch. Just a happy Marine and his wife, who's a whizz at trout fishing and who, in plaid shirt and levis, was catching a smattering of freckles along with her trout.

Yep, it was really living. Which is what Jack Briggs said when he got back to Hollywood, the day before he shoved off for Camp Le Jeune. When asked where he'd been over there, he replied, "Oh . . . around. Okinawa, New Caledonia, Guadalcanal, Johnson Island, Kwajalein—a few other places." He knocked it off fast.

In answer to questions about the Okinawa campaign, he had little to say—"Well, it was a shade rough in a couple of spots. A shade rough."

He spoke much of his buddies, particularly one Tech. Sgt. Bush Jones from Brooklyn, with whom he became fast friends over there. "He's a very good egg," he said. "Very nice. Very intelligent. A fine fellow. A good guy."

He would have nothing to say about his own part in the campaign. It's an instinctive something that makes any Marine who comes stateside refuse to talk about his own part of any show. Something to do with those little white crosses on tiny coral atolls that mark the spot

U. S. Marine Corps Photo by Corporal A. Sarno



Marine Sgt. Jack Briggs (now in the U. S. attending OCS) with 1st Lieut. D. G. Sutcliffe of Milbank, S. D., checking ship-to-shore supplies at Okinawa

Beautiful California Heiress

Almost incredibly beautiful is Geraldine Spreckels, of the prominent West Coast family. Her features are flawless . . . her coloring combines gold hair with dark eyes and creamy skin. She is thrilled with the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . calls it "a real beauty find!"

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pays quick beauty returns!

Lovely Geraldine Spreckels
says: "The 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream leaves my skin looking so fresh . . . feeling so soft!"

"Re-style" your complexion—in one short minute!

Here is the freshening, 60-second beauty "pick-up" that glamorous Geraldine Spreckels finds so effective:

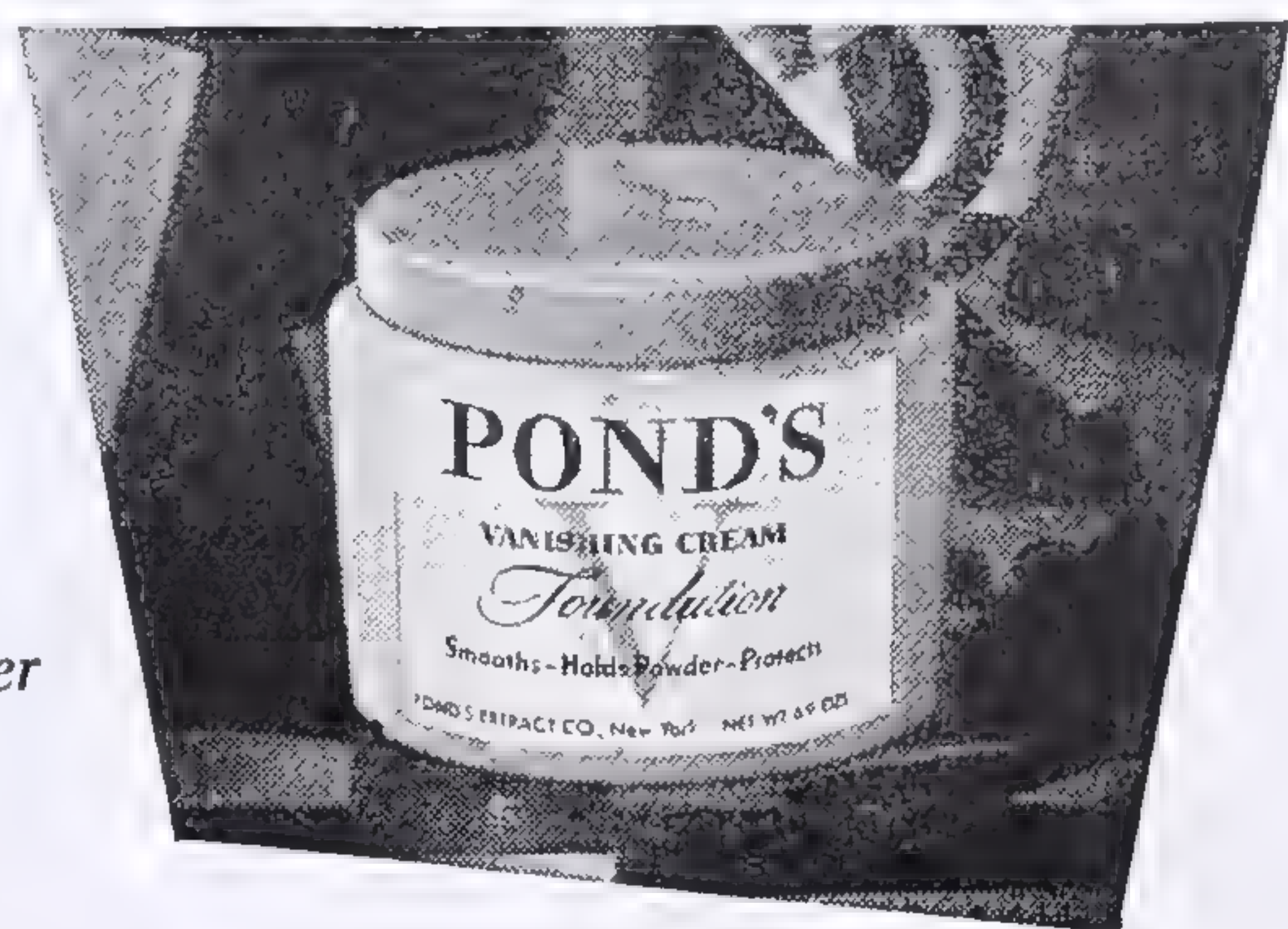
Spread generous fingerfuls of Pond's Vanishing Cream in a mask over your entire face—except your eyes.

Leave on one full minute. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves scaly dead skin cells and imbedded dirt! Now tissue off.

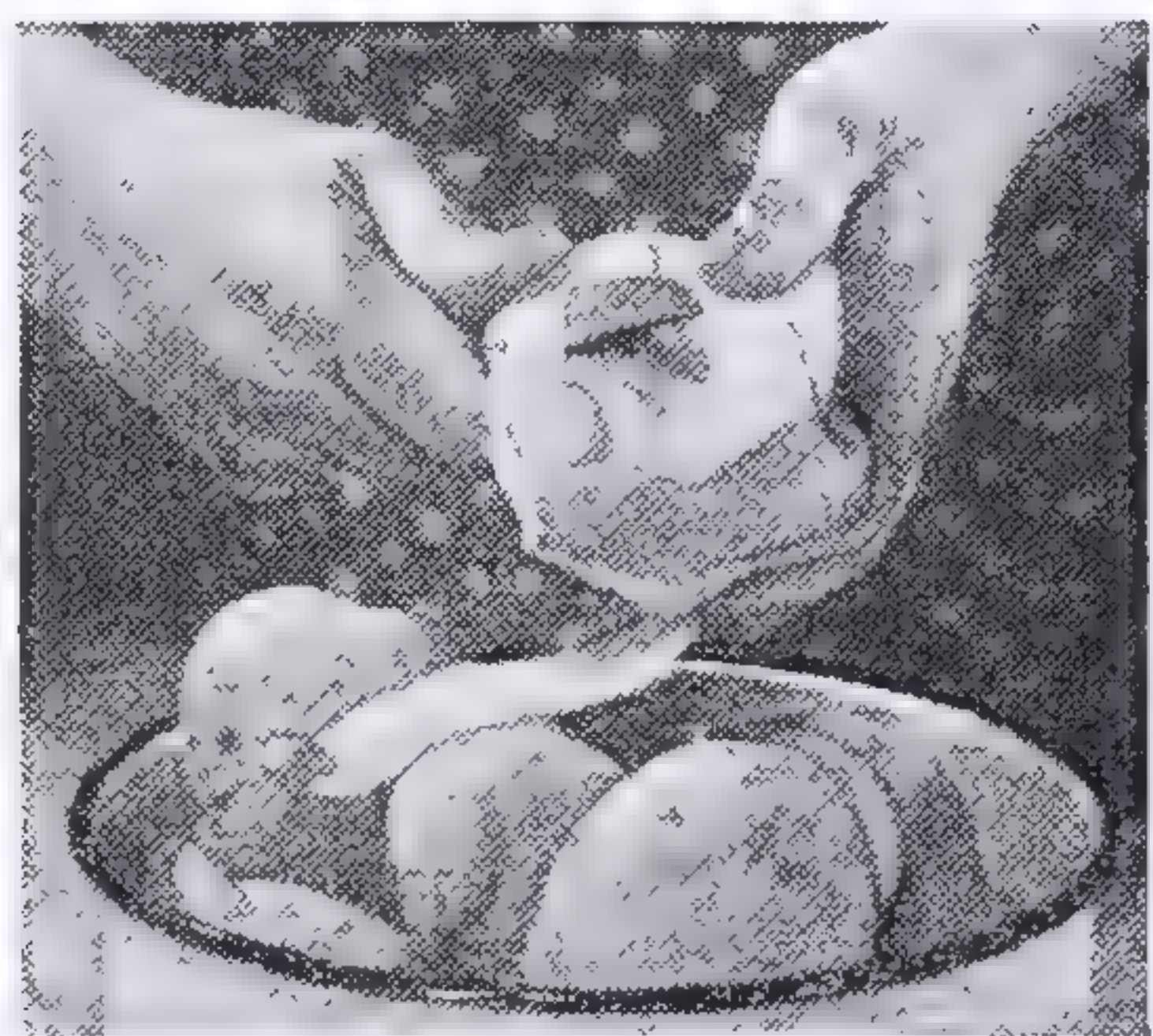
Right away your skin looks clearer . . . lighter! Feels smoother! Takes make-up with soft flattery!

Superb powder base . . .

Pond's Vanishing Cream is an ideal powder base. Stroke on a light film of Cream and leave it on. Ungreasy . . . long-lasting!



"The Touches of her Hands are like the Touch of Down"—James Whitcomb Riley

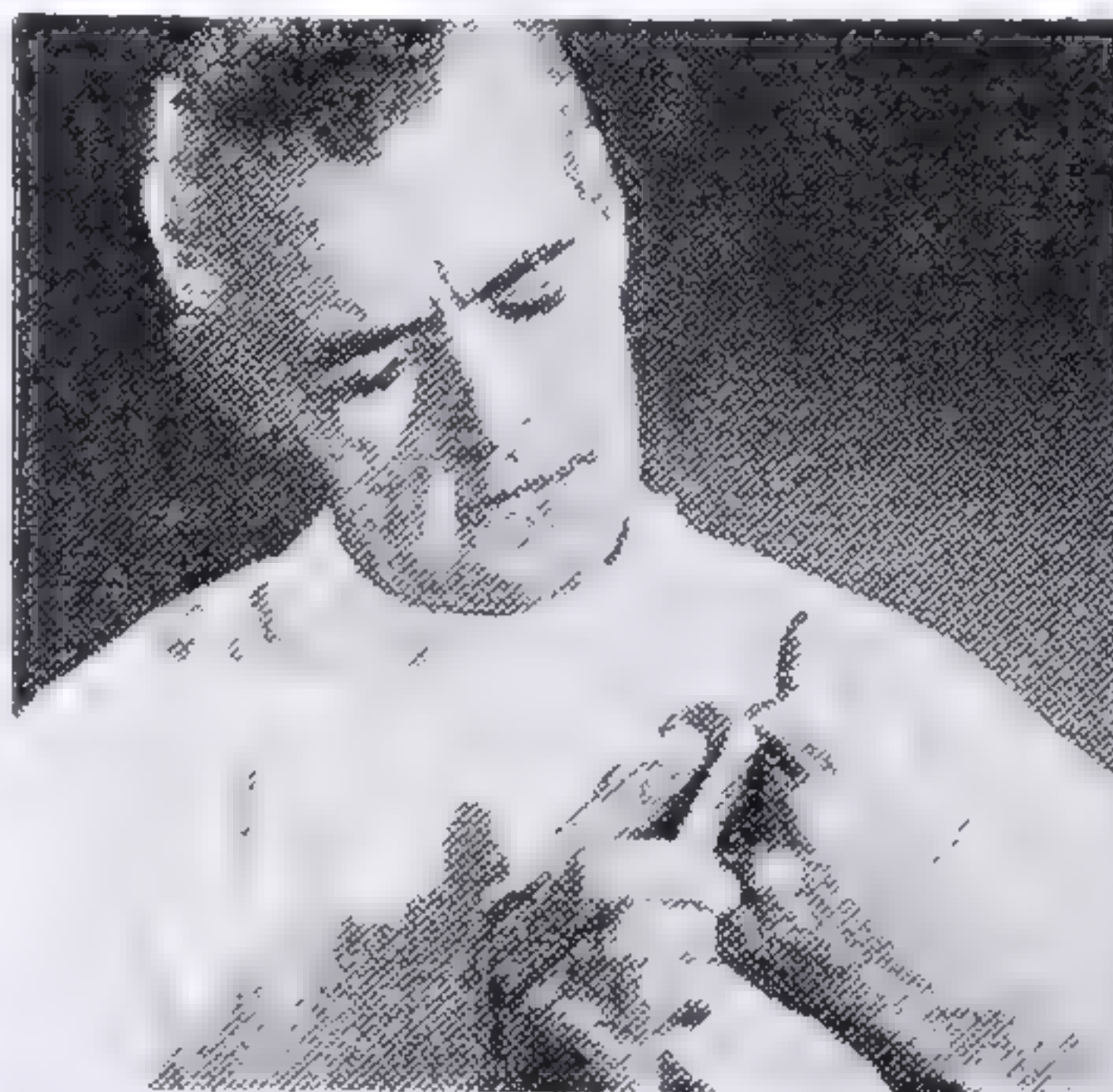


Lady, you don't get a touch like down from Peeling Spuds!

It's a mean job... cooking, cleaning, scrubbing. No wonder you feel like hiding your hands! Rough, eh? Reddened to the wrist. Well, use Pacquins regularly every day. This snowy cream helps hands win a young-skin look—soft, white, sweet to touch!

Doctors and Nurses found

a way to keep their hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 scrubblings a day. More abuse than most hands take in any day's housework! It was Pacquins Hand Cream that was originally formulated for their professional use. It's super-rich with an ingredient (doctors call it "humectant") that helps dry skin feel softer, smoother, more pliant!



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

of buddies who'll never return.

When we asked him what he missed most over there—adding but fast—"besides Ginger," we got a "That's all, brother. Just Ginger."

His high opinion of her, though in a less sentimental vein, is shared by the wives of all service men, in the heart of whom Ginger is Hollywood's No. 1 war wife. Just as in her screen roles she usually portrays the typical American working girl, a stenographer, telephone operator or white-collar girl whom they feel they know and understand, so do they consider her one of them in real life now.

SHE'S as American as a malted milk, this glamorous actress who came from a little white house in Independence, Missouri, and parlayed her courage, her mother's faith and a lone Charleston contest into fame and the distinction of being one of Hollywood's most accomplished stars. To the average American girl she's a very sincere ideal—one with whom they associate themselves, the things that might happen to them, the person they might become.

That she's the wife of a Marine means still another stripe for her in their books. They don't stand in awe of her. She's one of their outfit, their gang, their corps. She gets thousands of letters from service wives who write to her confidentially as a trusted friend. She belongs to the Marine Corps Auxiliary and The Wives, an organization of service men's wives. Like all of them she has sweated out her own share of the campaigns. Like them, too, she's earned her own service stripes—filed right under the "S's" close to her heart. *Semper Fidelis. Semper Adieu.* Always faithful, always good-bye.

And her marriage to Jack Briggs is typical of the wartime romances and marriages of those other service wives who write to her today.

Though both of them were under contract to RKO at the time, they actually never met until Jack joined the Marines. That is, unless you count their one brief encounter on the studio lot. That would be when Ginger was starring in "Once Upon A Honeymoon" and he was working on the sound stage next door. He was just leaving the stage for the commissary one day when Ginger was wheeling along on a bike. "Hi," she said merrily. "Hello," said Jack, a little respectfully. "I said 'Hi,'" she repeated, and whizzed on past.

They met officially later at San Diego, after Jack had become a Marine. Ginger was winding up a Bond tour there and the studio publicity man with her, Connie Krebs, suggested that it might be a good deed to ask Jack Briggs, who was then just out of boot camp, to join their group. Which they did. A flattered Marine private, with a sheared head and a face scarred from scooting under the barbed wire in night maneuvers at camp, accepted the invitation. Five days later, they had the minister standing by for action at the first available time.

The marriage came as a complete surprise to his Marine buddies who'd noticed the lovesick look on Private Briggs's face, and never got anywhere when they inquired why. It was just before payday and there was a wild scrambling around in the barracks digging for dough when the gang found out Jack was getting married and to whom. They had one hour to pool their change—some \$8—and buy a wedding present for them, a Marine pin for Ginger and a tie clasp for Jack. All of them received a personal note of thanks from Ginger, who wrote, "Believe me we are very proud that all of you were so nice as to gather together to remember

us on our wedding day." She signed it "Pvt. and Mrs. Jack Briggs, alias Ginger." She was Mrs. Jack Briggs to the gang down at San Diego from then on.

It was while working on "Halls Of Montezuma," the Marine radio show, that Jack Briggs and Sgt. Al Flannagan became such good pals. Then later on Ginger went down to La Jolla and took a place and Al's wife, Effie Lou Flannagan from Birmingham, Alabama, came out and took a little apartment there too. The four of them became very close friends.

When Briggs and Flannagan shipped out, Ginger asked Effie Lou to share her home with her in Hollywood. The Southern girl, with the brown hair, gray eyes and deep Dixie drawl, lived with Ginger and got a job as librarian with the Aircraft War Production Council offices on Hollywood Boulevard. At night they compared notes of the day and any news from their respective Marine husbands.

Soon after they shoved off, Jack and his buddy became separated. Briggs went to New Caledonia and eventually to Okinawa with the Sixth Marines, and Flannagan headed out with the First Marine Division on the Pelelieu campaign. After coming back to the states on leave, the latter received his orders to report back for officers' training at Quantico. Some weeks later, he learned that he would be reunited with his old buddy, Briggs, there again.

In Hollywood, his thirty days' leave over, Sergeant Briggs was telling Ginger goodbye and shoving off again. This time to report to Camp Le Jeune at New River, North Carolina, for screening, and later to Quantico.

Well does Ginger Briggs realize that she'll hear little from him while he's there. For Marine OCS is rugged. They throw everything in the book at you that you missed as a boot. And you're surprised to find so many chapters still there.

But at least she has an honest-to-American P. O. address for a change. And she can go back to concentrating on her role as a Parisian pickpocket again. "Heart-beat"—a beautiful title. The script is wonderful. Everything's wonderful. Carolina moon keep right on shining. At least he's home for a little while. You just grab what fate and God give you and you ask no questions. Like all other Marine wives, Ginger lives for today and dreams about a happier tomorrow. When it will be all *Semper Fidelis*. But no more *Semper Adieu*.

THE END

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Next Month

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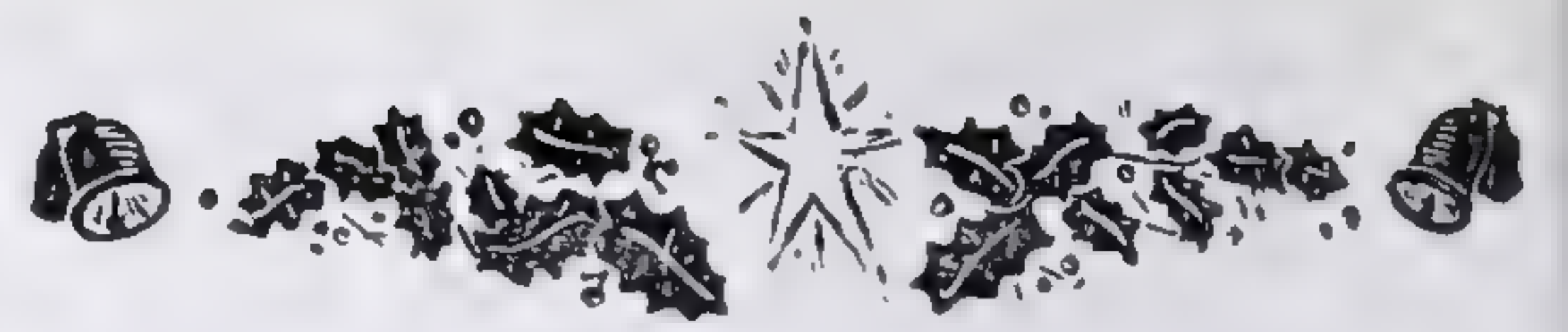
— But HOLD-BOB pins held her hair-do together

• Why is a bobby pin? To *hold* your hair—smoothly, firmly, invisibly...that's the way GAYLA HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads, satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends. That's why HOLD-BOBS are America's favorites. Look for, ask for the GAYLA HOLD-BOB card.



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A Christmas He'll Remember

BECAUSE you didn't forget to observe the few simple directions for making sure your gift reaches your man in the service.

BECAUSE this year thousands of soldiers will be moving to new assignments, across oceans and continents, it's going to be more difficult than ever for Uncle Sam to deliver your Christmas gifts to them safely and on time.

BECAUSE your boy in India wistfully recalls the ice-cream sodas he used to get in the corner drugstore, don't try to send him a box of ice cream. One mother packed some in dry ice but it melted long before it even reached New York.

1. *This year send only one package.*
2. *If your soldier is en route home or about to come home, don't send him a Christmas package.*
3. *Use his latest address and be sure it's complete and accurate.*
4. *Mail Christmas gifts overseas from September 15 to October 15, without a request from your soldier. But. . .*
5. *If there's reason to believe he may move to a new location, it's safer to wait till you can mail your gift to the new address—even if this means asking him for a request letter so that you can mail it after October 15.*
6. *Your package must not weigh over five pounds, must be not more than fifteen inches long, or more than thirty-six inches in length plus girth.*



HOW I LOST MY HUSBAND

I guess I was really to blame when Stan started paying attention to other women. It wasn't that I didn't know about feminine hygiene. I had become . . . well . . . *forgetful*. Yes, I found out

the hard way that "now-and-then" care isn't enough! My doctor finally set me right. "Never be a careless wife," he said. He advised Lysol disinfectant for douching *always*.



AND WON HIM BACK AGAIN!

Our romance is so *special* again—now that I know about *proper* feminine hygiene care! Since I had that talk with the doctor, I use Lysol *always* for douching. As he said: "Lysol is a

proved germ-killer . . . far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions." Lysol is easy to use and economical. But, most important, it *really does the job!*

Check these facts with your Doctor



Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct Lysol solution . . . *always!* Powerful cleanser—Lysol's great spreading power means it reaches

deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Proved germ-killer**—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. **Non-caustic**—Lysol douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow

easy directions. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use; **deodorizes**. More women use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For **FREE** feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.)



For Feminine Hygiene use

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Disinfectant

always!

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You Wouldn't Know Me

(Continued from page 57) haven't stopped smiling since. Having given it a nine months' trial, I now believe that the sharing of laughter is more of a guarantee of love's enduring than any other quality a married couple can possess.

There was never any business of Bandi's and my falling in love at first sight. We dated for three whole months—after our mutual agent, Vic Orsatti, introduced us—before so much as the thought of romance even crossed our minds. We were, in fact, opposed to romance, though for different reasons. I had been divorced and felt pretty disillusioned on the subject of marriage. Bandi had never been married and believed himself to be a confirmed bachelor. We started dating very casually, once a week or so, then twice a week, then several nights a week, then every night. The thing that kept drawing us more and more together was that we were having so much fun in one another's company.

BY one of those goofy accidents of casting I got started off, on screen, as a femme fatale. But, though it may not be so glamorous, I've always known that in reality I'm a simple person, with simple tastes. I much prefer daytime sports to night-club dancing. I love horseback riding, hunting, fishing, swimming, all that, and I'd rather eat a hamburger than pheasant under bell any time. I'm much more comfortable in slacks and no make-up than in a sequined gown and full war paint.

One of the first big dates I ever had with Bandi was when he invited me to join a party of his friends on a deer hunting trip to the High Sierras. I'd never shot anything other than a .22 rifle, and at nothing save a target with that, but I went along. It was a marvelous party. The only trouble was that none of the men got a deer.

This irked them so much that they organized a party to go into an even wilder, higher Sierra than where we had pitched our camp. They went on an all-male party because the girls were staying behind with Mrs. Elishu Cook, who wasn't feeling well.

Those men started off, very hearty and conquering, only to trail back at nightfall, completely crestfallen. They hadn't even seen a deer.

They were so disconsolate that we girls took over all the dinner preparations. I went out to gather firewood. All that day there had been a hawk circling over our camp and I picked up my gun, thinking if I saw him again, I'd take a pot shot at him. Imagine my delighted astonishment when I lifted up the tent flap and saw a buck!

I don't remember even stopping to think. I just fired. He was a good ways off, but silhouetted against the sunset, and I saw him fall. I ran back and told what I'd done. They didn't believe me, and I didn't blame them, for I scarcely believed myself, but when they romped out, there was the evidence. It was a thrill, believe me.

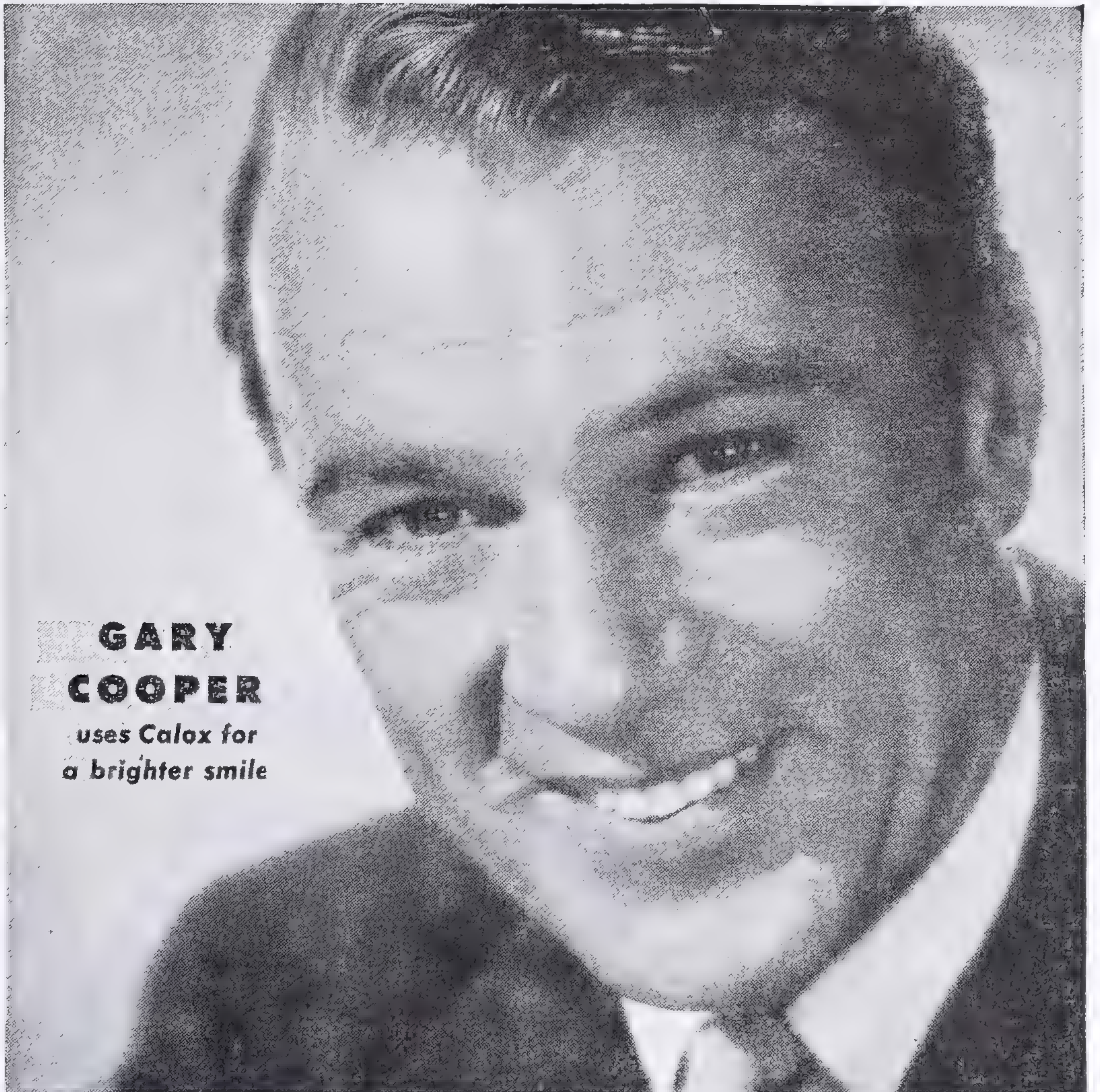
I don't know why I'd never thought of Hungarians as any kind of horsemen, but when Bandi first took me riding I sure found out how I'd underestimated them. I had thought I was a pretty good equestrian up until then, but on horseback he made me look amateurish. He could beat me at swimming, golf and tennis, but the thing was that it was all so much fun. And added to all this, he's a magnificent dancer.

In other words, Bandi has a zest for the variety of life. He gets the best out of every moment, but one of the ways he attains this is happily thinking about it.

Take our wedding night, for instance.

Both of us were working, practically till the moment we stepped before the altar. I, in fact, had had only one hour off all day, an hour in which to get my hair done.

Producer-Star of "ALONG CAME JONES" (An International Picture)



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BEFORE



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BEFORE



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But from the day we had announced our engagement, we'd snatched what few free moments we could to house and furniture hunt. Like all couples trying to do these things today, we'd got practically nowhere and only on the afternoon of our wedding had the small house we'd finally bought atop one of Hollywood's hills cleared escrow. This meant, that while we knew we'd have a roof over our heads that first night, we hadn't had possession long enough to get any of the furniture uncrated. Or, at least, so I thought.

The champagne supper, following our wedding, was over. Bandi drove slowly up the steep, winding road to our first home. I leaned my head on his shoulder and murmured, "Darling, can we sleep on the floor? I just can't face having to uncrate a bed, and find a mattress and sheets."

Of course, Bandi took it merrily. "We'll manage," he said. He stopped the car before our honeymoon house, lifted me out, unlocked the door and carried me over the threshold into our den to have a toast to ourselves by ourselves. Finally I felt I might just as well go on upstairs and face unpacking those furniture crates.

SO what did my wondering eyes behold? A bed, all set up, all made, not very well made, because it was in the vague lumpy state that means a man-spread bed. Circling it, were vases and vases of flowers, making a perfumed, colorful hedge, and right at the head of it was a cooler of champagne. It was the most delightful example of Bandi's typical thoughtfulness. Somehow, during the day, he had found time to do that, to go personally and buy the flowers and vases, to arrange them, to get the bed out of the crate and up into the room, to find the sheets and all the rest of it. He'd even thought to buy things for the next morning's breakfast.

The next day was a Sunday. I decided since Bandi was so wonderful, I'd impress him with my practicality. I said, with dignity, "Bandi, there is so much we need. Let us plan it out most carefully." We did plan. It was remarkable. I should have known it was too solemn.

Monday we both went back to work, me to my studio, Bandi to his. Late Monday



They decided to be practical in their auction-buying, so the very first thing they bought was steins for Andre's collection—with a little one for Veronica

he called me. "Darling," he said, "I have found just the place to get something we very much need." He gave me an address. "Meet me there at seven."

It turned out to be an auction room and what Bandi had bought was a collection of steins—for our playroom—exactly what we needed, considering we didn't so much as have chairs for said playroom! I collapsed with mirth at the very idea, but we got the steins and what's more I got the auction bug. Bandi had long been its victim.

I wish you'd see us. We rush back from work, eat dinner in ten minutes, and then dash out again, to an auction, where we waste hours, bidding up the price of something or other. And something or other it frequently is. The other night we came home with a genuine Colonial pine four-poster bed for a mere \$20. We were very proud of our bargain until we sat down and wondered what we were going to do with it. For Bandi had been designing all our furniture, having it made to order, and it is strictly modern. Bandi looked at that Colonial bed, grinned and said, "Since the de Toths are enlarging, we'll be able to use it somewhere."

"Enlarging" is Bandi's way of proclaiming our approaching parenthood in early October. My little daughter, Elaine, lives with us and we comprise a riotous trio, but Bandi is so dizzy over this new baby, you'd think he were the one giving birth to it. Maybe because he's so excited, I'm more calm than I've ever been in my life. Bandi wants a boy. I'll take anything. We both want a house for our baby. We've looked everywhere. We can find nothing. If we have to stay in our present tiny house, we'll manage somehow.

As soon as new building is permitted we'll build a varied, informal house, growing as our family grows. We want a place

with a pool and room for a couple of horses and lots of dogs. But what we won't have is an "estate." The place will be no bigger than what one good cook-maid, a nurse and I can keep up.

For I'm going to be around. I don't think I'll be working for a while after the baby is born. When Elaine was born, I kept on with my work and thus missed out on all those daily details that I feel are most wonderful and important. This time I'll be in on them.

BUT even if we haven't got this future home, or even the site for it, we have things, from auctions, for it. So practical, like the collection of copper cooking utensils Bandi bought (big enough to feed an institution) or the music box I bought, which is large enough for a museum.

I had better explain about me and music boxes. All my life I have craved them. The way other girls crave mink coats and diamonds, I yearned for a super music box. So, of course, Bandi heard about one being at an auction, which immediately meant we had to rush over and bid on it. There it was, my dream come true, a wonder music box, mounted on its own fine, inlaid table, with a dozen rolls, bearing six tunes each, with its own little drum, zither and bells. As we began to bid like crazy, everyone dropped out save a little old Swiss. Finally we won, and he came up to us, almost in tears, and told us what a treasure it was. It seems he's spent all his life repairing the things, and he's going to repair this for us, should it need it, just to get the chance to listen to it.

Personally, I was in such a tizzy over it that when we first got it I played it when we got home at midnight till three-thirty A.M.—in our otherwise empty living room.

Right there is revealed another way in

which I've changed. I got a big bang out of having ignored bedtime on that particular evening, where before I knew Andre, I never knew what time it was at all. I was always late, always in time snarls. Bandi taught me this was not escaping time, as I'd fondly thought, but being the worst kind of a slave to it. When he's working he stays smack on a schedule and makes me do likewise, but when he's at liberty, his hours get wonderfully jumbled, as I found out on our honeymoon.

Except for that one Sunday, we didn't have a moment free for honeymooning until I came back from attending President Roosevelt's birthday ball in Washington. My plane was grounded at Phoenix and the studio wired I wasn't needed for a couple of weeks. I phoned Bandi and told him how beautiful Phoenix was and almost before I'd hung up he joined me.

What a time we had. We brought no clocks and turned on no radios. We slept when we felt like it, ate any old time, turned day into night and vice versa, rode, hunted, fished, swam. Besides the most exciting, healthy vacation, I acquired the knowledge that what makes freedom is the discipline behind it. I mean the very fact Bandi and I had worked so hard was one thing that made this rest so keen.

Naturally, feeling happier makes everything smoother for me everywhere. In fact, I've been so cherubic as to startle myself, and when I come back from having my baby, it won't surprise me if the studio changes my name from Lake to Lamb.

Which, if it happened, would be another thing to laugh about with Bandi, as we sit trying not to be too sentimental in our talk about the child we have and the whole mob of them we expect to have in the very near future.

THE END

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.

Eminent doctors found—as reported in an authoritative medical journal—that:

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, SUBSTANTIALLY EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF THE NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!



CALL FOR

PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

"Lucky me...

*different me...
thanks to Midol!"*



Can you imagine yourself setting the pace—showing the way on "those days" when you used to curl up like a sick kitten, because menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" made you miserable?

It can be done. It *is* being done by girls and women everywhere who know about Midol. So before you break another date or lose another day due to menstrual suffering, *try Midol!* These effective tablets are offered *specifically* to relieve functional periodic pain. They contain no opiates, yet act quickly in three ways: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue"*.

If you take Midol as directed, you will soon discover how comfortable and carefree you can be. Your druggist has Midol.

MIDOL

*used more than all
other products offered exclusively
to relieve menstrual suffering*

CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

Pidgeon—Pirate and Diplomat

(Continued from page 53) overworked, the . . . How'd you like to play the lead in my next picture?"

That's how Walter Pidgeon made his first social appearance in Hollywood and got his first part, the lead in Cruze's "The Mannequin."

Pidgeon told the story with gusto to every one who would listen on the set of "Weekend At The Waldorf" where we met after a lapse of a good many years.

"Pidgeon, you're the Rock of Gibraltar. You haven't chipped since the day at Cruze's. What's the secret? Do you stand on your head like Lady Mendl?" I said.

"Only tennis," he said. "Of course I watch my diet."

His diet is something to watch, from soups to crepes Suzette—roast beef, rare, lobster thermidor, roquefort cheese, oysters, candies, wines, lemon pie. . . .

"And garlic," he adds. "Garlic is great for digestion. Gandhi eats garlic."

Resemblance between Pidgeon and Gandhi ends on their breaths. Pidgeon weighs 195 pounds in his shorts; Gandhi, 95 pounds in his pin-ups.

"I fast one day a week," he interposes, sort of pitifully. "Nothing but fruit juice."

He started fasting after an operation. You shouldn't get him going on operations. He's not morbid about his miseries; he cherishes them in the manner of old southern mammies. He just bravely goes on watching his diet and falling asleep the second his head hits the pillow.

YOU must hear about his sinus cure, though, It's wizardly. He sat down in front of a huge radio thingamajig, which sent waves through his head. They measured the same length as the waves of his sinus. According to Doc Pidgeon every organ in your body has a wave. When it meets its mate from outside they kiss and settle down and quit kicking your sinus around. So if you have an internal disturbance it may be an old maid wave signalling for company.

Pidge hasn't had sinus trouble for three years. He knocks wood.

Convinced any miracle was possible, Pidge took his mother-in-law and had her waved from head to foot. She has not had a complaint since. Pidge knocks wood.

His interest in operations began as a kid when he lay for seventeen months in an Army hospital. He lied about his age to get into the Canadian Army for the first World War. In course of training he was crushed between two gun carriages. During those months in the hospital he must have taken a lively interest in everything going on about him. He might have made a good doctor.

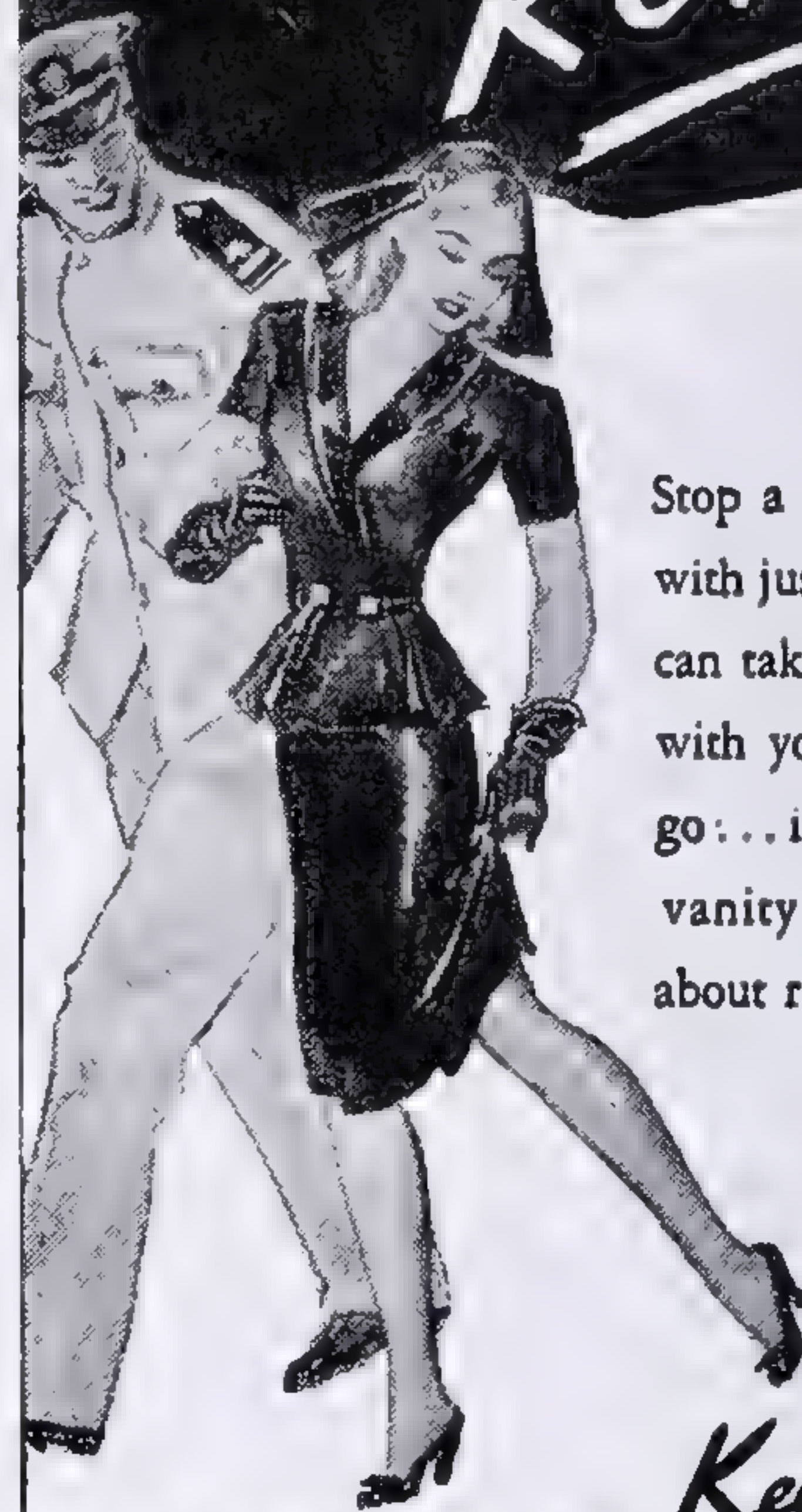
Those shrewd, quizzical, electric blue eyes look into you; yours don't look into him. Looking in Pidgeon's windows to see his soul would prove as disappointing—well, not quite as disappointing—as peering into Moorish windows to see the harem. They are outward looking only.

Pidgeon started out in life as a pirate. He sailed the Bay of Fundy with other small-fry Lafittes.

He was born the son of Caleb and Hanna Sanborn Pidgeon in an old timbered house by Marble Cove in New Brunswick, Canada. His father owned mercantile stores. His grandfather was a ship's captain. There were other seafaring Pidgeons who, Pidge likes to think, were pirates. He still reads pirate literature, hopefully looking for family likenesses.

Finding the twentieth century opposed to the forthright old pirates' profession, Pidge chose banking as the next closest

No time for RUNS



Stop a run on the spot with just one drop! You can take RUN-R-STOP with you wherever you go . . . in its smart purse-vanity . . . and forget about runs and snags.

*Instantly
saves silk,
nylon, rayon*

Keep
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15c in Canada

At department, hosiery, shoe and 10c stores.

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Yes . . . and dainty, too, with

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GUARANTEED

DRESS SHIELDS

Lovely—inside and out—is the girl who relies on the dainty protection of RAND SHIELDS.

So soft, light and comfortable—so quick to wash and dry.



*"they last
longer"*

A style and shape for dresses, blouses, sweaters, jackets. Try these wonderful-lasting, economical shields. At notion counters.

"GRAND AS RAND BABY PANTS"

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MAKE THIS REVEALING TEST—

Remove your old make-up—one side with present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene Cleansing Cream. Then wet some cotton and wipe the Albolened side. See how clean the cotton stays! Now wipe it over the "beauty" creamed side. See the tell-tale smudge... from left-on makeup, grease, grime...



It's smart, modern, exciting, the new

FLOATING FACIAL*

*Literally floats off pore-clogging make-up remnants, grease, grime or ordinary "beauty" creams may miss...

A CREAM must liquefy quickly and thoroughly to cleanse your skin of complexion-fogging debris... dirt, grime, grease, stale, old makeup... and particularly, stubborn cake makeup!

ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY—

Albolene, 100% pure, crystal clear, liquefies on application, sweeping away gently and thoroughly these menaces to beauty... conditioning your complexion for truly subtle, flattering makeup effects.

You see, Albolene is *all*-cleansing... no fillers or chemicals... and none of the water most "beauty" creams contain. Smooths on, tissues off so easily and daintily. See the amazing difference in your skin texture... how infinitely softer and more flattering fresh makeup looks.

Thrill to an Albolene Floating Facial today! Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction of the cost—from 10¢ trial size to big 16 oz. jar at \$1.00.



—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

thing. After the University of New Brunswick, he got into a Boston bank—through the door, not a window. Grappling with bank figures proved onerous to Pidge. He was better grappling with figures outside banking hours. At a social grapple Fred Astaire heard him sing and said he was wasting time on bank piracy. Bank notes were floating right out of the old Pidgeon treasure chest.

His career really began when he called on Elsie Janis and her mother in their Manor House in Tarrytown. Those theater-wise birds knew they had caught one of their kind. He appeared as a singer with Elsie in the Aeolian Concert Hall. A reviewer said he looked like Lincoln. That's a fact; there is a rugged sort of likeness.

He played in London in Elsie's revue at the Shaftesbury Theater. Thence he did the boulevards of Paris and freebooted over Europe, ravishing royalty and plebes, with song and personality, I mean.

The steadying force in his life was his daughter. He became a widower soon after college. His child, whose mother died when the baby was born, was raised by her grandmother Pidgeon. Pidge did not remarry until 1931. His daughter Edna, whom everyone calls Pidge too, is an artist in the M-G-M art department.

Pidgeon's career has been as exciting as a pirate's. As a graph, it's a roller coaster. The breathless ups and downs blew all the wind out of his ego, he says.

He hit Hollywood when fans were swooning over "Latin" lovers. A Lincolnian American had no chance.

When talkies came along it looked like the day of the Pidgeon. But early sound effects were so bad people soon were damning musicals and singers.

PIDGEON'S humor has made of life on the roller coaster a hilarious recital. He yarns like old Captain Kidd. Some of his favorite topics, apart from operations, are fishing, music, wines, gardening, cigars, leather, cooking, Keats, travel and pirates!

He's always active. Between scenes he plays backgammon and chews gum. The refrain on the set during the making of "Mrs. Parkington" was: "Parkington drinks, fights and cheats on his wife but Pidgeon, he chews gum."

He avoids night clubs. The Hollywood Bowl is his dish. He will sit up all night listening to good music and good singers. He still likes to play the piano and sing. Not "The Rosary," though—he'd rather forget it. Still, it got him his first part and proved him a diplomat socially.

I saw his tact operating again when two distinguished Negro majors of the medical service were introduced. He asked if he had not met one of them before. The Major said he thought not; this was his first visit to California. Pidgeon said he thought he had met him on a tour of camps. The Major was slightly embarrassed because, after all, you are supposed to remember a face as famous as Pidge's.

"Oh, perhaps it's your name that's familiar," said Pidgeon.

Now everyone knows he can't remember a name. Everyone is Joe to him. The name on his chair on the set is Joe Pidgeon.

Our State Department could use Pidge if our Treasury Department could afford him. A pirate with diplomacy and charm, who wears hand-me-down suits you'd swear came from a tailor by special appointment to his Majesty, is what we need to represent us among foreign slickers.

He's the common man too. In overalls chopping trees on his Beverly place or breaking up cement on the drive with a sledge, he's one of us. Any of our handsomer truck drivers might look at him then and say, "There but for the grace of God am I—with a million."

THE END



The gleam in my hair PUT A GLEAM IN HIS EYE!

How I envied the girls with bright, sparkling hair... until I discovered that my own hair could have the same gleaming loveliness when I used Nestle Colorinse.



"There's no need for drab-looking hair," my beauty shop girl confided. "For Nestle Colorinse rinses away dullness and gives your hair richer color, sheen

and shining lustre. And Colorinse won't rub or brush off—though it's easily removed with shampooing. Remember," she added, "there's nothing that makes a girl more attractive than glamorous hair."



Jim proved she was right! For when we were married, he confessed that my gleaming hair was the first thing that caught his eye the day we

met. Why not let Colorinse make your hair lovelier, too. Use it at home—tonight—after you shampoo... it's quick and easy to apply!

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving

Nestle COLORINSE



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair. 2 1/2 oz. bottle 25¢.

Nestle HAIRLAC



**How to
Keep
FRESH**



Splash! In your bath, we mean. Dry yourself. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talc into every curve and ripple of your body. Ahhh! that's cooling, caressing.

**How to
Feel
SMOOTH**

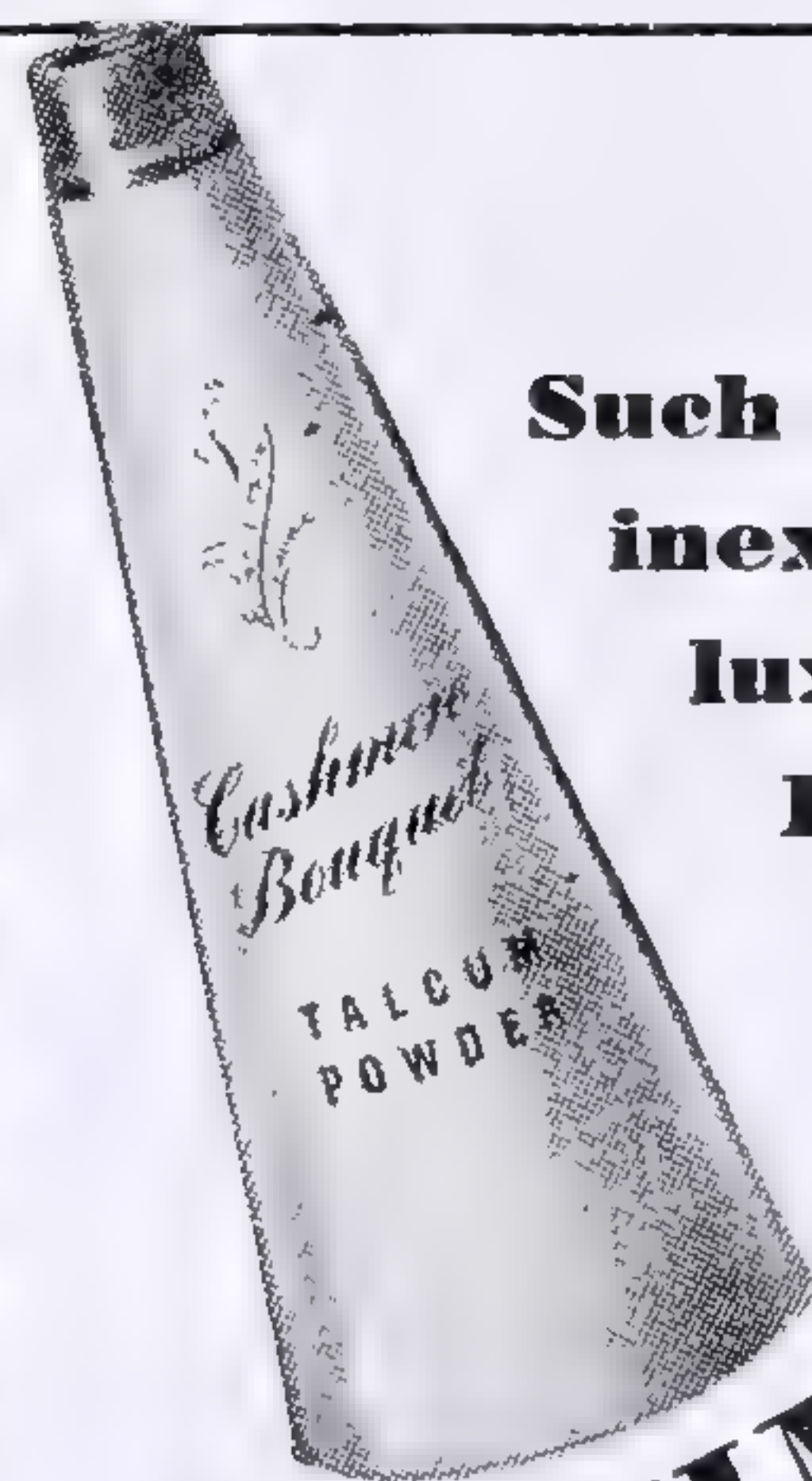


Dash! For a double dash of comfort, smooth some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places. Like a silken sheath it keeps your skin serenely smooth.

**How to
Stay
DAINTY**



Smash! Make a smash hit. Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc often. Use it generously. Let it perfume your person daintily with the fragrance men love.



Such an
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luxury—
10¢ and 20¢
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**CASHMERE
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**Makes
MANICURES
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Brush over nails daily
Only 25¢ and 35¢
Everywhere

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

*The sparkling liquid
facial cleanser*
AMBROSIA

ALSO DRY SKIN CREAM, ASTRINGENT, FACE POWDER

HEY, MOM! Don't be a Diaper Drudge! Dennison Diaper Liners reduce unpleasantness in changing and washing my diapers. Just fold a Liner inside diaper. When soiled, flush away. No hard scrubbing. Sanitary. Helps prevent diaper rash. Costs only a few cents a day. Babypads: 200 for \$1. Downee-soft: 200 for 69¢.

FREE ... To get one full day's supply of Diaper Liners write: Dennison, Dept. X-145, Framingham, Mass.



Colonel Jimmy

(Continued from page 30) over Frankfurt, Berlin and Brunswick. It was for the February 20, 1944, raid over the Nazi factories at Brunswick that Jimmy got the Distinguished Flying Cross. With a citation reading: "Despite aggressive fighter attacks in heavy anti-aircraft fire he was able to hold his formation together and direct the bombing run over the target in such a manner that the planes following him were able to bomb with accuracy."

Jimmy was pleased with his D.F.C. Fingering it shyly, he said, "Guess I'd best send this home. I'm mighty proud of it!"

When Jimmy's squadron came home his family—his mother and father and his sisters, Mary and Virginia—became impatient for his return. So did his townsfolk in Indiana, Pennsylvania. So did his associates at the Metro studios in California. Several times Metro called Mr. Stewart Sr. long distance. After one of these calls he wrote Jimmy jubilantly that they thought they could get him out of the Army. Jimmy didn't like it. "You all just keep your hands out of this," he wrote back.

In the same letter Jimmy announced that he expected to get back soon. Consequently his family never left the house alone. Someone was always home to answer the telephone. Any day they figured—and hoped—Jimmy might call from the port where his ship had docked.

However, when weeks passed and he didn't arrive his family was puzzled. So, for that matter, was the Public Relations branch of the War Department. Nobody seemed to know why Jimmy was staying in England or how long he would remain. Including Jimmy. In one letter after another he kept promising "In about two weeks now I really should be shoving off."

SO we called Colonel Jimmy in England, at the flying field at Brampton Grange.

It took a bit of doing, since calls to military personnel are carefully checked. But about thirty hours after the call was placed the overseas operator announced, "We will have Colonel James Stewart for you at twelve-forty-five. Please do not mention the names of any ships flying in, from, or within the Pacific-Asiatic area or any other information of a military nature. This is a radio telephone communication—and the enemy may be listening."

The call came through finally at six o'clock. Jimmy's voice sounded as amused and as amusing and as clear as it used to sound in the movies, but also a little more dignified and restrained.

We asked him, first of all, if we might publish the snapshots he had sent home. His father wouldn't release them without Jimmy's permission. "You know Jimmy!" he said. "Why the time Bill Grady of Metro and I let a newspaper have a picture taken of him over there he told us to tend to our own business. He put it nicer than that, but that was what he meant."

Jimmy hesitated when we put our request for the snapshots to him. Then he said "I don't know what pictures my father means exactly. But if he wants you to have them it's all right, I guess."

He would, he said, remain in England about thirty days more. Which means he isn't home now he is on his way.

"This job will take about that long, I figure," he said. "I'm very anxious to get back . . . very anxious. . ."

We suggested a girl might be keeping him in England.

He hesitated. Then he said, very definitely, "There is no girl. I'm . . . I'm not used to this stuff, I guess."



Colonel Jimmy Stewart (with his back to the camera) wrote on the back of this picture: "They ask you so many questions and you have to know the answers—and all the time you are so tired you can hardly keep your eyes open"

Personal questions he meant, of course. Hollywood and interviews and inquisitive reporters are, after all, four years behind him. He must, in a sense, have felt he was being pulled back into a world he remembers only dimly. For the experiences and responsibilities which have been his, especially during the last year, are enough to blur any life that went before.

Like that dangerous deal last December when he was coming back from a practice mission over France where they had experimented with a new method of bombing.

Pilot E. V. Schindler, of Cleveland, Ohio, tells about it. That day, as commander of the operation, Jimmy flew as co-pilot in Schindler's lead Liberator.

"It was dusk as we approached the English coast," Schindler says. "The ceiling was so low we had to come down. We were flying not far above the ground. A lot of cloud came up. And there we were trapped between that cloud and the low ceiling. There were a lot of us up there—B17s and B24s—and flying blind and looking for a hole we were too close for comfort. Anything could happen."

"Stewart had to make all decisions; determine whether or not we should try for a landing and how and when we should come in. There was not a moment, however, when he wasn't calm and steady as well as active and alert. They managed a smooth landing—when any landing at all was a feat. Proving again he is a very sound pilot and worthy of the great respect all the boys always gave him."

The day we talked to Jimmy on the overseas telephone he had no plans. "My plans come from the War Department," he said, somehow giving the impression he was wholly satisfied to have it like this.

Whereupon we were reminded of things the men in his squadron said about him:

Captain Fred J. Murray of Spokane, Washington, a lead pilot, admits he didn't expect a movie star to take the war too seriously. He said: "I thought Jimmy Stewart would be another Hollywood star who wanted to get into the limelight of war briefly and go home. But anybody who mentions his name to me invites compliments. He hated publicity. You couldn't get him to talk about himself."

Or, as Staff Sergeant Jack Martin, waist-gunner from Belton, Texas, who is now being processed for reassignment at Army Air Forces Redistribution Station No. 3 at Santa Monica, California, says, succinctly, "You don't use fancy names for guys over there. A guy is a good Joe or he isn't. Stewart was!"

Why risk cutting cuticle?

—when it's so easy to keep cuticle trim with Trimal!

The safe, gentle way to remove cuticle is the same method used by professional manicurists. Simply wrap cotton around manicure stick and apply Trimal. Then watch dead, loose cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed and delighted with results! Ask for the 10c or 25c size now (manicure stick and cotton included)—at drug, department or 10c stores.

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keeps cuticle trim without cutting

WELL-MANICURED CUTICLE

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THE SEASON'S **RIGHT RED**

50¢ PLUS TAX

...so right it's the **only shade** offered in the **lustrous**

ROGER & GALLET x **LIPSTICK**

ALSO FAMOUS ROGER & GALLET PERFUME
DRY PERFUME • LIP ADE • TOILET SOAP

Shampoo without Water

THIS NEW DRY WAY TAKES ONLY 10 MINUTES

- **QUICK**—No soap, no rinsing, no drying with Minipoo.
- **EFFICIENT**—cleanses the hair of dirt, grime, oil and odor.
- **BEAUTIFYING**—enhances wave, leaves hair soft, lovely.
- **SAFE**—Minipoo is safe in all weather. Ideal for sick room.

30 Shampoos with mitten applicator 100¢*
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JUNE LANG, charming screen actress, smiles her approval of Princess Pat Rouge.

Into Your Cheeks there comes a new, mysterious Glow!

Into cheeks touched with Princess Pat Rouge, there comes color that is vibrant, glowing, yet sincerely real—natural.

Just contrast Princess Pat with ordinary rouges of flat "painty" effect. Then, truly, Princess Pat Rouge amazes—gives beauty so thrilling—color so real—it actually seems to come from within the skin.

The 'life secret' of all color is glow

The fire of rubies, the lovely tints of flowers—all depend on *glow*. So does your own color. But where ordinary one-tone rouge *blots out* glow, Princess Pat—the duo-tone rouge—*imparts it*.

But remember, only Princess Pat Rouge is made by the secret duo-tone process—(an undertone and overtone).

So get Princess Pat Rouge today and discover how gloriously lovely you *can be*.

The right way to Rouge

Rouge before powder; this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smile into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area, which forms a > pointing toward the nose. That's Nature's rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat face powder over it—blending smoothly.



And lips to match!

You'll love the smoothness of the new Princess Pat "Color-Stay" Lipstick. One application stays, Stays, STAYS! And the shades are just heavenly. Complete your make-up with the new Princess Pat light-as-air Face Powder.

Wherever good cosmetics are sold Princess Pat Duotone Rouge, Lipstick and Face Powder are on display. Discover today your own Princess Pat color harmony shades.

Princess Pat

It wasn't only in the sky he distinguished himself either. As Wing Commander he was in charge of about three bases and three thousand men. Many of his important duties were performed at his worktable with maps. He worked long and conscientiously at this too. Once a fellow officer found him hard at it at 2 A.M. "Working pretty late, aren't you?" he asked. "Lots of them work late around here," Jimmy answered, smiling.

Staff Sergeant James J. McLaughlin of Omaha, Nebraska, a tail-gunner, is another who admits they were skeptical about serving under a movie star. "Naturally," he says, "when we heard Jimmy Stewart was the officer in charge there was a lot of doubt in our minds about a screen player having command of a squadron. But we were all wrong.

"I flew thirty missions in our B-24 group, five of them in which Major Stewart was leading. I always heard our pilots say he did a fine job while taking the group in and bringing us out."

The men who flew with Jimmy know what little chance there is of his talking about anything he has done. They grin when they say: "Get the Colonel to tell you about his experiences when he comes back."

A guy who would send his D.F.C. home instead of pinning it on his chest wouldn't be likely to tell you how he got it . . . or how he got his Air Medal or his Oak Leaf Cluster or the Croix de Guerre. . . .

For the past four years—ever since he was the first film star to have his number come up in the pre-war draft—Jimmy has run away from publicity and the limelight as if they were horned devils. He has, incredibly enough, managed to conduct himself as plain Jimmy Citizen ever since the day when, with other inductees, he rode off in a bus to the camp where he changed his brown tweeds for olive drab and the \$13,000 a month Metro paid him for the \$21 a month he would get as a private from Uncle Sam.

And as corporal, second lieutenant, lieutenant, captain, major, lieutenant colonel and colonel—for he came up the hard way—he has remained the same.

There was excitement in the Stewart household at "Vinegar Hill" in Indiana, Pennsylvania when they learned we had talked to Jimmy overseas. His father and mother and his sisters were eager to know what Jimmy had to say, of course. Mr. Stewart chuckled with satisfaction when he heard no girl was keeping Jimmy over there. And he laughed when we reported Jimmy had sounded very military.

"That won't last," he announced with Yankee forthrightness. "He's got two sisters here who'll soon take that out of him."

He asked all the little questions any parent would ask. And other voices coming over the wire faintly suggested that Mrs. Stewart and Virginia (Mary is away from home at the moment, traveling with her husband, a Navy officer) were asking if Jimmy sounded happy and well.

"What's holding him up anyway?" Mr. Stewart wanted to know. "Another job, hey? Well, guess we can wait another thirty days. Guess we'll have to.

"When he gets here we'll have a fine party. We're hoping, of course, he'll be around for a long time—or for good. But we're not counting on it. One of the boys at Metro tells me he just saw General Doolittle. And General Doolittle wants Jim with him—in the Pacific. . . ."

Undoubtedly the General would want Jim with him if the Pacific war were still on. But on the hunch that it wouldn't be, Metro has prepared "High Barbaree," a story about a flier, as a welcome-home for their distinguished Colonel.

Three cheers for that hunch!

THE END

LADY YOU CAN'T MASK SCALP ODOR



Even the most fastidious woman can be guilty of offending with Scalp Odor! She forgets that the scalp perspires, just as freely as the rest of the body does. And hair, particularly oily hair, absorbs unpleasant odors. The offensive result is *Scalp Odor*!

The easy, pleasant way to avoid having Scalp Odor is by regular use of Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This marvelous shampoo was developed especially to promote dainty, fresh hair and scalp. The pure medicinal pine tar does its work—then disappears. Try this gentle, effective shampoo tonight. On sale at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.



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MAKE EASY EXTRA MONEY
Good pay for your spare or full time. Show friends and others amazing variety of gorgeous Christmas Assortments. Big cash profits. Newest 21 Christmas Card Assortment, Gift Wrappings, Everyday Cards, and many others. No experience needed. Sales are quick and easy. GET SAMPLES on approval Now!

"FEATURE"
21 Card Christmas Assortment
SELLS FOR \$1
PAYS YOU 50¢

ARTISTIC CARD CO., 957 Way, Elmira, N. Y.

Give Yourself a Charm-Kurl PERMANENT WAVE

Complete Home Kit *only* **59¢**



JUNE LANG
Glamorous Hollywood
Movie Star Praises
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PLUS TAX
NOTHING ELSE
TO BUY

Safe

FOR EVERY
TYPE OF
HAIR

Now, thrill to the joy of a cool, machineless permanent wave. Do it yourself at home the Charm-Kurl way. Requires no heat, no electricity, no previous hair waving experience. Leaves hair soft, easy to manage and looking like natural curls and waves. Over 6,500,000 sold. It's a sensation from coast to coast.

IT'S EASY... SAVES MONEY

Anyone can do it. And Charm-Kurl is safe—contains no harmful chemicals. Bleached, dyed or gray hair takes a marvelous wave. It's inexpensive—costs only 59¢ complete, yet the results are guaranteed to please as well as any \$10.00 professional permanent or money back on request. Ideal, too, for children, positively cannot harm their soft, fine hair.

Easy as Putting Your Hair Up in Curls

Yes, Charm-Kurl is sheer hair magic. If you can comb your hair you can give yourself a luxurious Charm-Kurl Permanent. Each Kit contains Permanent Wave Solution, 50 Curlers, Shampoo, end tissues, wave set, rinse and complete illustrated instructions.

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YOU'LL SAY IT'S WONDERFUL FOR Sore Back

Want REAL relief from your sore, stiff, aching back? Then get a bottle of Sayman Liniment and massage it on gently. Feel "tight" muscles loosen up, pain subside, soreness vanish. Works FAST... costs only 50¢—is simply wonderful for muscular aches, pains, stiffness and soreness due to local congestion caused by exposure, fatigue or over-exertion.

SAYMAN LINIMENT
Made by the Makers of SAYMAN SALVE

These Are the Days of Gregory Peck

(Continued from page 61) in spelling," Greg says.

On the night of that first date Greg hustled toward the stage door the moment the last curtain fell, only to pause at sight of Miss Cornell's leading man, Bramwell Fletcher (who is now married to Diana Barrymore), waiting there.

"Got a date?" asked Mr. Peck warily.

"Yes, with Greta," replied Mr. Fletcher.

At that moment the stage door opened from the outside. In walked a very dudish-looking local gent. He smiled superiorly at the actors, both the important one and the unimportant one.

"I'm calling for Miss Rice," he announced.

Greg and Bram looked at one another. They might be romantic rivals, but after all they were fellow thespians. They certainly couldn't let any mere business man horn in. So they both started talking glibly and presently the outsider decided he didn't want the date with the little hairdresser after all. When Greta came along there were however, two dates still waiting.

"Oh," cried Greta in shocked surprise. (To this day Greg doesn't know whether or not she planned the whole thing.) "Oh, my."

Mr. Peck and Mr. Fletcher both started talking, but Greg kept on the longest, and pretty soon he and little Miss Rice were alone. Alone but together, with Greg's one-seventy-nine or whatever it was to squander on such a cosmic occasion.

It was probably that approximate one-seventy-nine that helped make Greg the star he is today. Or maybe the star he is today is based upon the qualities he then demonstrated and developed. Either way, on that night he established himself forever as the absolute object of Miss Greta Rice's flirtatious attentions and, having no money with which to snare her, he used a rarer coin. He used imagination. It worked that night. It worked later. Greg still had to compete with the local gentry as they toured, but discovering, town to town, that Miss Rice was mad for America and American lore, Mr. Gregory Peck, ancestrally as white as the driven snow, became (for Miss Rice's benefit) a full-blooded Indian. He told her how his father was chief of the Blackbottom tribe. He was witty, enchanting and sometimes pathetic about the Blackbottom reservation, and the reservation school, and he was most touching and gallant as he told about how old he had been before he ever saw a white man, and his terror and bravery at that time.

Greta should have wondered how an Indian ever got that wave Greg has in his hair, and about his very un-Indian gift of gab, and his most un-Indian charm, but apparently she never did. In fact, she fell for the line so completely that when they reached San Francisco, she could not understand how Greg's parents, who came to see their son there, were such palefaces.

The San Francisco engagement meant much to Greg. It was there that he got his first interview (having been a local college boy) in the Call-Bulletin. It was there that Greta first admitted she loved him. And it was there that the show closed.

He went back to New York. So did Greta, but while she got work instantly, he got nothing. Oh, he was cast in plays all right, plays that opened and closed with deadly regularity. He understudied such personalities as Jean Pierre Aumont

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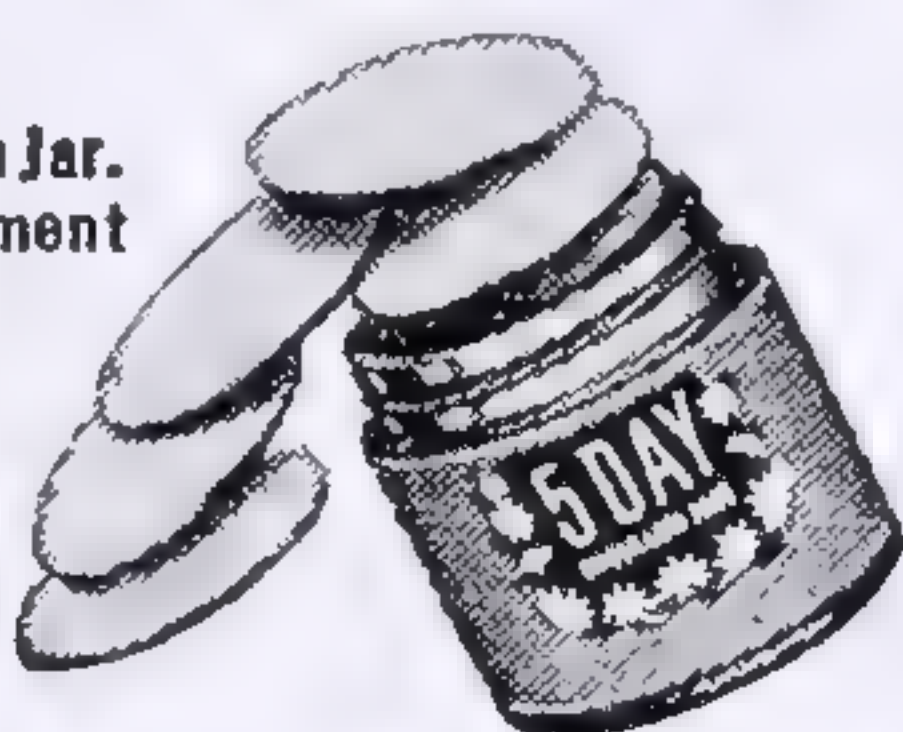
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and Philip Merrivale. He even made a screen test for one David Selznick. "Both Selznick and I took one look," Greg says, "and we were in absolute accord. We both knew I couldn't be worse. No actor could have been worse."

This marked the beginning of 1942. Gregory Peck of the Blackbottom tribe hit bottom and it was very black indeed. He was stony broke. He had no prospects and the only meals he had were at Greta's. She insisted he come to her house and eat. Greg would hold out until his longing to see her was even more powerful than his physical hunger. Then he'd go to her apartment, stuff himself on her fine dinners and sometimes even borrow another five dollars from her. When he'd leave her, his self-loathing would nearly overpower him, he a fellow who had such bright dreams, borrowing money from a girl, surviving on food she worked hard to provide. Moreover he was taunted by the awareness that his father would thoroughly disapprove of him in every way.

HE hung on, however, because he simply couldn't quit, and by the summer of '42 things looked up a bit. Cornell played an engagement at Martha's Vineyard and had Greg in her company. The famous Cape Theatre at Dennis, Massachusetts, hired him for a season in stock.

"The salary was almost invisible and I wasn't even the second lead," Greg says. "I actually did play those roles where you dash in through the French doors upstage, pause and say brightly, 'Tennis, anyone?' and boyishly whack yourself with a tennis racket as the ingenue presents you with a cup of tea and you get so cute and awkward trying to manage the racket and the cup of tea at the same time."

At Dennis, Greg also played in musical comedies and sang.

"I can't sing," Greg said firmly, "but I learned a lot—made friends in the town, managed to buy a desperately needed suit and start paying Greta back."

In the fall of '42 he went into "Rose Burke" with Cornell. It was so bad she didn't take it to New York at all. However, Greg did get to Broadway—in "Morning Star" with Gladys Cooper. But the stay was short. The play died suddenly.

"All this while Greta and I were engaged," Greg says. "Before 'Morning Star' opened, because it had such an auspicious cast, we'd taken out our marriage license. I was to earn \$100 a week in that show and we thought we'd wait just a bit, till I piled up an overwhelming fortune of say \$250, till we got married. But the closing notice went up almost before we opened! Greta and I had a date to go with some friends to see the World's Series the next afternoon. I was lower than a snake, about to be broke again, out of work again, and my marriage put off again. During the ball game Greta suddenly said, 'Greg, there's a pretty little church at 61st Street and Park Avenue. Why don't we get married there today?' I said, 'You mean it?' She said, 'Of course.' That's the kind of a girl Greta is.

"The church turned out to be Methodist and there, with our ball game friends as witnesses, we were married. Greta moved into the miserable little furnished room I had. At least we were together. That's what I said. That's what Greta said, too.

"Of course Greta had a job. So guess whose work and money we lived on. I felt so rotten about it that I was moody and mean. I gloomed around, pretty well loaded up with an attack of self-pity, when I noticed that Greta wasn't acting

one bit the way she had before we were married. Then she'd always wanted to keep going, had always been laughing, but now, after she got home from work, and ate, she'd want to lie down quietly. Sometimes she even went to bed along about eight o'clock. I said to myself, 'Well, she regrets marrying you and can you blame her?'

"A month went by and one day Greta's brother said to me, 'Is Greta entirely over the flu?'

"What flu?" I asked.
"He just stood and gaped at me. 'Don't you know your wife has been nearly out with the flu ever since your wedding?'" he asked.

"That's the kind of a swell sport I married. There I'd been, indulging my moods, while she was keeping herself working with a steady two-degree fever!"

ANOTHER play, "The Willow And I," starring Martha Scott, flopped, too, but he stood out. A pair of Hollywood gentlemen arrived in town together, Hal Wallis and Casey Robinson, both then representing Warners. They soon indicated that they'd like to have Mr. Peck call upon them.

"At the Waldorf," Greg says, "right smack up in one of those Tower suites. It was the first time I'd ever dared step into the Waldorf, much less invade the Tower. It was my first contact with Hollywood, with the scent of gentlemen's shaving lotions and the sight of custom-made jackets. Only the memory of that test I'd made with Selznick kept me from being completely overwhelmed."

He told the Messrs. Wallis and Robinson he didn't consider himself ready for Hollywood yet and he went into still another flop play, "Sons And Soldiers." But Casey Robinson came back to town, now free from Warners, about to produce on his own. He got in touch with Greg again. Another Hollywood mogul saw "Sons And Soldiers." This was Darryl Zanuck. Greg held out on him too.

By 1943, the race was really on. Louis B. Mayer, William Goetz, Zanuck, Buddy de Sylva, got in touch with him. Mr. Peck yielded to the suggestion of his agent, Leland Hayward, that he at least take a trip to Hollywood and look the situation over.

"Greta and I packed our two suits," said Greg, "her suit and my suit, and went out to Hollywood at Leland's expense, and practically rolled on the carpets of the Beverly Hills Hotel, so pleased were we with their expensiveness, so amused were we that there we were living at \$20 a day for mere rent, while in New York we spent \$14 a week. We ate everybody's fine food, free, and drove in everybody's fine cars, free, and I didn't sign with a soul. This was because I saw that in some incredible way—that, you understand, was not breaking my heart—I had become a commodity, they had become buyers. I felt just like a gross of toothbrushes or a ton of epsom salts on which my dad was bidding and I gambled that the longer I held out the more they'd want me.

"At the end of ten days, Greta and I packed up, very elegantly, having each splurged to the extent of a new shirt meanwhile, and with great grandeur took ourselves back to our \$14 a week furnished room in distinctly the wrong section of New York City."

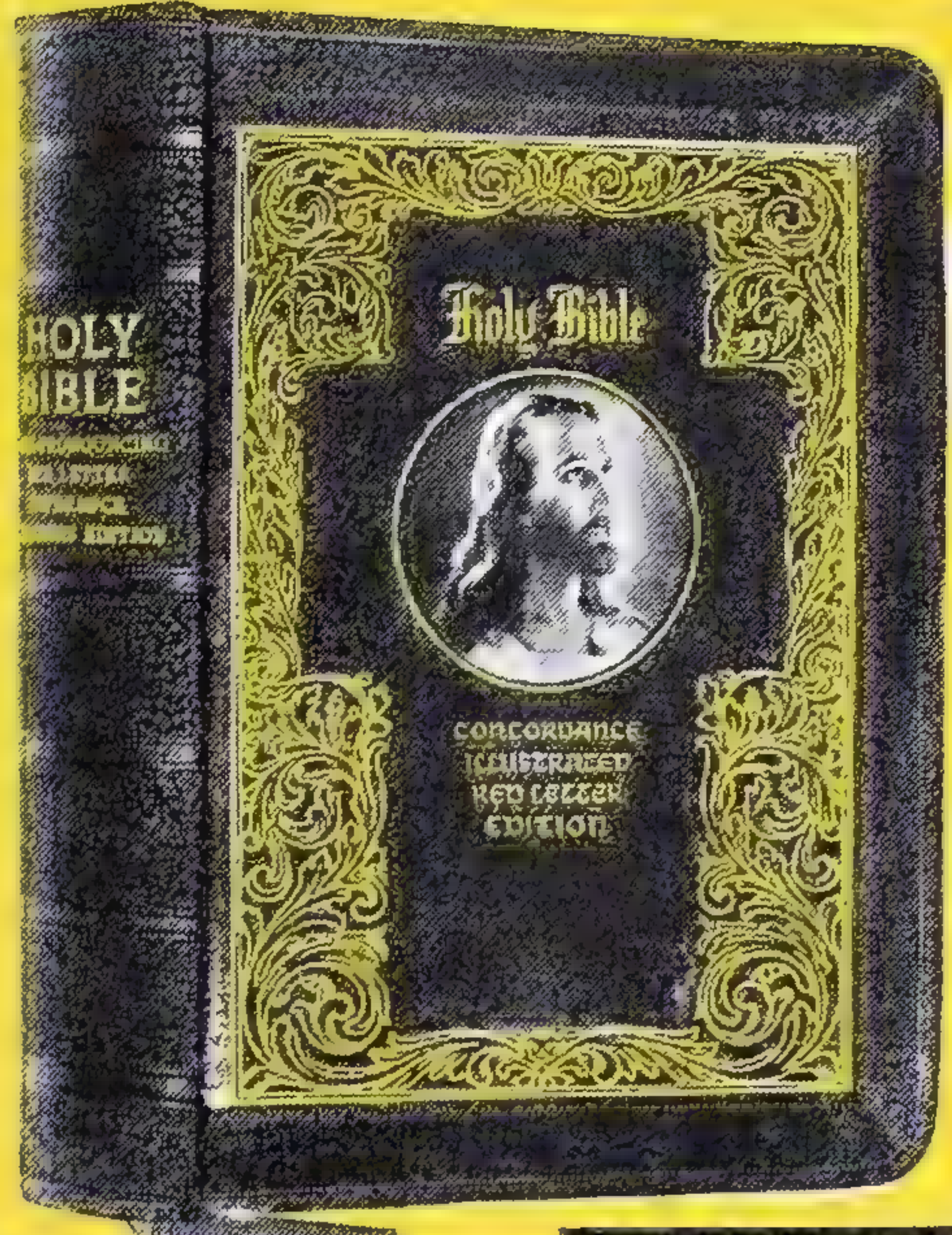
Only Casey Robinson persisted, and since he did not demand that Greg sign a long-term contract, but rather only for the picture, Greg finally agreed to do "Days Of Glory" for him.

This proved to be exactly the wrong thing to do. Leland Hayward told Greg—ory so.

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Greg now argues, "I know no man sets out to make a bad picture, and Casey least of all. He meant to make 'Days Of Glory' a great production, and I personally thought it would be. But somehow it wasn't.

"However that didn't affect Casey's and my friendship and Leland didn't say, 'I told you so.' All he did was let me know Zanuck wanted me for 'The Keys Of The Kingdom.' I'd read the book and loved it. I thought there was a possibility for a great characterization, and for once my luck was good. For one thing I worked for ten solid weeks just on tests. I had John Stahl directing me and it was the finest possible training."

GREG smiled, his slow smile that is at once witty and thoughtful and (if you are feminine) most disturbing, and said, "You know the rest—'The Valley Of Decision' with Greer Garson, 'Spellbound' with Ingrid Bergman—and what a woman and fine actress that one is—and now two pictures at once, 'Duel In The Sun' for Selznick and 'The Yearling' for M-G-M, with Sidney Franklin producing, and what an artist he is.

My wonderful fortune is not so much that I've had a variety of roles—in 'Duel In The Sun' I play an outlaw Westerner, for example, and in 'The Yearling' I'm a Florida cracker—but in the variety of directors I've had. Every one of them is 'great' in his own way, and yet each is entirely different."

It is not hard to get Greg to talking about Jonathan.

"My son, my son!" said Greg. "Did you know he was a year old on July 20th? He looks just like his mother and inherited her disposition, which proves he's perfect." He smiled again. "I want three more like him. Girls of course will do. I mean, I figure four kids make a nice family."

Of his future plans, Greg said, "Just more work. I don't yearn to play Hamlet, or tragedy vs. comedy or comedy vs. anything else. I don't think I know much about stories or about casting. All I want to be is an actor who play by play in every way gets better and better. For this reason I'd like to go back to the stage every two or three years for a play, to get the criticisms I will there, probably the real body blows those critics will land on me. This should be good, as you have to be a little careful in Hollywood, you know, that you don't get glowing from too much flattery."

"Yes," we said. "But with your success, and the best contract in Hollywood, and the best roles, and your hilltop home, and Greta and Jonathan, and the future three, how do you propose to keep from losing your head?"

Mr. Gregory Peck rose and drew himself up to his full height, which is a lot of height.

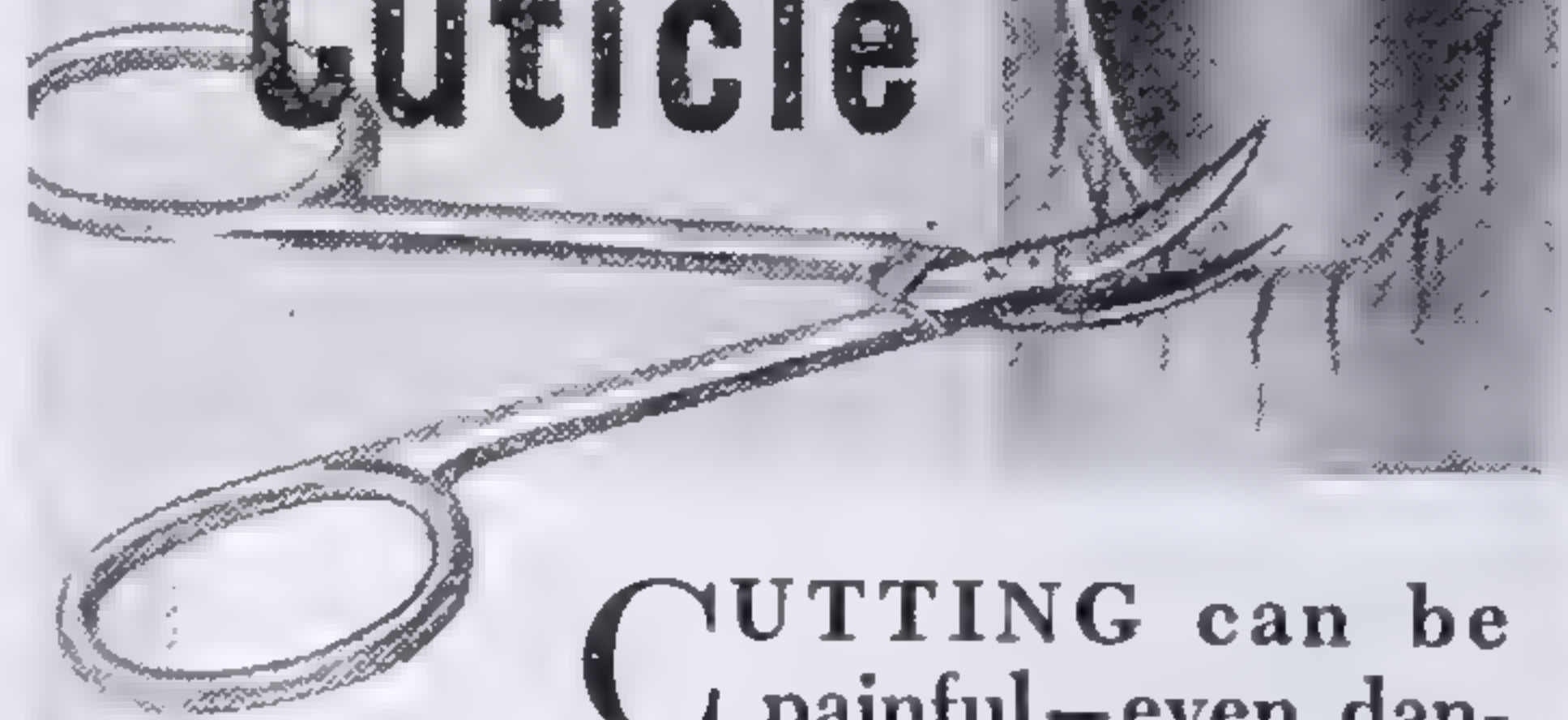
"My good woman, how can I lose it," he muttered, "when merely by becoming an actor I proved I never had a head in the first place?"

With that he walked out of the house, went down the path—didn't bother to open the gate, but merely stepped over it. He sprawled down behind the wheel in his open car, waved a tanned hand and called out, "Did you ever hear about the two ghosts who asked each other . . ." and then he was off, grinning, in a cloud of dust.

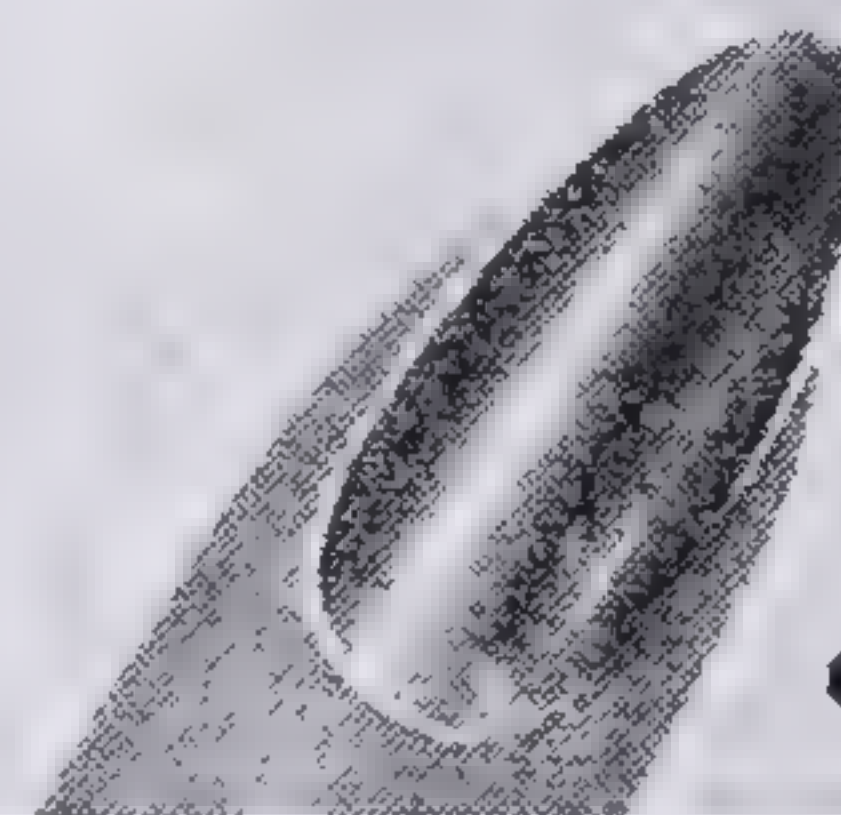
Well, we don't know about ghosts, but we do know about ten million women all over the world and all the Hollywood producers and directors do believe in this man, and know what a rare and marvelous event it is that they have found him.

THE END

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Time for Robert Walker

(Continued from page 48) if they knew any details of his acquaintance's demise.

That was the way our evening started. It was a slant on Bob's personality, his enthusiasms, intensity and skepticism. He carries these qualities over into his attitude toward himself and his career. He feels the time has come for him to vary the roles he plays. He is pretty sick of playing the naïve kid. "After all," he said, "I'm twenty-six."

With "The Clock" it was different. His characterization of the soldier in that picture was a more naturally written part than any he had had before. "It's the situations that make the difference rather than the story," he said. "The kind of stuff I'm sick of doing is the 'Since You Went Away' type, the gawky kid stuff. Now in 'The Clock' the soldier was just as young in age but the dialogue was more sensitive and the scenes more mature. He was a boy with a poetical sense or he could never have played that scene in Central Park the way it was written."

Bob Walker is a good example of the growing tendency among the younger Hollywood actors to think in terms of their work and their careers rather than in being movie stars. He is the younger counterpart of the Bob Montgomerys, the James Cagneys and one or two others who fought for the things they believed they could do rather than accept the easier way of doing what they were told.

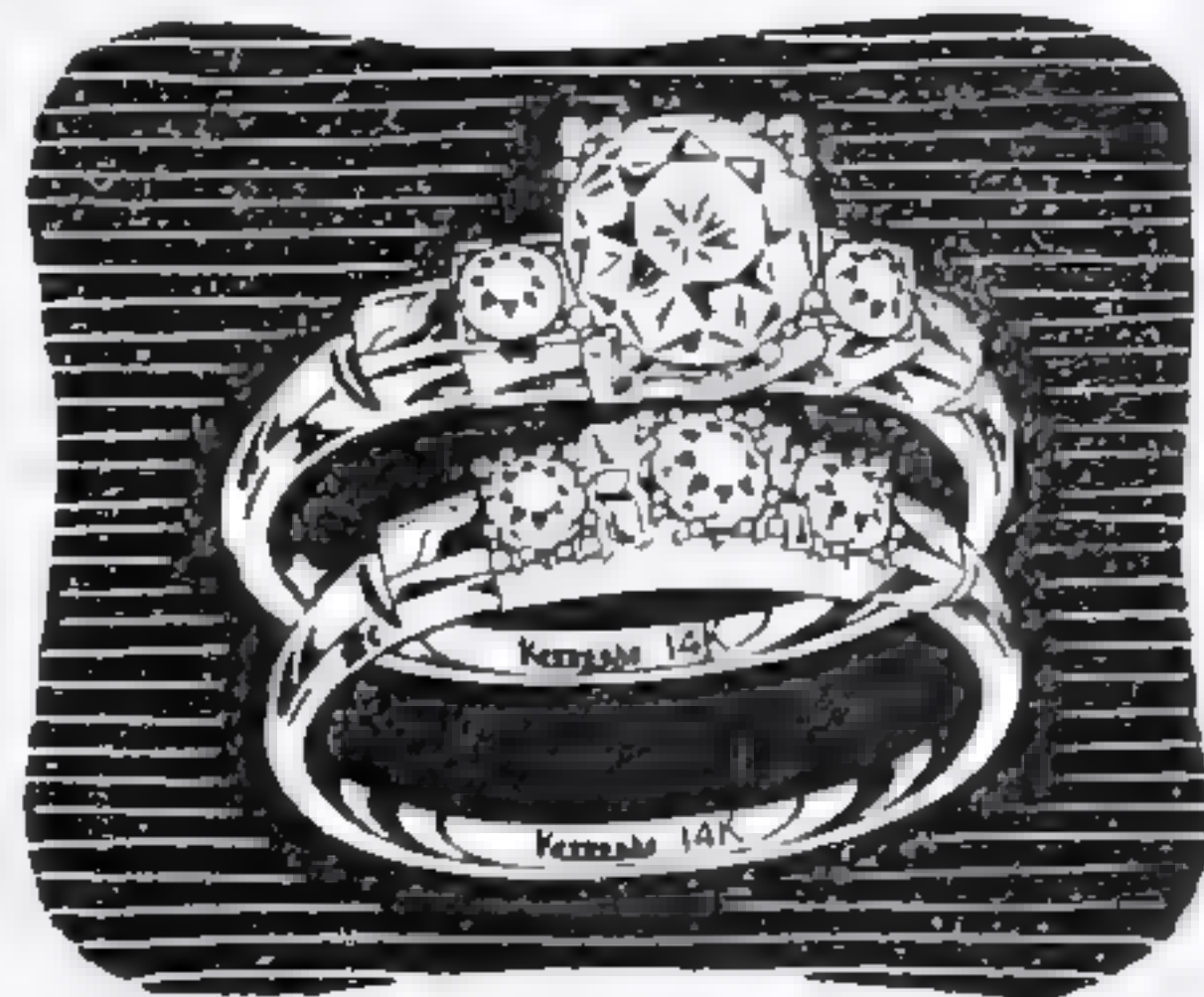
BOB is fussing around with an idea of starting some sort of producing group that would give the younger actors a chance to play different types of roles, an organization something on the lines of the Group Theatre in New York where there was no star system and where the actors would take turns, playing leading roles in one show and doing minor characterizations in another.

He admits that the competition is tough and it's going to get tougher. "Why not?" he said. "Those of us who couldn't get into the war had our chance and we're still having it. But fellows like Van Heflin—and he's a swell actor—are back. And Jimmy Stewart, he'll be coming back, too. That shouldn't hurt us because if we're any good at all we're established by now."

Bob doesn't look on himself as a raw youngster, and there is no reason why he should. After all he is an ex-husband and the father of two children, and you don't go through that without gaining experience. He has rented a comfortable house in Mandeville Canyon, a secluded section near Pacific Palisades, and a stone's throw from the home of Fredric March. Bob has a tennis court and a colored man named Harry who cooks, waits on the table when Bob brings a friend home to dinner, drives the car and washes an occasional shirt. "One of the best things about Harry," Bob says, "is that he's too big to wear my clothes."

Bob goes out to dinner two or three times a week. Until recently his companion might have been Diana Lynn, or a Pasadena debutante, or any of several popular girls around town. Now he is rarely seen except in the company of Florence Pritchett, whom he met when he was in New York last winter. They were together much of the time in the big city and when Bob returned to Hollywood he was plainly at loose ends. Then Florence came out on a newspaper assignment which was supposed to have kept her in the film capital for a few days, but the visit stretched into weeks. Bob's friends say that Florence is the only girl to whom he has been consistently attentive since his break-up with Jennifer Jones.

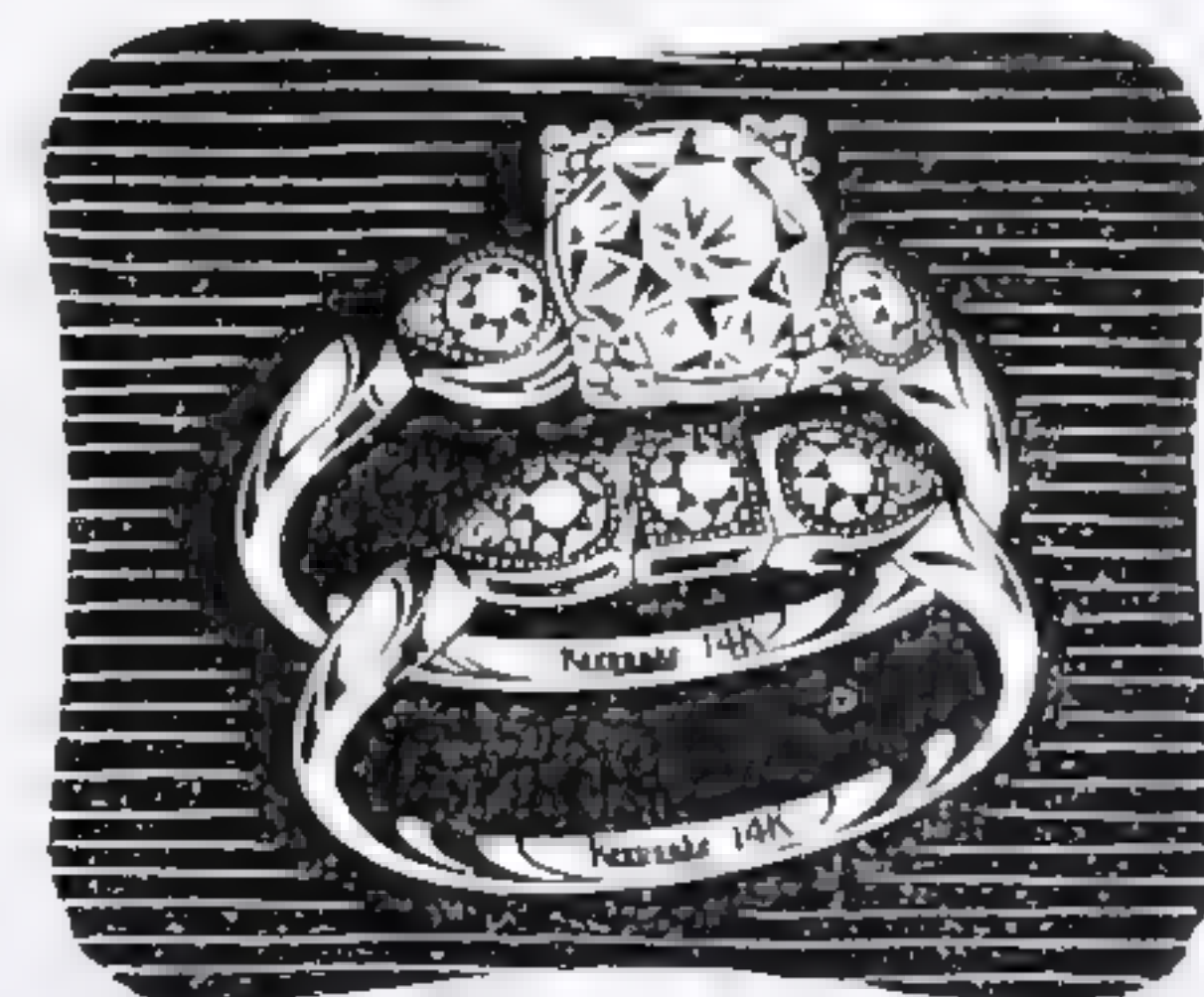
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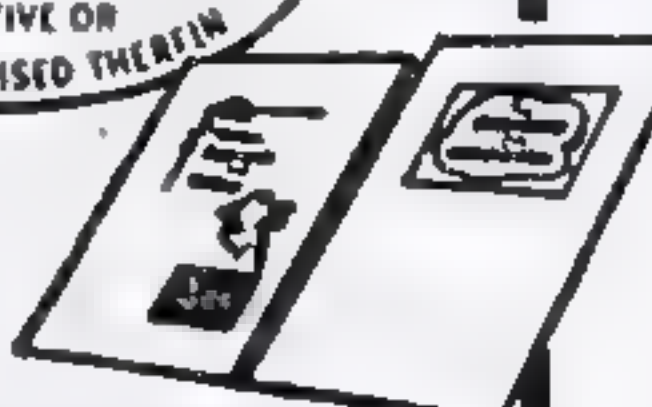
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He has great admiration for Vincente Minnelli, who directed him in "The Clock," and for Vincente's wife, Judy Garland. Bob and Judy's friendship dates from shortly after the time Bob separated from his wife. Bob was lonely then and so was Judy and the two of them used to sneak off together and explore the lesser-known jitterbug spots in Los Angeles, places where they could mingle with the kids around town without attracting attention.

Judy tells the story of one of these excursions when they started home after a night of dancing. Judy says that Bob is a terrible driver and that on this night he was worse than ever. Apparently he sensed that she was nervous. They stopped at a drive-in for a sandwich and when they went back to the car he asked her if she would like to drive.

"I didn't want to hurt his feelings," Judy said, "but I jumped at the wheel, I was so relieved. We hadn't gone a couple of blocks when I turned a corner too short. The wheel hit the curb and a tire blew out. There we were at two o'clock in the morning and nobody in sight. Bob walked back to the drive-in and started phoning. He finally got hold of a garage man and told him where we were. Bob came back and we sat in the car for an hour. The man arrived at last. It was broad daylight when we got home."

DWIGHT TAYLOR the well-known screen writer son of Laurette Taylor, tells a story which shows Bob's lack of conceit.

Taylor put on a show in New York in 1938 called "Where Do We Go From Here?"—a play about high-school-fraternity life. One day an agent came to the theater with a serious-looking youth wearing horn-rimmed glasses. Taylor was struck by the boy's earnestness and he engaged him for a small part. Shortly after the show opened, Taylor returned to Hollywood. The show was not much of a success and Taylor never gave it, or the boy whom he had engaged, another thought.

Last year Taylor dropped into a lunch-counter restaurant in Hollywood. Over in the corner sat a boy with horn-rimmed glasses. The boy looked familiar but Taylor couldn't place him. In telling this story Dwight Taylor said, "You must remember I hardly ever go to pictures except the ones I am connected with. On my way out of the restaurant I stopped and spoke to this kid—and then I remembered him vaguely from my show."

"I asked him what he was doing in Hollywood. He said he was under contract to M-G-M. I said, 'Gosh, that's swell. I'm there, too, and I'll be glad to do anything I can to help you. I'm writing a screen play with a part in it you might do. It's a small part but it's better than nothing.'"

"There was a peculiar look on his face as he thanked me, but I didn't pay any attention to it at the time. Later, when I was back at the studio I described this guy to a producer. The producer said, 'Is his name Bob Walker by any chance?' Even then the name didn't mean anything to me, but that afternoon the producer sent to my office a huge batch of clippings and photographs all about Bob Walker. You can imagine how I felt when I saw the reviews and fan stories."

"Well, I rushed right over to Walker's dressing room and told him what a dope I was. I started to explain that I had been out of touch with movies, but he cut me off with a laugh."

"What difference does it make?" he said, "I'm trying to be an actor, not a celebrity."

That's the truth about Bob Walker.
THE END

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

Weekend At The Waldorf (M-G-M)

BIG, luscious, funny and romantic—that's M-G-M's elaborate movie that has everything to delight the eye and tickle the heart. Romance? There's Ginger Rogers and Walter Pidgeon to raise the temperature and Lana Turner and Van Johnson to keep it up. Music? There's Xavier Cugat, his orchestra and singers to delight with his rumbas and sambas and some very cute acting on the side. Comedy? It has Keenan Wynn as a not-too-bright reporter attempting to expose oil financier Edward Arnold but not quite knowing how. And then too there's Robert Benchley and his pregnant pup to add a laugh or two.

Ginger Rogers is photographed right out of this world and should send garlands of flowers to that M-G-M cameraman who did so well by her. Furthermore, Miss Rogers as the bored and lonely Hollywood movie star in New York for the preview of her latest film, gives just about her best performance to date. There's a restrained something about her playing that gets across so beautifully her tragic loneliness, with no overdone gestures or hammy lines. She's plain delightful.

Pidgeon, well, now here's the lad we've been waiting for—away from those heavy-as-lead heroes. As the war correspondent who gets into Ginger's room by mistake he couldn't be more delightful, more romantic, more appealing.

Then of course there's Van and Lana. Van is the Army Captain about to undergo a serious operation, and Lana the hotel stenographer about to take up Edward Arnold's thinly-veiled proposition. But once the two meet—Van and Lana—the spark is struck, the conflagration is on and the proposition off.

Turner, of course, is the most silvery lovely thing on the screen. Incongruously, the depth and sincerity of her work comes right through that beauty to catch and hold the interest.

Van, of course, is Van which seems sufficient to the fans. In the sympathetic role of the lonely officer facing perhaps death, he is bound to just win over everything feminine in sight.

Phyllis Thaxter is delightful as the young bride-to-be, jealous of Ginger. Leon Ames, Rosemary De Camp and Lina Romay add to the production, which is lavish in sets, in cast and beauty. For a great big booful movie we just don't see how you can beat it.

Your Reviewer Says: Everything and everybody for your pleasure.

Weekend At The Waldorf (M-G-M)

SO full, so packed with unexpected sugar plums is this dee-lightful, dee-vine, dee-lectable musical with Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson and Jose Iturbi throwing around talent like mad. Typically Joe Pasternak in its charm and typically George Sidney in its expert direction, the story of two gobs and a gal just couldn't offer more.

Kelly and Sinatra are a pair of bell-bottomed Lotharios on a three-day pass who accidentally meet up with Kathryn through her small nephew who wants to join the Navy. Frankie decides he loves Kathryn and Kelly promises to aid him. The boys discourage her suitor Grady Sutton, and in restitution promise her an audition with Iturbi. There's only one



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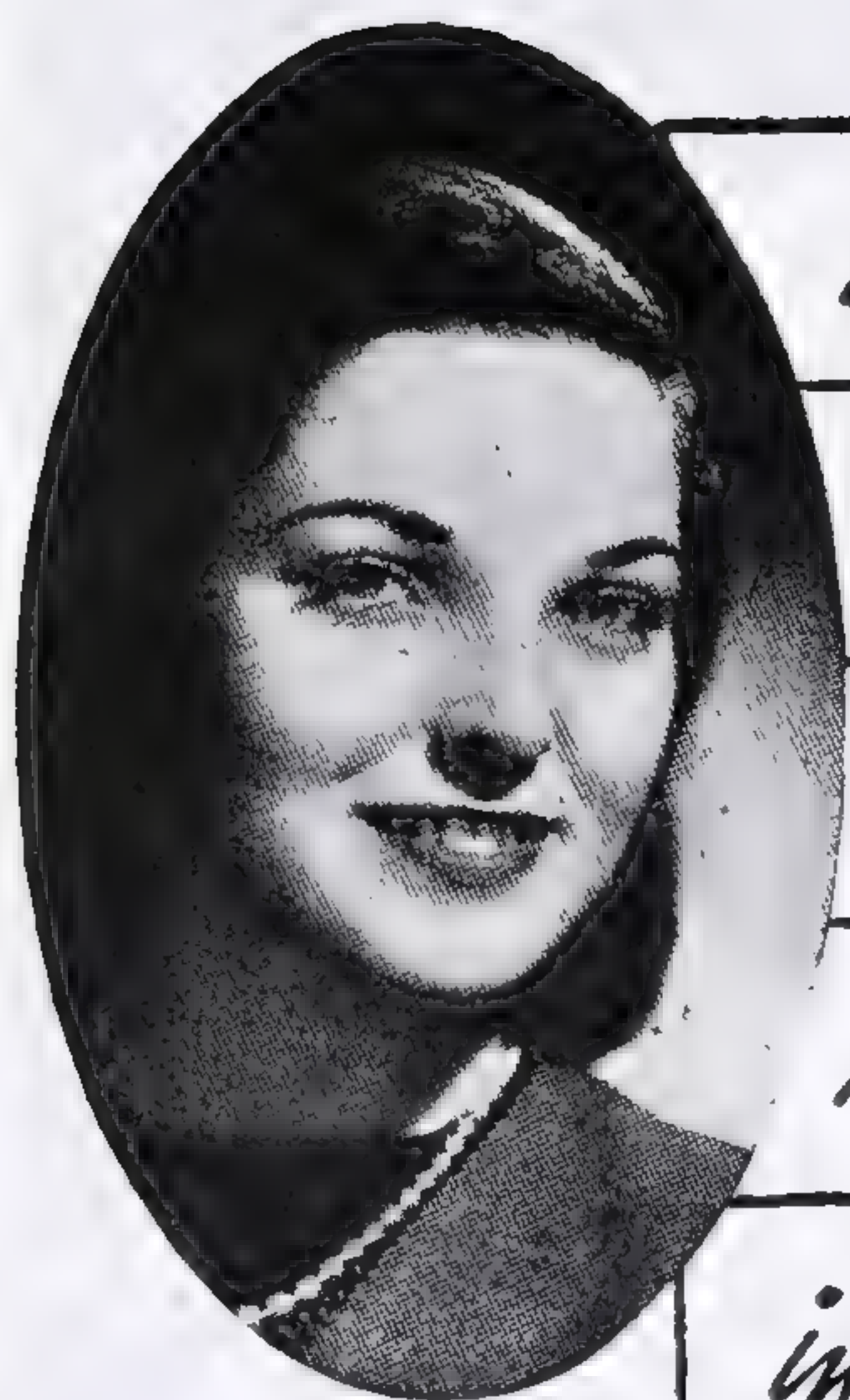
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more
information
below (about
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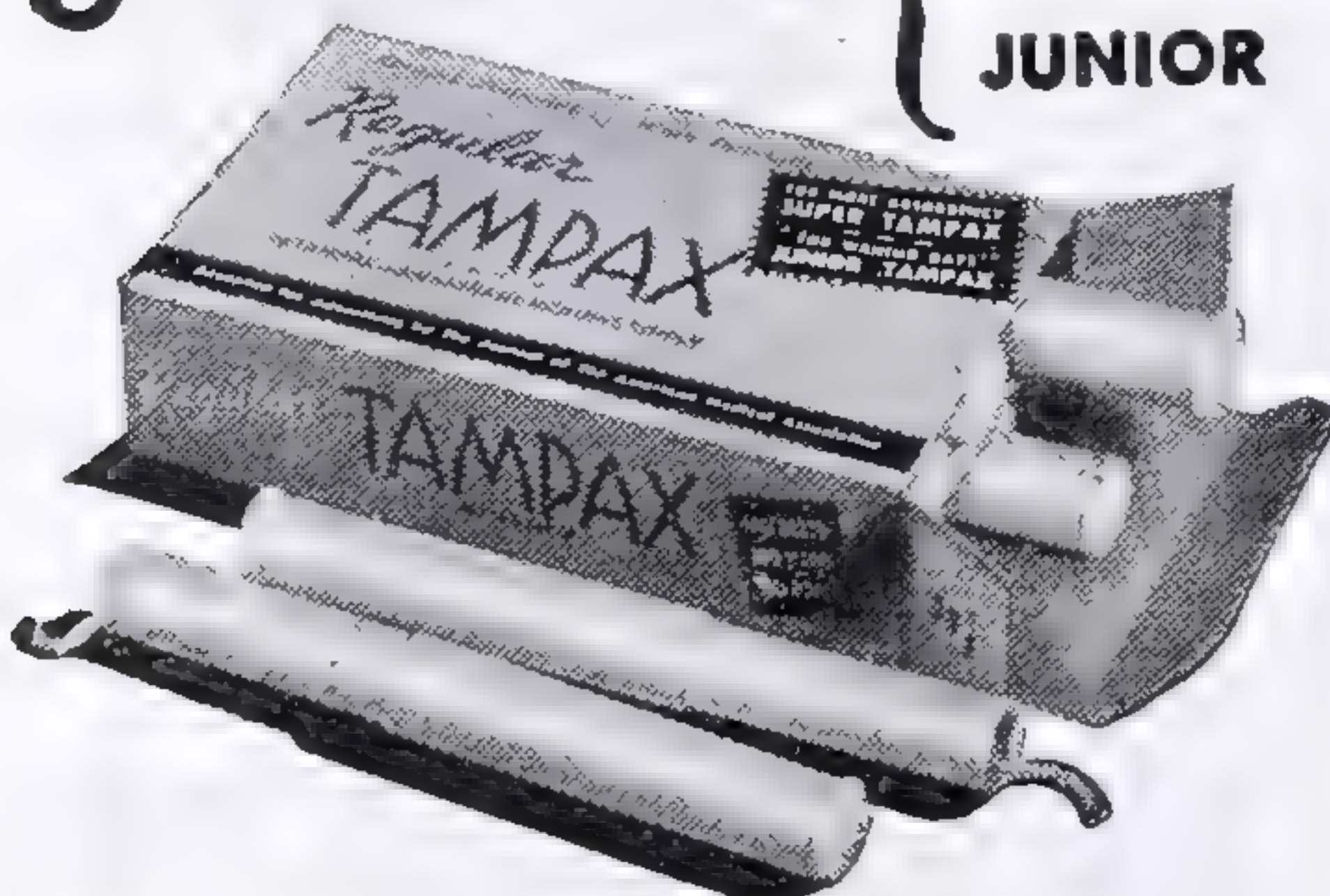
2 The insertion is quickly and easily performed by the use of a patented disposable applicator—so dainty that your hands need not touch the Tampax.

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catch—they don't know Iturbi from Adam. Through M-G-M studios (where Kathy is an extra girl) and through the Hollywood Bowl they pursue the musician, never quite catching up.

But it's the individual touches, the separate sequences strung so beautifully together that make the story the gem it is. Kelly's vigorous charm, his aliveness, his forcefulness, almost lifts the story from the screen. His dancing is sensational. The routine with the cartoon character is right smack out of this world.

Frankie seems in contrast to come out second best, but his singing is sure to please the fans. Miss Grayson in the rich, lush background of the Olivera Street (a historic Los Angeles spot) setting is plain dreamy.

Iturbi plays brilliantly and acts naturally. Little Dean Stockwell as Kathryn's nephew, and Pamela Britton are standouts.

Your Reviewer Says: Miss this and you'll be s-o-r-r-y.

✓✓ You Came Along (Hal Wallis-Paramount)

CAREFREE humor walks hand in hand with tender pathos and let me tell you the pair make strange picture-fellows; one emotion reacting mightily on the other. Perhaps these two ingredients can be successfully used in one film, but we at least couldn't succumb to the gaiety for thinking of the tragedy—so we were torn up.

Bob Cummings, who never gives a frowsy performance, stands out like a beacon light in the splendid company of Don De Fore and Charles Drake. The three are fliers, strictly on the prowl of course, chaperoned on a Bond tour by Elizabeth Scott of the Treasury Depart-

Best Pictures of the Month

Pride Of The Marines
Anchors Aweigh
Love Letters
Her Highness And The Bellboy
Duffy's Tavern
Over 21
Weekend At The Waldorf

Best Performances

*John Garfield, Dane Clark
and Eleanor Parker in
"Pride Of The Marines"*
*Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra
And Kathryn Grayson in
"Anchors Aweigh"*
*Jackie Jenkins and
Margaret O'Brien in
"Our Vines Have Tender Grapes"*
*Jennifer Jones in
"Love Letters"*
*Hedy Lamarr, June Allyson
and Robert Walker in
"Her Highness And The Bellboy"*
*Irene Dunne and
Alexander Knox in
"Over 21"*
*Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon,
Lana Turner and Van Johnson in
"Weekend At The Waldorf"*

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ment, who spends most of her time dragging the boys away from women. It seems natural, however, that Lizabeth and Robert should fall in love, but their romance is clouded with the threat of tragedy. It is in this last third of the story that the picture achieves a strange and mounting beauty.

Lizabeth Scott is a new and arresting personality projecting force and physical attraction. She is, we feel, bound to become a star of tomorrow.

Don De Fore takes another giant stride forward in his career and Charles Drake is still another lad to look out for.

Julie Bishop, a night club entertainer, Kim Hunter as Miss Scott's sister, and Helen Forrest as herself, round out the superb cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Strange and entrancing.

✓✓ Over 21 (Columbia)

DOROTHY PARKER, returning from her Florida hibernation while her husband Alan Campbell was "going through" OCS, related her experiences to friend Ruth Gordon who wrote it up in a play called "Over 21." What's more, Miss Gordon starred in the play to the delight and amusement of New York audiences.

And now it comes to the screen to the delight and amusement of millions of fans who will see it and enjoy it albeit there are moments when the story becomes a bit heavy handed in its social significance views.

If fans wondered what next for Alexander Knox after "Wilson" they needn't have worried over his typing or casting problems, for Knox proves his ability to fit into any niche movies can scare up. As the editor of a paper that goes straight to pot the minute he joins the Army (try believing that) Knox couldn't be more humanly real or really human.

Irene Dunne as his novel-writing wife, gives it the works. With all stops out she plays her role for a solid hit and looks beautiful in the midst of it too. Her wifely concern over her husband's struggle to make second looeey, will undoubtedly strike a familiar spark in the hearts of many wives.

Charles Coburn as the publisher who threatens to sell the paper while Knox is in the Army gives out still another of those Coburnish gems. Jeff Donnell as the departing wife who explains the intricacies of the bungalow to Irene, and Loren Tindall as Jeff's husband, add refreshing humor to the piece that could have been funnier but is nonetheless a tip-top movie. Cora Witherspoon, Lee Patrick, Phil Brown and Charles Evans add to the fun.

Your Reviewer Says: Over 21 or under 21, you'll love it.

✓✓ Duffy's Tavern (Paramount)

A GLITTERING galaxy of Paramount stars that glow and glimmer and entertain like fury. The setting is radio's famed Duffy's Tavern with Archie (Ed Gardner) and his usual helpers, Charles Cantor, Eddie Green and Ann Thomas to spread cheer, confusion and massacred English.

All the Paramount stars and players (with the exception of Hope) arrive at Duffy's to help Archie out of a jam, and the abundance of talent plus the melee of fun with Victor Moore staving off the police while Archie introduces the acts makes for a solid hit.

Crosby, Betty Hutton, Goddard, Ladd, Lake, Lamour, Bracken and many others hold the spotlight for songs, laughter and sheer hysteria; Eddie Bracken's take-off



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Your Reviewer Says: An overflowing bowl of good cheer.

✓✓ Our Vines Have Tender Grapes (M-G-M)

A SERIES of heartwarming sketches almost unrelated in their broken continuity and yet ably held together, like a magazine serial, by their pleasant characters, is this charming story of Norwegian stock in Wisconsin. Taken from George Victor Martin's book, the picture is almost experimental in form, building to no climax, presenting no message and possessing no theme except that of kindly folk in a small and physically ugly community. Margaret O'Brien and Jackie "Butch" Jenkins are the "tender grapes" who turn in performances so sterling, right and natural they compel attention and respect. One forgets these are not children at normal everyday play, so capable is the direction of Roy Rowland and the talent of these two performers. They fascinate by their very naturalness which is an achievement in itself.

As Margaret's parents, Agnes Moorehead and Edward G. Robinson, hardy Wisconsin farmers, display their worth and capabilities as fine actors worthy of most any roles that come their way. Their occasional shortcomings, their strivings, their love for their daughter, has been written and acted with a tremendous understanding.

James Craig as the small-town editor and Frances Gifford as the schoolteacher furnish just the right romantic note. Both are restrained, both splendid. Morris Carnovsky, the neighbor who loses everything through an electric storm, is a welcome addition to the picture, and Dorothy Morris as the unfortunate *Ingeborg*, a splendid little actress.

Your Reviewer Says: Charm and warmth are encompassed in its boundaries.

✓✓ Christmas In Connecticut (Warners)

THE problems of a magazine writer who appeals to millions of readers through her cooking and home page are magnified and projected ludicrously in this bounce-along story that spreads good cheer all over Connecticut and back.

Barbara Stanwyck is the writer who finds herself in a jam when publisher Sydney Greenstreet insists she entertain a sailor, recuperating from a life raft experience, at the farm of which she writes so glowingly, and with the cooking of which she boasts so lavishly. There is only one, or, no, several catches, however, that Sydney is unaware of. Miss Stanwyck has no farm and can't cook. Nor do her fabricated husband and baby (both dearly beloved by her readers) exist. So, in order not to be discovered in her trickery, Barbara agrees to marry her long-time suitor, Reginald Gardiner, in order to borrow his Connecticut farm (the one of which she's been writing). The baby is provided by neighboring war workers on the night shift.

Well, you know right off when Dennis Morgan appears as the sailor-guest (a petty officer, if we remember) what's going to happen, and it does—in large humorous chunks. Reginald's interrupted attempts to marry Barbara in the midst of the hubbub, Sydney's innocent blustering into situations and the horrible complica-

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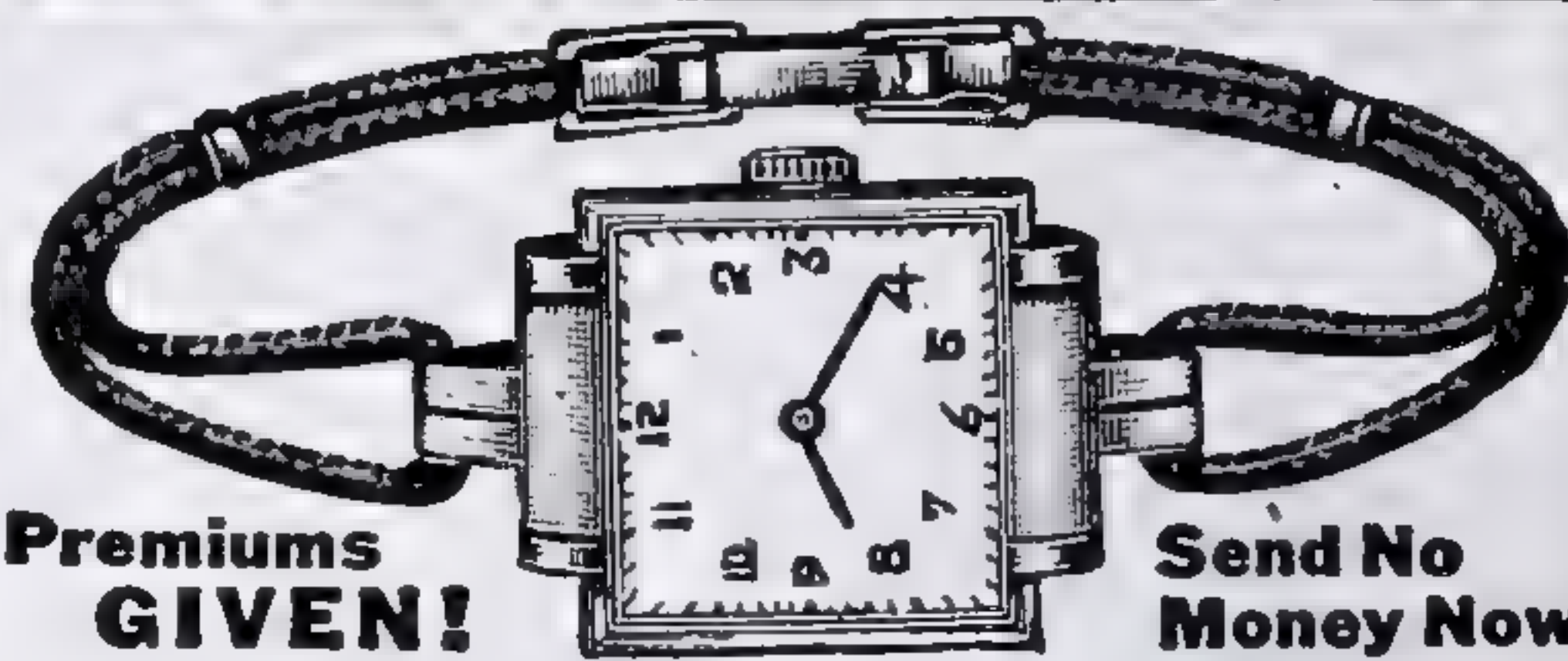
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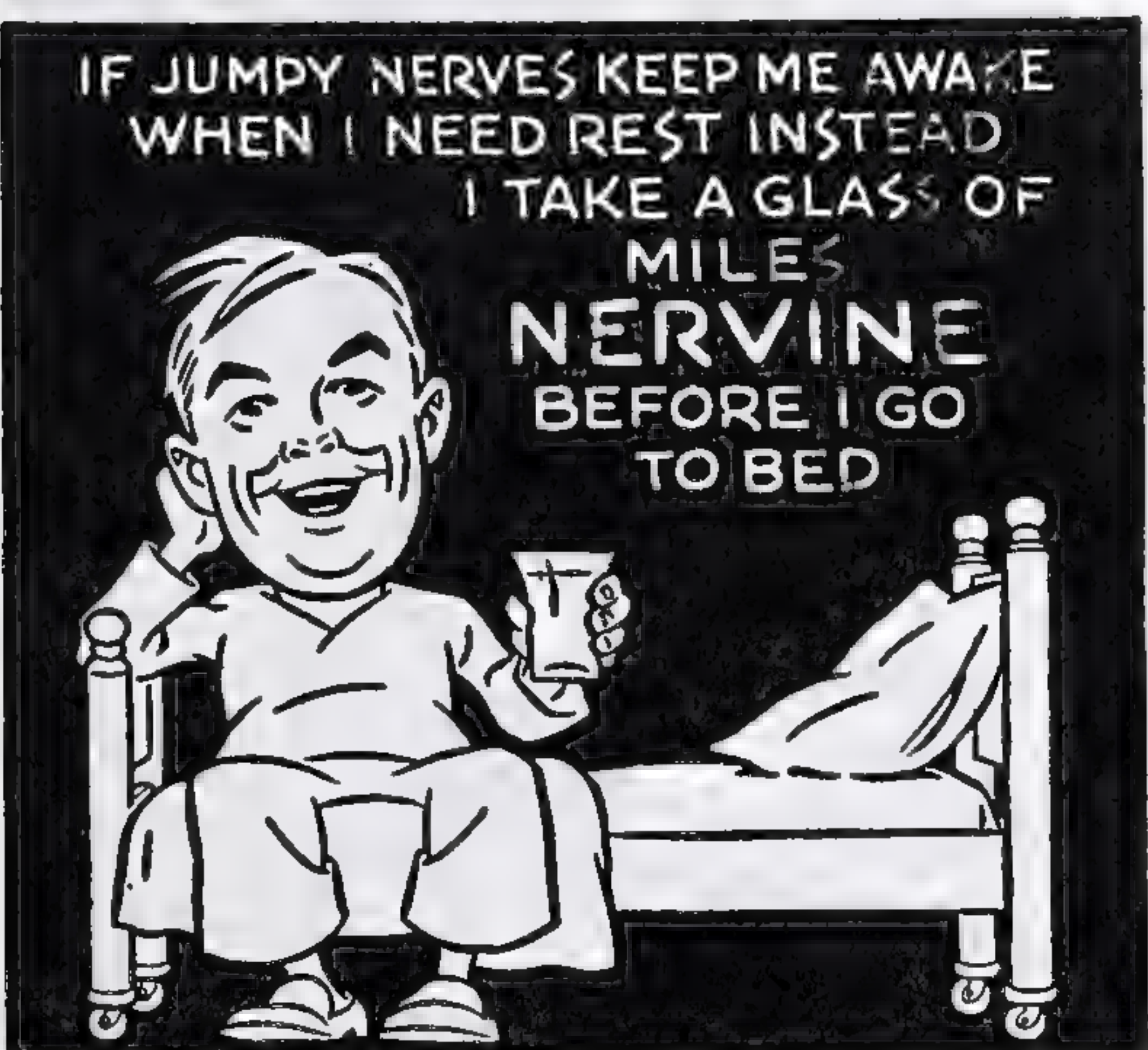


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tions when Dennis's fiancée, Joyce Compton, shows up, provides very pleasant entertainment not at all hard to take.

S. Z. Sakall who aids Barbara in her deception, Una O'Connor as the maid and Frank Jenks as Morgan's pal add to the fun and help camouflage the rather far-fetched schemings which nobody really minds too much.

Your Reviewer Says: A jolly little thing.

✓✓ Paris Underground (Constance Bennett-UA)

CONSTANCE BENNETT has a winner in her first producing-acting venture, and proves herself a nifty in both departments. The story, taken from the best-selling novel, is a trifle dated and the ending weakened by an unexpected spurt of happiness instead of following through to the story's ultimate conclusion—trial and execution. Which would have added strength rather than weakness, we feel.

Nevertheless the story builds well, maintains moments of terrific suspense and is beautifully acted by Miss Bennett, Gracie Fields and George Rigaud. Constance is an American living in Paris, married to Frenchman George Rigaud and friend of English Gracie Fields, proprietor of an antique shop. Fleeing before the invading Germans, Constance and Gracie are turned back to Paris where they embark upon the wholesale business of smuggling English fliers out of France. Their methods are devious, their schemes bold, but a fake flier, planted in their midst by the Nazis, eventually leads to their capture.

Rigaud is the perfect Frenchman and should be well on his way with this film as a springboard. Blonde and handsome Kurt Kreuger is forceful and arresting as the Nazi Captain. Watch for a land-rush of femme fans in his direction.

Gracie Fields is natural, lovable and well nigh perfect in her role. Miss Bennett is beautiful and easily gives her best performance in a long time.

Your Reviewer Says: It can't fail to interest.

✓ The Cheaters (Republic)

A FINE cast takes the bat and scores a neat little home run for Republic Studios who should be that proud of itself. For instance, there's Joseph Schildkraut, always a superb actor, who could so easily over-ham his role of a ham actor. Instead he gives a beautifully restrained and believable performance. Billie Burke, too, resists the temptation to overgurge, and Ona Munson really comes into her own as a kidnapped heiress who is being held by the Pidgeon family in order to cheat her of a large inheritance.

It's Schildkraut's reading of Dickens's "Christmas Carol," and the heart-melting time of Yuletide that finally brings home to the Pidgeons the message of "do unto others" with Ona coming into her own and everyone reaping a harvest of good will.

Eugene Pallette, Anne Gillis, Robert Livingston, Ruth Terry, David Holt and Raymond Walburn are all a part of this entertaining little film.

Your Reviewer Says: Quite enjoyable.

The Caribbean Mystery (20th Century-Fox)

STRANGE to find James Dunn, who scored heavily in the "Brooklyn Tree" playing another of those standard movie "detecattifs," this time in a Caribbean jungle where treasure is hidden and corpses abound.

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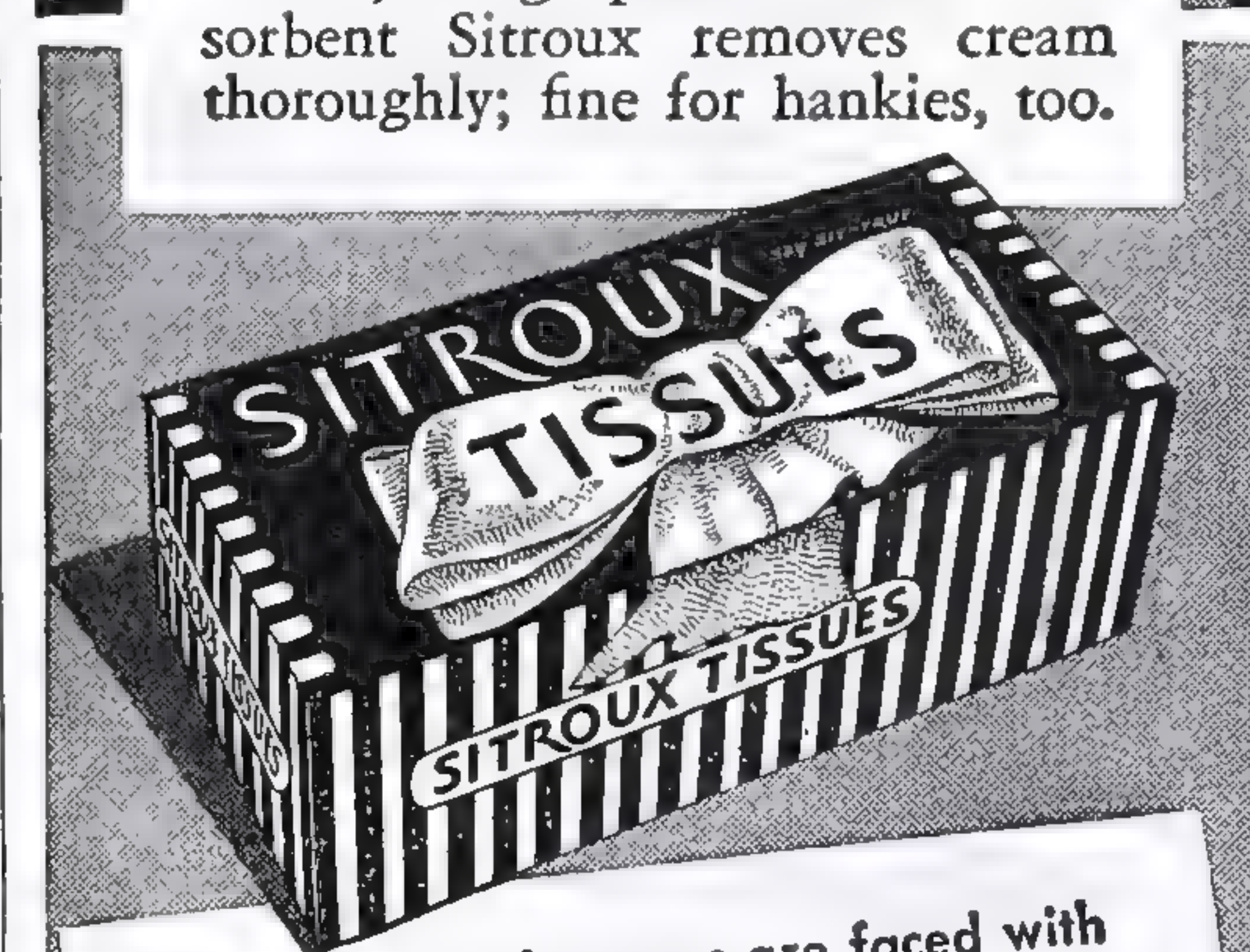
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THE WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

By **Kerkoff**

It's Dunn's job to discover the murderer of the corpses and in his brash and Brooklyn manner he does, of course. Sheila Ryan who is too pretty to be a victim, is one, alas. Eddie Ryan deserves better, cute kid that he is. Virginia Walker, Jackie Paley, Reed Hadley and Roy Roberts help things along as well as they can, but the thing still remains a little B effort despite the fancy knife slinging and jungle atmosphere.

Your Reviewer Says: The mystery is—where's the mystery?

✓ On Stage Everybody (Universal)

HERE come those Universalites again, singing, dancing, clowning all over the place for another little B number dealing with Jack Oakie's radio allergy. He simply can't endure the mention of the word "radio" so—he ends up on the air, of course, happy as a moulting lark.

In between, there's a lot of story about Jack and his daughter Peggy Ryan, former vaudevillians who are persuaded to take department store jobs by another "has been" of the group of troupers headed by Wallace Ford and his son Johnny Coy. When they decide to try the new jobs, Oakie of course lands in the radio department and the war is on again.

The way he is finally won over to radio is kinda cute with everybody so happy.

Johnny Coy's dancing is, we repeat, terrific. Won't someone please give this lad a chance? Peggy is peppy, Oakie okay, and the songs and singers not bad at all. Otto Kruger and Esther Dale are in it too.

Your Reviewer Says: We begin to suspect why vaudeville died.

Road To Alcatraz (Republic)

DON'T let the title fool you, for this deals neither with the big pen, gangsters or criminals. Rather the action swirls about a young sleep-walking attorney who finds a partner in a business deal murdered, with all evidence pointing toward the attorney. His problem then, Mr. Anthony, is to prove he didn't do it, and to discover who did. He does both to everyone's satisfaction.

Robert Lowery and June Storey as the attorney and his wife are nice people who give nice performances. Grant Withers is the police inspector and Clarence Kolb the usual barking-dog financier.

Your Reviewer Says: Not a bad second on the bill.

The Falcon In San Francisco (RKO)

POOR old Falcon! He can't even enjoy a well-earned vacation without running head-on into one of those murder things—this time in the club car of a San Francisco-bound train. And not only does murder rear its ugly head—but complications—such as raw silk smuggling set in. Naturally Tom Conway as the Falcon, hindered as usual by his none-too-bright sidekick Edward Brophy, solves everything but ends up more fatigued than when he started, which should teach everyone to stay off trains.

Sharyn Moffet is a cute little (almost too cute) kiddie whose nurse gets murdered and starts the whole messy business. Rita Corday, Sharyn's sister, is a perky new ingenue. Robert Armstrong and Faye Helm are so menacy. Brrr!

Your Reviewer Says: Leave us be kind and say nothing.

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December - Zircon

✓ Jealousy (Republic)

FAIR, but not too logically thought out is this "heavy-heavy-what-hangs-over?" story of the suicidal-minded husband of a girl taxicab driver who falls in love with a doctor fare. (There, we finally got that out in one good breath.)

The story builds slowly to the climax, the murder, the pathological crux or whatever, but once it gets there—it isn't so bad. It's the slow approach that irritates.

We liked Jane Randolph as the wife of Nils Asther (wasted in this role) who along with Jane does a swell job. John Loder is fair as the doctor and Karen Morley is even better as another doctor all embroiled in the mix-up. Hugo Haas deserves a pleasant mention too.

Your Reviewer Says: Such gloom, such unhappiness!

The Hidden Eye (M-G-M)

IF you're a follower of these blind-detective series you may enjoy this because the characters are familiar, but otherwise it's strictly no dice. Edward Arnold, with the smart dog, *Friday*, plays the detective who gets involved in a series of murders engineered by a crooked lawyer hoping to gain control of an inheritance by wiping out the whole blooming bunch of heirs. At least he tries to, but of course he gets caught and everybody goes home pleased, that is if you're the type that pleases easily.

Frances Rafferty and Paul Langford are the romantic twosome. Ray Collins as the no-good baddie and "Bill" Phillips as Arnold's assistant are fair but *Friday* really gives the most intelligent performance to our notion.

Your Reviewer Says: Whatever happened to flagpole sitters?

Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

✓✓✓ **ALONG CAME JONES**—International: Gary Cooper is a cowboy who can't shoot, but tries hard, and William Demarest is his pal. When they come to a strange town they're mistaken for a notorious bandit and his pal, but are saved by Loretta Young. Instead of getting out of town, they realize she is really shielding the bandit, Dan Duryea, and they hang around until they get into a free-for-all of shooting. (Aug.)

✓✓✓ **BACK TO BATAAN**—RKO: History parades before us in this gripping story that covers the period from the fall of Bataan and Corregidor to the landing of General MacArthur's men on Leyte. John Wayne as the deliberate but crafty colonel who leads a guerrilla band, and Anthony Quinn as the Filipino who aids him, are both wonderful, and the rest of the cast helps to make this a memorable picture. (Sept.)

✓✓ **BEDSIDE MANNER**—Stone-UA: Charles Ruggles is the overworked doctor who desperately tries to prevent Ruth Hussey, his doctor niece who drops in for a weekend, from traveling to Chicago for scientific research. John Carroll, as the test pilot who pretends to be a case in order to detain Ruth,

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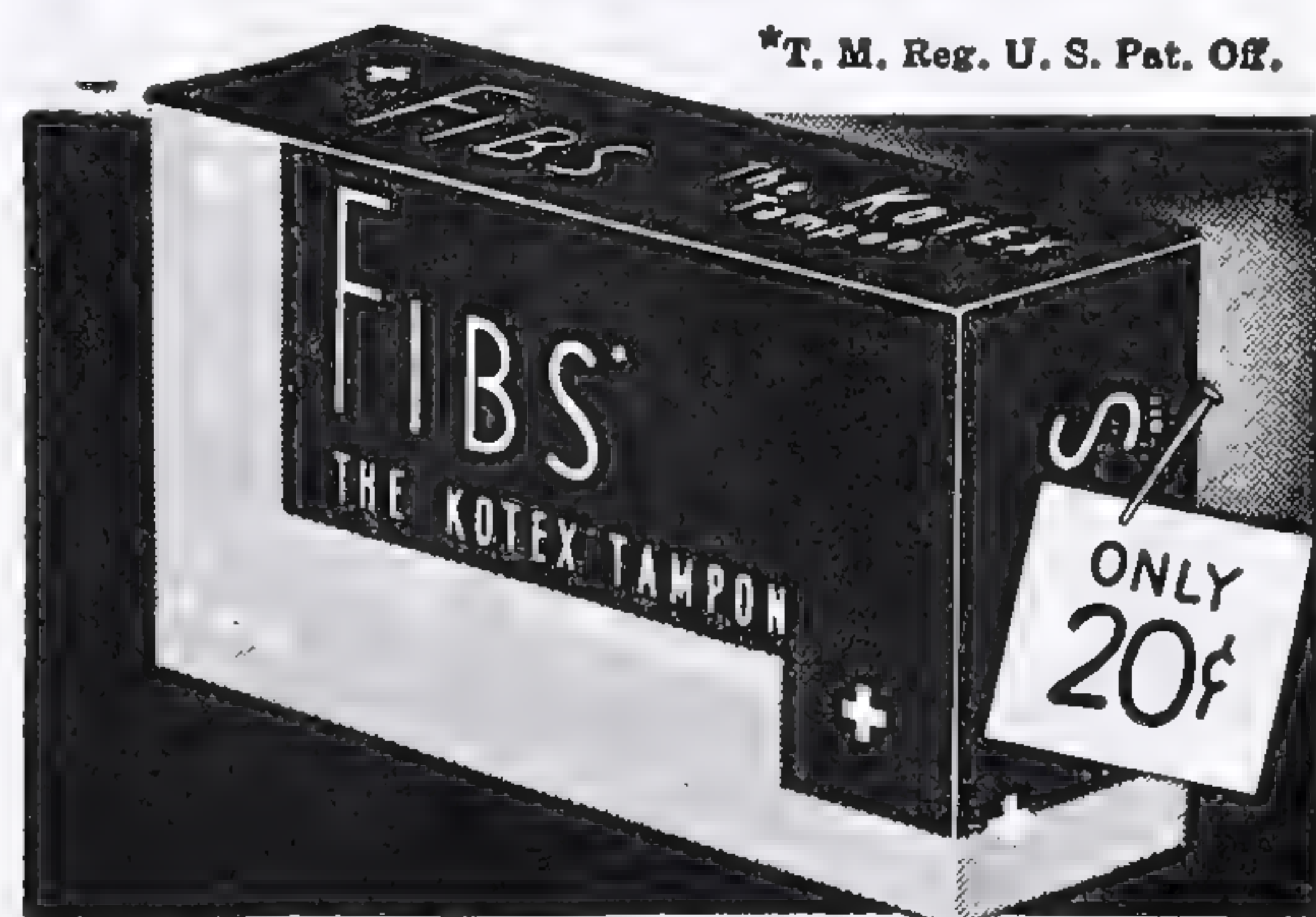
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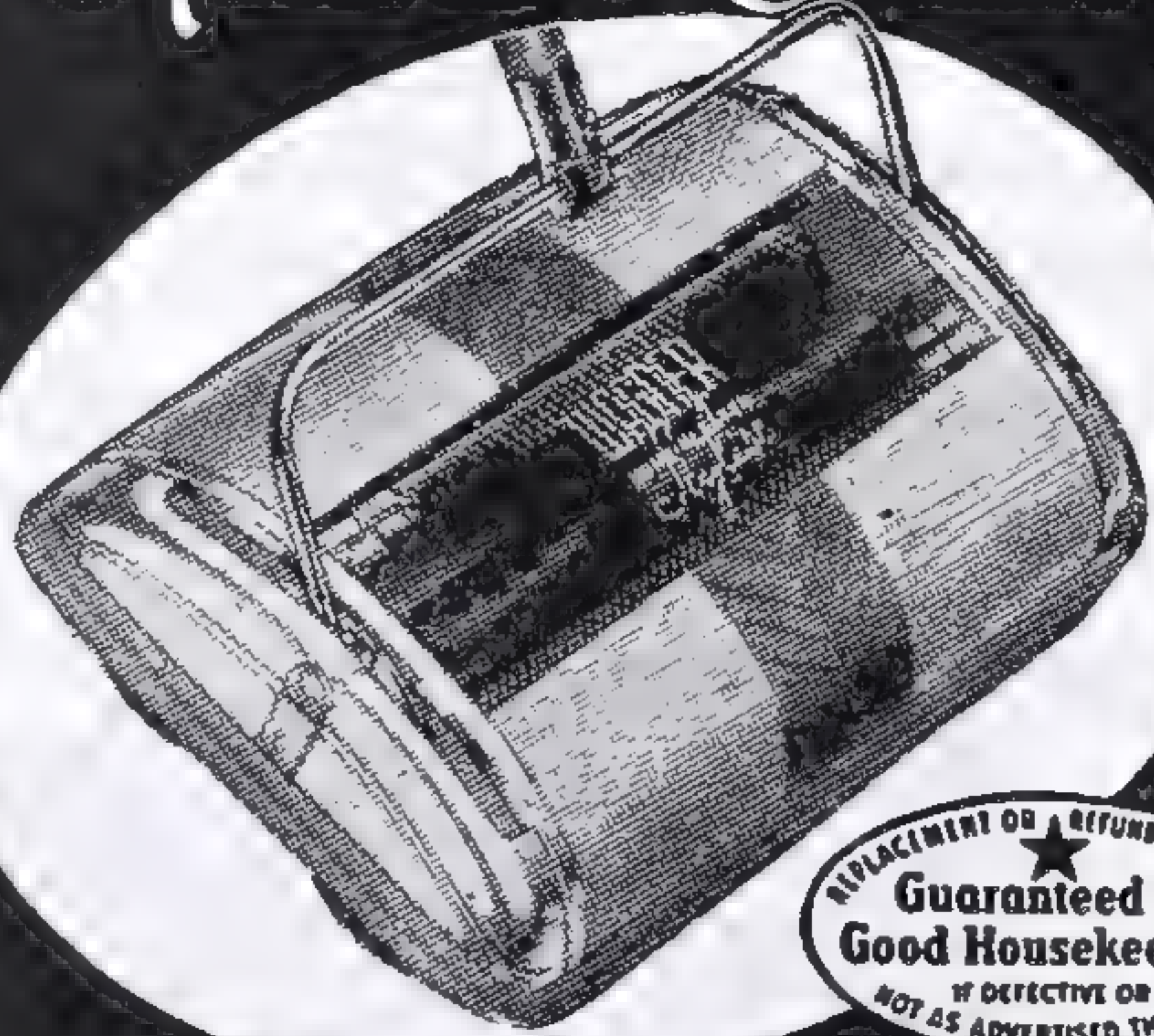
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lends a lot of gusty humor to the story, and Ruth contributes charm and lovability to the comedy. (Sept.)

✓✓**BELL FOR ADANO**, A—20th Century Fox: The most touching film of the month is this war drama in which John Hodiak registers forcefully as *Major Joppolo*, who through his patience and understanding of the people of Adano endears himself to them. Gene Tierney is the Italian *Tina*, and William Bendix as the Sergeant is expertly cast. Equally good are Richard Conte and Henry Morgan. (Aug.)

✓**BELLS OF ROSARITA**—Republic: Not only do we have Roy Rogers in this, but also Wild Bill Elliott, Allan Lane, Donald Barry, Robert Livingston and Sunset Carson, all riding in Dale Evans's circus in order to save it from villain Grant Withers. The way it works out, with Rogers playing himself, a real movie cowboy, is novel and welcome. (Aug.)

✓**BEWITCHED**—M-G-M: Phyllis Thaxter is a young bride-to-be, torn between two conflicting emotions operating in her own mind. The horrid emotion transforms Phyllis into a girl capable of leaving her home and betrothed, and finally murder. The courtroom scene with Edmund Gwenn as the psychiatrist is good, but on the whole the story misses. With Henry Daniels Jr. and Addison Richards. (Sept.)

BLONDE RANSOM—Universal: The oldie about the fellow who's about to lose his night club to a gambler when along comes the pretty blonde who saves the day. Donald Cook is the hero, and Virginia Grey the blonde who pretends to be kidnapped in order to get money from George Barbier so she can help Cook keep his night club. Jerome Cowan is good as the heavy. (Sept.)

✓**BLOOD ON THE SUN**—Cagney-UA: Jimmy Cagney has no world beater in his first independent production, but he has a role that fits to a T—a cocky, enterprising reporter on an American paper in Tokyo. Sylvia Sydney, as the Eurasian whose allegiance keeps Cagney guessing, gives a beautiful, credible performance. There's a great deal of authenticity about the whole picture that is intriguing. (Sept.)

✓**BRIGHTON STRANGLER, THE**—RKO: A well-developed yarn, dealing with an actor stunned by a bombing, who sets out to enact the role he's been playing on the stage for a year—that of a strangler. John Loder plays the beserk actor with sympathy, Rose Hobart does an excellent job as his fiancée, and June Duprez and Michael St. Angel add romance to the story. (Aug.)

✓✓**CAPTAIN EDDIE**—20th Century-Fox: The life and times of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker has been presented in a manner that holds the interest and intrigues the imagination. Fred MacMurray plays the noted flier with sincerity and genuineness, and the rest of the cast, including Lynn Bari as his wife, Richard Crane, Lloyd Nolan, Charles Russell, Stanley Ridges and Richard Conte, are all excellent. (Sept.)

CHINA SKY—RKO: Randy Scott, doctor in a Chinese hospital, brings his bride Ellen Drew to China from the States. This is a mistake, for Ellen promptly tries to ruin the friendship between Randy and his medical aide, Ruth Warrick, who secretly loves him. Anthony Quinn as a guerrilla leader, Carol Thurston as a nurse, and Philip Ahn do the best they can with antiquated material. (July)

CHINA'S LITTLE DEVILS—Monogram: The secret guerrilla warfare of China's children against Jap invaders is emphasized in this story of an orphaned Chinese lad, Ducky Louie, who is adopted by a group of Flying Tigers, and mighty good he is, too. Paul Kelly is one of the fliers. (Aug.)

✓✓**COLONEL BLIMP**—Archers-UA: A cavalcade of two men—one English and one German—and a subtle study of natural characteristics against the incidental panorama of three wars. The Englishman is well played by Roger Livesey, especially in the latter half of the picture as the lovable old *Colonel Blimp*, and Anton Walbrook is the German, urging a saddened realism on his lifelong friend. You'll want to see more of Deborah Kerr. (Aug.)

✓✓**CONFLICT**—Warners: Good psychological murder drama, with Humphrey Bogart murdering his wife, Rose Hobart, in order to marry her sister, Alexis Smith. But the suspense begins when psychiatrist Sydney Greenstreet suspects Bogie of his crime and sets out to trap him. The audience is aware of the situation from the beginning, which increases the suspense, and all the performances are very good. (Sept.)

✓✓**CORN IS GREEN, THE**—Warners: Etched with splendid characterizations, this is a picture of artistic fulfillment. Newcomer John Dall registers strongly as the Welsh lad who finds learning and inspiration through the aid of Bette Davis; Joan Loring is the cockney who all but ruins Dall's great chance; and Rosalind Ivan, Nigel Bruce and Rhys Williams are beautifully cast. (July)

DIVORCE—Monogram: Kay Francis, producer and star of this little epic, plays a muchly divorced adventuress who lures Bruce Cabot away from his wife and children. The wife, played by Helen Mack, and the two children, Larry Olsen and Johnny Calkins, give a refreshing quality to the trite theme. (Aug.)

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✓**ESCAPE IN THE DESERT**—Warners: Here's "The Petrified Forest" all over again, except with Nazis this time. Jean Sullivan is the girl who runs a hotel in the desert when along comes Dutch flier Philip Dorn, on his way to the coast. Then the escaped Nazis, Helmut Dantine, Kurt Kreuger, Rudolph Anders and Hans Schumm arrive on the scene and the shooting begins. (July)

✓**FLAME OF BARBARY COAST**—Republic: John Wayne is the big two-fisted hero, Ann Dvorak the girl, and Joseph Schildkraut is the smooth heavy who gets in their way. But it's the great earthquake and fire that well nigh steals the show. William Frawley, Marc Lawrence, Virginia Grey and Russell Hicks are there also. (July)

FROZEN GHOST, THE—Universal: Martin Kosleck is an expert in freezing people into suspended animation, and Lon Chaney is a hypnotist who believes he is going mad. Milburn Stone is Chaney's pal who plots with Kosleck to actually drive Chaney still crazier. Evelyn Ankers and Tala Birell are the girls in it. (Sept.)

GREAT FLAMARION, THE—Republic: Erich von Stroheim, oozing menace, is a crack pistol shot who kills Dan Duryea for love of his wife. Mary Beth Hughes, and gets away with it. Only instead of marrying von Stroheim, Mary Beth leaves for Central America with another man, and you can guess what happens from there on. (July)

✓✓**GREAT JOHN L. THE**—Crosby-UA: New-comer Greg McClure, as the great fighter John L. Sullivan, has the build and a straightforward honesty that gives his performance credence. Linda Darnell, the girl he doesn't love but marries, and Barbara Britton whom he loves but who refuses him, are both good as the women in his life; and Otto Kruger, Wallace Ford and Robert Barrat fit perfectly into the era. (Sept.)

✓✓**GUEST WIFE**—Skirball-UA: Gay, intelligent comedy, with Claudette Colbert giving a knockout performance as the wife of Richard Foran, Don Ameche's best friend. The story concerns itself with Don's pretending to his boss, Charles Dingle, that Claudette is his wife. The awful ensuing results, with Colbert trying to help Don, are a riot of fun. (Sept.)

HITCHHIKE TO HAPPINESS—Republic: Dale Evans is a radio star who appears in a New York show just to put over the songs of boy friend Brad Taylor. But when he discovers her identity he flounces out of the picture, mad because he thinks she's played him for a fool. Dale sings well, Al Pearce clowns, and Jerome Cowan, Arlene Harris and Joyce Compton are in it too. (July)

✓**HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT, THE**—Warners: A pretty sticky movie that just doesn't come off. Jack Benny is an angel sent to earth to blow his horn at midnight whereupon the earth will disappear, but he runs into two other celestial angels who got sidetracked, Allyn Joslyn and John Alexander, and finagling cigarette girl Dolores Moran, and never toots that horn. Alexis Smith is Benny's angel girl friend. (July)

✓**IDENTITY UNKNOWN**—Republic: A very good picture, this one, with Richard Arlen as a nerve-frayed GI who loses both his memory and his dog tag in a raid. He finds four such tags scattered about and not knowing which is his, comes to America to find out. Here he meets Cheryl Walker. Arlen gives a swell performance and Cheryl Walker contributes some fine acting. (July)

I'LL REMEMBER APRIL—Universal: Gloria Jean has to go to work when her father loses his money, so she gets a job singing on the radio. Right away her father gets accused of murder, and Gloria finds herself torn between two rival radio gossipers, Kirby Grant and Milburn Stone. Gloria looks pretty and sings the same way. (July)

✓✓**VINCENDIARY BLONDE**—Paramount: Betty Hutton plays the dynamic Texas Guinan with great vitality and effervescence, taking the great entertainer from her days with a rodeo to the New York stage, to Hollywood, and back to New York and her cafe era. Bill Goodwin is the press agent whom she marries, and Arturo de Cordova the man she loves. (Sept.)

✓✓**IT HAPPENED IN SPRINGFIELD**—Warners: For its moving experiment in what can be done to promote understanding among human beings, this film is a white light on the dark road ahead. It deals with the Springfield, Mass., plan which is built upon the premise that children know no racial discrimination unless they are taught so by their elders. With John Qualen, Andrea King and Charles Drake. (July)

JUNGLE CAPTIVE—Universal: Mad scientists again, with Otto Kruger as the madman who restores life to the dead. His dreadful helper, Rondo Hatton, murders a morgue attendant in order to restore life to the ape woman, played by Vicky Lane, and there's a lot of trying to switch people's brains around. Jerome Cowan seems the only real person in the whole business. (Sept.)

✓✓**JUNIOR MISS**—20th-Century Fox: Fun-in-the-family fare, with a chuckle a minute due to the antics of the Graves family. Allyn Joslyn is the father, Sylvia Field his cute wife, and Peggy Ann Garner and Mona Freeman the daughters. Peggy Ann, whose adolescent, melodramatic imagination gets her father in trouble, is delightful and her

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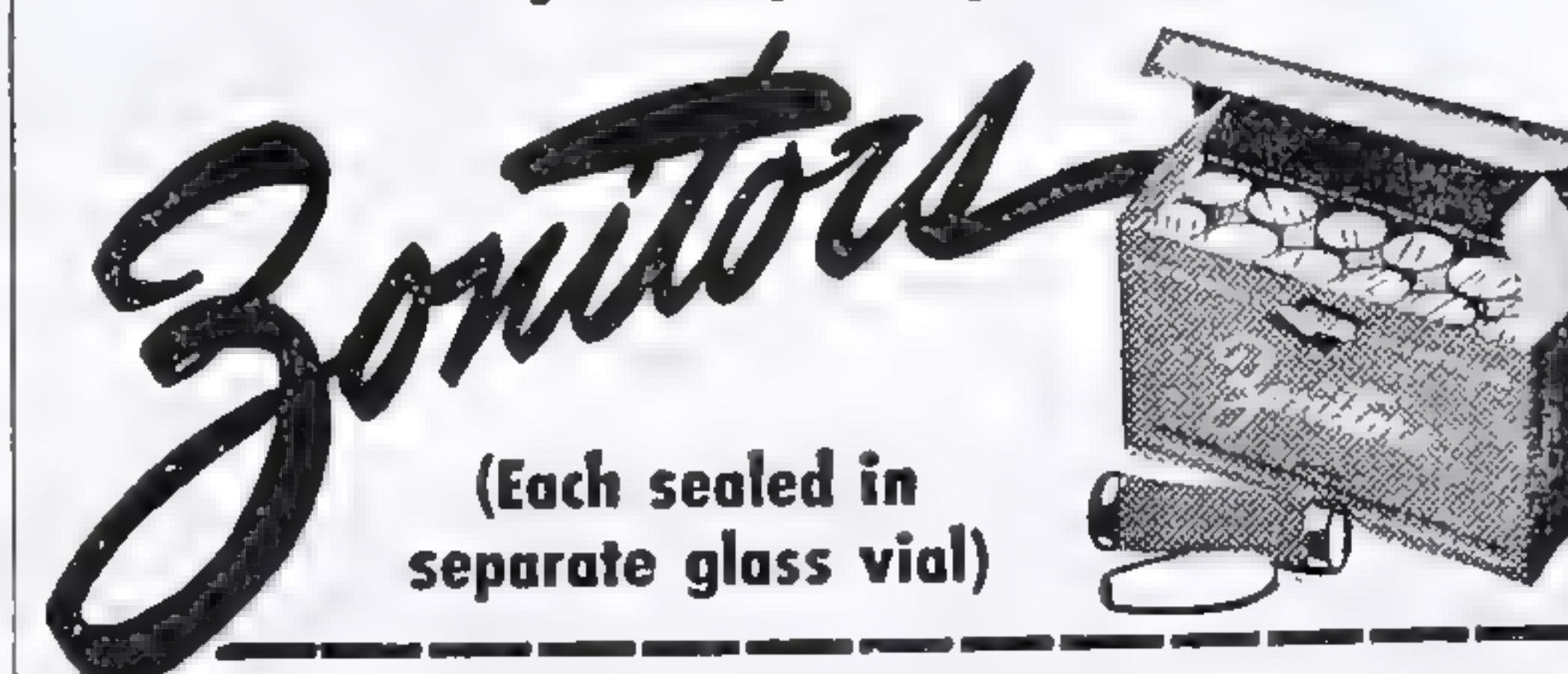
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bosom friend Barbara Whiting is a half-ton riot. (Sept.)

LADY CONFESSES, THE—PRC: Mary Beth Hughes, in love with Hugh Beaumont, has a great shock when, after seven years, his wife suddenly appears on the scene, and tells her her marriage to Beaumont will never take place. So when the wife is murdered the lovers are naturally suspected. It's a fair whodunit. (July)

✓✓MEDAL FOR BENNY, A—Paramount: J. Carol Naish as the father of *Benny*, the town tough who becomes a hero in the war, turns in an unforgettable performance as the simple, trusting Mexican of a little California town. Dorothy Lamour is *Benny's* betrothed whom Arturo de Cordova loves. (July)

✓✓MURDER, HE SAYS—Paramount: Gags, corn and slapstick pack this silly picture in which Fred MacMurray runs into the weirdest family ever seen in the hillbilly country while searching for a missing co-worker. Marjorie Main, Porter Hall, Jean Heather and Peter Whitney are the weirdies, and Helen Walker is the heroine. (July)

✓✓NAUGHTY NINETIES, THE—Universal: It's a shame that Abbott and Costello aren't given better material, although some of the gags in this one are funny. The plot revolves around a show boat and a trio of crooks, Alan Curtis, Rita Johnson and Joe Sawyer, who get it away from Captain Henry Travers and his daughter Lois Collier; and Abbott and Costello get all involved in the complications surrounding it. (Sept.)

✓✓NOB HILL—20th Century-Fox: The same old corn, with George Raft a Gold Coast saloon owner with heart and soul of pure driven snow who falls for Joan Bennett. Vivian Blaine sings in the saloon and loves George, and Peggy Ann Garner is a small Irish immigrant. The cast includes Alan Reed, B. S. Pully and Emil Coleman, and the music is catchy. (Aug.)

ONE EXCITING NIGHT—Pine-Thomas—Paramount: You won't have such a very exciting night at the movies if you see this one, what with wise-cracking lovers who give with the chatter while carting dead people needlessly from place to place. William Gargan is too nice a guy for this kind of stuff, and so is Ann Savage. (Sept.)

✓✓OUT OF THIS WORLD—Paramount: Veronica Lake is a philanthropist who promotes Diana Lynn and her girl orchestra, and Eddie Bracken as a singer. You'll howl when Eddie opens his mouth and Bing Crosby's voice comes out, and when he makes love to the mike a la Sinatra. Unfortunately, however, a hundred and twenty-five percent of Eddie gets sold before he hits big time, but the complications are fun. (Aug.)

✓✓PATRICK THE GREAT—Universal: Donald O'Connor feigns indifference to a stage role he really wants because his father, Donald Cook, wants it too, in this cozy story about show-business. Frances Dee is the girl who loves Cook and Eve Arden is her secretary. Peggy Ryan and O'Connor make the most of the frolicky music and the situations. (July)

PENTHOUSE RHYTHM—Universal: Despite the funny people, such as Minna Gombell, Eric Blore, Maxie Rosenbloom and Henry Armetta, this isn't such a much. Edward Norris is a theatrical producer and cute little Lois Collier his secretary who gets her brothers, the Davis lads, an audition; and Kirby Grant is a young attorney. Judy Clark works too hard at her songs. (Sept.)

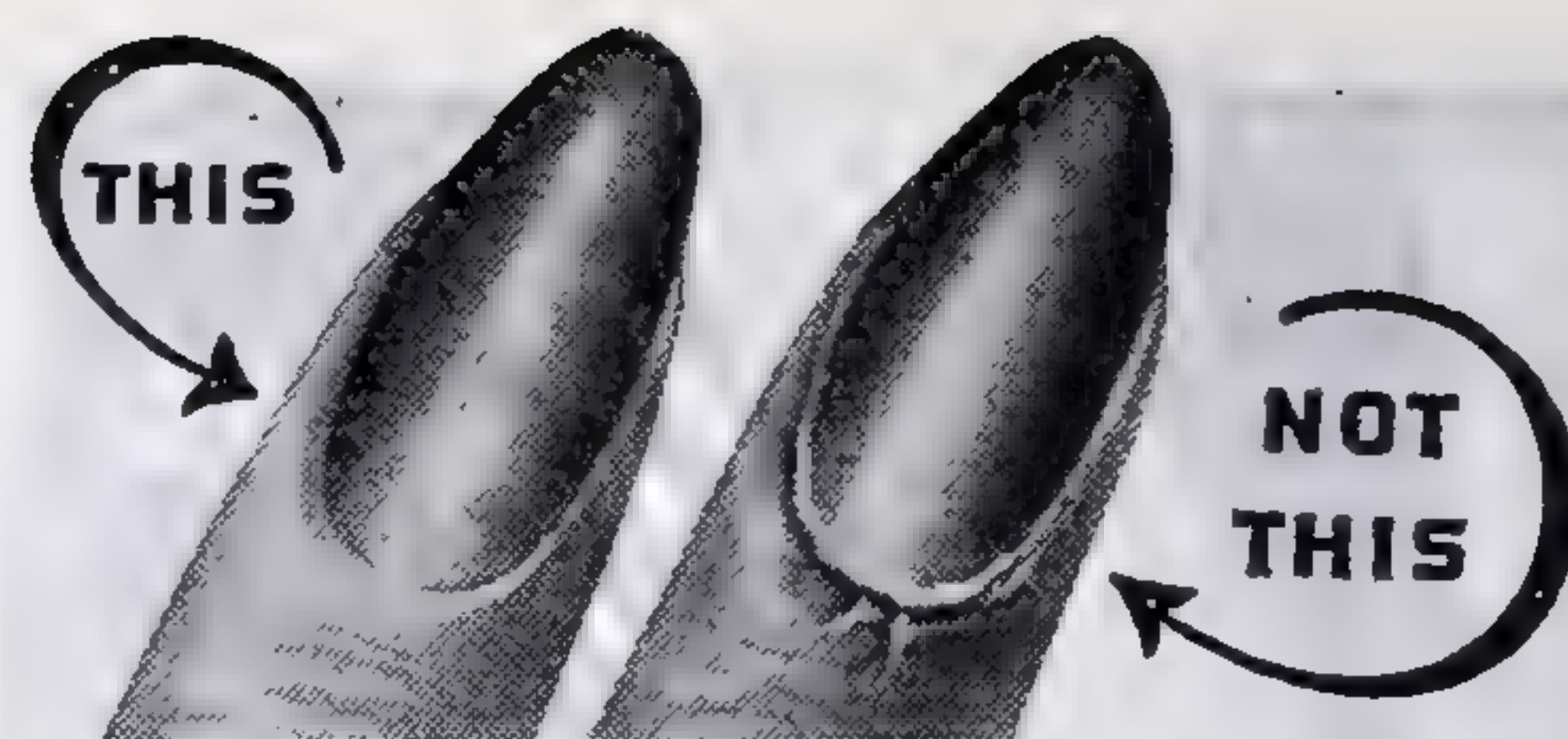
✓✓PILLOW TO POST—Warners: Cute and funny, with Ida Lupino proving herself a gay comedienne. Lieut. William Prince agrees to register as her husband at a hotel so Ida may find a place to sleep, but then it turns out that his commanding officer, Sydney Greenstreet, lives at the hotel too. It's a gay evening. (July)

✓✓RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Warners: George Gershwin, his music, his life, his ambitions and dreams comes to the screen in an emotionally warm story literally crammed with people and events of his time. Robert Alda breathes life and understanding into his role as Gershwin, Joan Leslie and Alexis Smith are the women in his life and Herbert Rudley is his brother Ira. The cast also includes Charles Coburn, Hazel Scott and Oscar Levant. (Sept.)

✓✓SILVER FLEET, THE—PRC: Another excellent British picture, telling the story of the owner of an important Dutch shipyard who is given the "choice" of collaborating by delivering into Nazi hands the two new submarines he is building, or else. How the owner, Ralph Richardson, solves his dilemma makes fine screen fare. (Aug.)

✓✓SON OF LASSIE—M-G-M: A sequel to "Lassie Come Home" that packs a heartfelt wallop. *Lassie* follows his master to war, parachutes with him when the plane is shot down, and eventually finds his way back to England. Peter Lawford is the owner of *Lassie*. June Lockhart, Nigel Bruce and Donald Crisp are in it too. (July)

SONG OF THE SARONG—Universal: Nancy Kelly is a beautiful South Sea maiden who meets up with William Gargan when he comes to her island to filch the treasure that rests before the natives' god. Fuzzy Knight and Eddie Quillan go along for the laughs, but they are mighty few and far between. (July)



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✓**SOUTHERNER, THE**—Loew-Hakim-UA: An arresting, beautifully written and directed story, but nonetheless depressing. It deals with the struggle of Zachary Scott and Betty Field, Southern sharecroppers, to produce cotton with nature and neighbors against them. (Aug.)

✓**STEPPING IN SOCIETY**—Republic: Even funnyman Edward Everett Horton, as a respectable judge mistaken for a former outlaw by crooks who take him over as their boss, couldn't make this little silly anything but that. Gladys George, Isabel Jewell, Ruth Terry, Lola Lane and Frank Jenks work awfully hard and do their best, but it's all to no avail. (Sept.)

✓✓**STORY OF G. I. JOE**—Cowan-UA: The simplicity and humble greatness of Ernie Pyle comes with terrific force through the story of his experiences as a newspaper correspondent overseas, and Burgess Meredith is perfect as Ernie. The picture is a monument to our infantry and to those who write of them. (Sept.)

✓**SWING OUT, SISTER**—Universal: Frances Raeburn does a fair job in an un-noteworthy tale of a night club singer who almost marries the club's owner before she discovers she still loves Rod Cameron. With Billie Burke and Samuel S. Hinds. (Aug.)

✓**THAT'S THE SPIRIT**—Universal: Music, corn, comedy and fantasy all thrown together in this hodgepodge, with Jack Oakie racing off to heaven and tearing back to earth to straighten out his daughter's career, and Johnny Coy fascinating with his dance routines. June Vincent, Peggy Ryan, Andy Devine and Arthur Treacher are in it too. (Aug.)

✓**THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS**—RKO: You won't believe Robert Young as the wolfy pilot, and the puritanical stuffiness imposed on Laraine Day by the story is just plain dull. Laraine falls in love with Bob and gets all in a huff when he admits he doesn't love her. When he discovers he really does, she will have none of him. (July)

✓✓**THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS, A**—Columbia: A charming, nonsensical fantasy, with Cornel Wilde as *Aladdin*, Phil Silvers as a lad born out of his time, Evelyn Keyes as the genie, and Adele Jergens as the princess Cornel loves. The story is sheer romantic nonsense, but the color is so eye-filling, the sets so lavish, and the humor so delicious that it's all completely delightful. (Sept.)

✓✓**THRILL OF A ROMANCE**—M-G-M: You'll love this romantic musical, with Van Johnson mad about Esther Williams, a young bride deserted by a too-busy husband on her honeymoon. The settings of a swanky California resort hotel are a perfect background for the swimming, romance, and dancing of the pair. Lauritz Melchior, Frances Gifford and Tommy Dorsey's orchestra are in it too. (Aug.)

✓**TWICE BLESSED**—M-G-M: The Wilde twins are the object of the experiment of divorced parents, one raised by her mother, Gail Patrick, and the other by the father, Preston Foster. When the erudite twin meets up with her jitterbugging sister, the story is fairly amusing. (Aug.)

✓**TWO O'CLOCK COURAGE**—RKO: Taxi driver Ann Rutherford picks up Tom Conway who's got amnesia, and before you know it they're knee deep in Broadway murders that roll along from producers to playwrights to stars. (July)

✓✓**VALLEY OF DECISION**—M-G-M: To her role of the Irish maid who soon becomes the mainstay in the household of Gladys Cooper and Donald Crisp, Greer Garson gives character and charm, Gregory Peck is their eldest son with whom Greer falls in love, Lionel Barrymore her irascible father, and Preston Foster the union boss. (July)

✓✓**WAY AHEAD, THE**—20th Century-Fox: This British picture is a beautiful human document about ordinary people who leave their jobs for military training. With the exception of David Niven, the cast is unfamiliar to American audiences, but it's a picture you shouldn't miss. (Aug.)

✓**WEST OF THE PECOS**—RKO: Barbara Hale travels (back in the '80's) to Texas with her dad, and there meets up with Cowboy Robert Mitchum. Between the two of them, they make Texas a more civilized place by helping to rid it of ornery cusses. The brawl at the end is a pip, and Richard Martin, Bill Williams and Rita Corday are around too. (Sept.)

✓**WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME**—PRC: Pamela Blake does a very good job as the girl who leaves a cozy home and family for a turn as a night club queen and thereby meets up with gamblers and near death. Claudia Drake, Constance Worth and Lola Lane also give strong performances outranking those of Sheldon Leonard and Elisha Cook Jr. (Sept.)

✓✓**WONDER MAN**—Goldwyn: Funny fantasy with Danny Kaye, who, in his dual role of the dead entertainer and his twin brother the bookworm, is wonderful. Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen are both excellent. (July)

✓**ZOMBIE ON BROADWAY**—RKO: Alan Carney and Wally Brown tangle with zombies for one of the most ridiculous pictures of the year. In search of a zombie to appear at a night club's premiere they meet scientist Bela Lugosi and with his aid turn night club owner Sheldon Leonard into a zombie. With Ann Jeffreys and Frank Jenks. (July)



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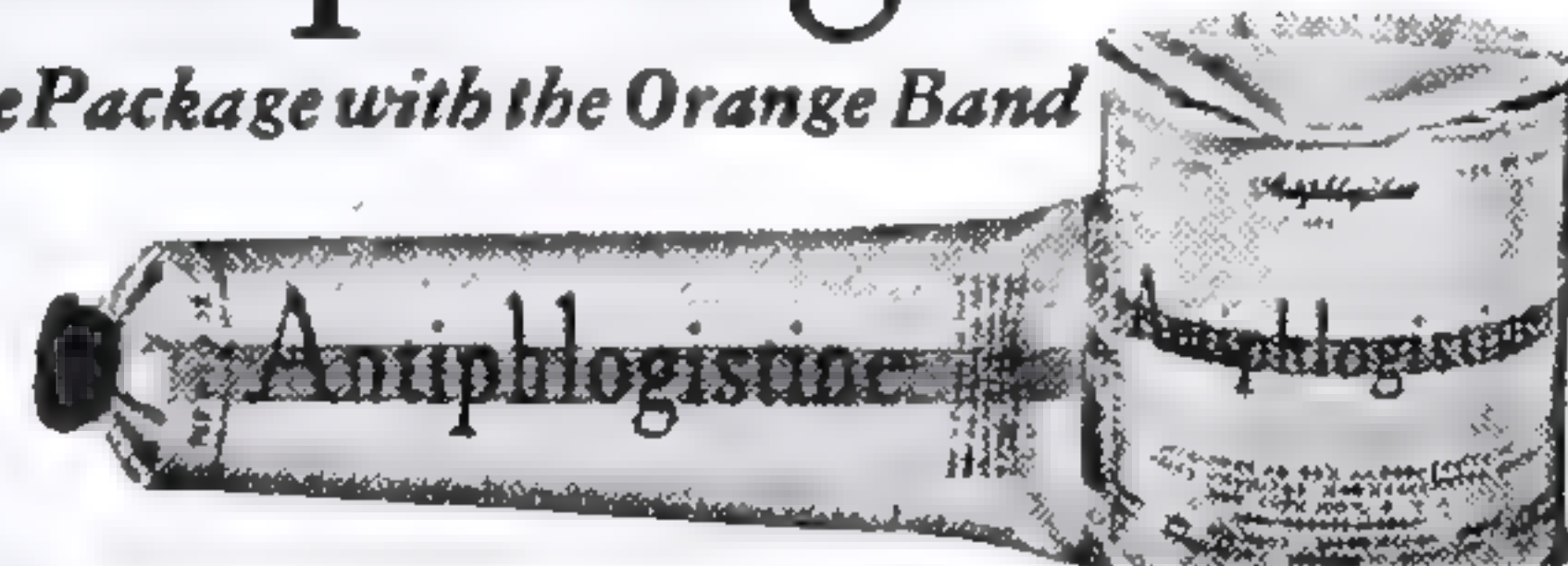
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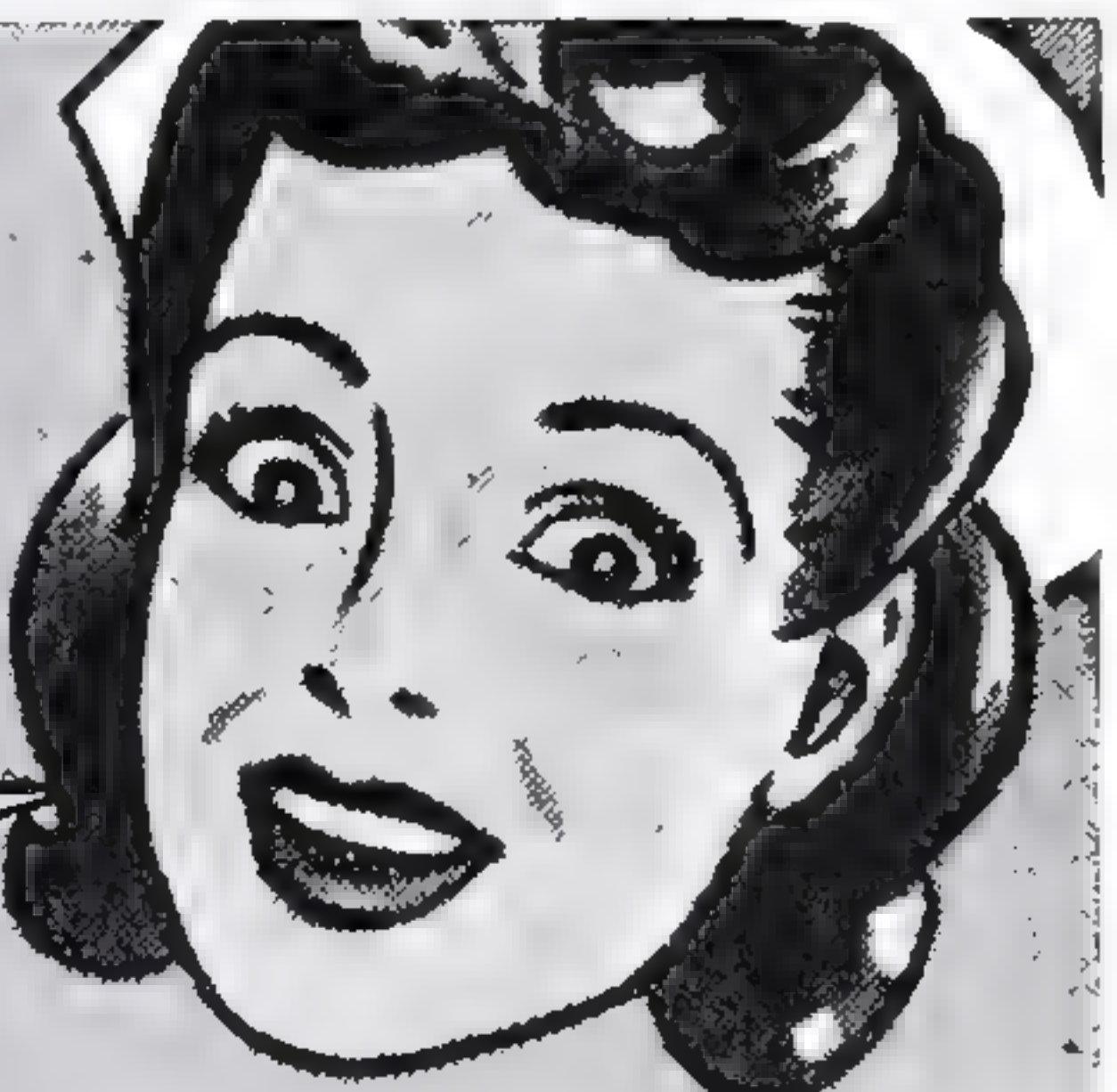


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CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT—Warners: Elizabeth Lane, Barbara Stanwyck; Jefferson "Jamaica" Jones, Dennis Morgan; *Alexander Yardley*, Sydney Greenstreet; *John Sloan*, Reginald Gardiner; *Felix Bassenak*, S. Z. Sakall; *Dudley Beechman*, Robert Shayne; *Nora*, Una O'Connor; *Sinkewicz*, Frank Jenks; *Mary Lee*, Joyce Compton; *The Judge*, Dick Elliott; *Mr. Higgenbottom*, Charles Arnt.

DUFFY'S TAVERN—Paramount: Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Paulette Goddard, Alan Ladd, Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken, Brian Donlevy, Sonny Tufts, Veronica Lake, Arturo de Cordova, Cass Daley, Diana Lynn, Victor Moore, Robert Benchley, William Demarest, Howard da Silva, Gary Crosby, Phillip Crosby, Dennis Crosby, Lin Crosby, themselves; Bing Crosby's father, Barry Fitzgerald; *Doctor*, Billy DeWolfe; *Director*, Walter Abel; *Dancer—waiter*, Johnny Coy; *Dancer*, Miriam Franklin; *Ronald*, Charles Quigley; *Gloria*, Olga San Juan; *Masseur*, Robert Watson; *Peggy O'Malley*, Marjorie Reynolds; *Danny Murphy*, Barry Sullivan; *Archie*, Ed Gardner; *Finnegan*, Charles Cantor; *Eddie*, Eddie Green; *Miss Duffy*, Ann Thomas.

FALCON IN SAN FRANCISCO, THE—RKO: Tom Lawrence, Tom Conway; Joan Marshall, Rita Corday; *Goldie Locke*, Edward Brophy; *Annie Marshall*, Sharyn Moffet; *Doreen Temple*, Fay Helm; *DeForrest*, Robert Armstrong; *Vantine*, John Mylong; *Loomis*, Jason Robards; *Rickey*, Carl Kent; *Dalman*, George Holmes; *Carla*, Hermine Sterler.

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HIDDEN EYE, THE—M-G-M: Capt. Duncan MacLain, Edward Arnold; Jean Hampton, Frances Rafferty; *Phillip Treadway*, Ray Collins; *Barry Gifford*, Paul Langton; *Marty Corbett*, Wm. "Bill" Phillips; *Inspector Delaney*, Thomas Jackson; *Ferris*, Morris Ankrum; *Stromvig*, Robert Lewis; *Kossowsky*, Francis Pierlot; *Helen Roberts*, Sonda Rodgers; *Gibbs (Chauffeur)*, Theodore Newton; *Louie*, Jack Lambert; *Arthur Hampton*, Ray Largay; *Alistair*, Leigh Whipper; *Burton Lorrison*, Byron Foulger; *Polasky*, Lee Phelps; *Whitey*, Eddie Acuff; *Sgt. Kramer*, Bob Pepper; *Rodney Hampton*, Russell Hicks.

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LOVE LETTERS—Hal Wallis-Paramount: Singleton, Jennifer Jones; Alan Quinton, Joseph Cotten; Dilly Carson, Ann Richards; *Helen Wentworth*, Anita Louise; *Mack*, Cecil Kellaway; *Derek Quinton*, Byron Barr; *Roger Morland*, Robert Sully; *Beatrice Remington*, Gladys Cooper; *Defense Attorney*, Reginald Denny; *Bishop*, Ernest Cossart.

ON STAGE EVERYBODY—Universal: Molly Sullivan, Peggy Ryan; Pop Sullivan, Jack Oakie; Carleton, Otto Kruger; Emmet Rogers, Wally Ford; Fitzgerald, Milburn Stone; Danny Rogers, Johnny Coy; Ma Cassidy, Esther Dale; Vivian, Julie London; Butler, Cyril Smith; Tom, Jimmy Clark; Dick, Stephen Wayne.

(Continued on page 142)

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(Continued from page 140)

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PRIDE OF THE MARINES—Warners: Al Schmid, John Garfield; Ruth Hartley, Eleanor Parker; Lee Diamond, Dane Clark; Jim Merchant, John Ridgley; Virginia Pfeiffer, Rosemary De Camp; Ella Merchant, Ann Doran; Loretta Merchant, Ann Todd; Kebabian, Warren Douglas; Irish, Don McGuire; Tom, Tom D'Andrea; Doctor, Rory Mallinson; Ainslee, Stephen Richards; Johnny Rivers, Anthony Caruso; Capt. Burroughs, Moroni Olsen; Red, Dave Willock; 2nd Marine, John Sheridan; Lieutenant, John Miles; Corporal, John Compton; Lenny, Lennie Bremen; Corpsman, Michael Brown.

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